



Welcome to the full collection of The Every 28 Hours Plays. Inside you will find background on the project and our title with the edited compilation of the plays created and developed for this project. Difference in formatting were retained in part to honor individual playwrights choices. Thanks to Martine Kei Green-Rogers dramaturgy and Alex Vermillion editing. We trust our collaborators to honor our guidelines. If you would like to engage with these plays please contact us at Every28HoursPlays@gmail.com. You can find out more information about the project at <http://Every28Hoursplays.org>. To stay connected like us at Twitter [@Every28HoursPla](https://twitter.com/Every28HoursPla) and Facebook.com/Every28HoursPlays.



The Every 28 Hours Plays



Background on the project

In August of 2014, Claudia Alick created a project called The Ferguson Moment in collaboration with the Oregon Shakespeare Festival (OSF), artists in St. Louis and artists from across the nation. As news of Michael Brown's death came forward, we connected with theatre artists in Ferguson and across the United States to spark and organize a national artistic response to the oppression, violence, and resistance happening in Ferguson, MO and its relationship to all of our communities and our history. The project took place over three days where we witnessed, served, and collaborated in artistic exchange. This open source project built the bridges for each of us to continue artistic exploration in our own organizations. OSF decided to continue with a national multi-perspective approach, and reached out to short form theater maker Dominic D'Andrea and The One-Minute Play Festival (1MPF) to continue.

Produced by the OSF under the leadership of Claudia Alick,(OSF's Community Producer) and Dominic D'Andrea (1MPF, Producing AD), in association with local St. Louis theater makers, we developed The Every 28 Hours Plays, a national project focused on the current Civil Rights movement. The title came from the widely shared and contested statistic that every twenty-eight hours a black person is killed by vigilante, security guard, or the police in the United States. The project consists of around 76 short plays and original local content with participation from artists across the nation.

The first two phases supported the creation and development of this body of plays into a sharable format. In Phase One, we connected with theatres and playwrights around the

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country to craft a selection of one-minute plays around that theme, or to send artists to St. Louis to develop the work on the ground with us. Phase One also included conversations with thought leaders in national theater collaboration, communications, law enforcement, social justice, and activism.

During Phase Two, with lead producer Jacqueline Thompson (Assistant Professor of Acting and Directing, University of Missouri-St. Louis), we traveled to St. Louis and engaged in a week of artistic exchange with guest and St. Louis- based artists. We attended a lecture in UMSL Touhill Theatre by Dr. Terry Jones on race relations and the history of St. Louis that led to the events in Ferguson starting with the Civil War; met with Duane Fosters' students at Normandy High School (Michael Brown's school); toured Ferguson with artist/activist Marty Casey; and facilitated a conversation with activists, artists, and police at The Urban League. All of this community engagement and artistic exploration seeded a rich environment to write several original plays on-site that were then integrated with the larger collection. The entire collection of plays was then presented to the public as staged readings in St. Louis at the Kranzberg Arts Center, and in Ferguson at the Dellwood Recreation Center on October 23, 2015.

Theaters such as Trinity Repertory Theatre in Rhode Island, American Conservatory Theater, The Kennedy Center, Capturing Fire Queer Poets Summit in Washington DC, The TCG National Conference, MacCarter Theater with Princeton university, Howard University, The Aquarium in Kansas City, Watts Village Theater Company in LA , The Langston Hughes Center in Seattle and others engaged with the plays in 2016-2017 creating dynamic action and change in their communities. "The activist community in Rhode Island has been present and vocal in the face of the national #blacklivesmatter movement," said Trinity Rep's Community Engagement Coordinator Rebecca Noon. "We need to open the city's public spaces to engage in this big conversation. 'Every 28 Hours' promises to be one of those nights where art connects people around a life-and-death matter." (Providence Journal)

Today the project is managed by Claudia Alick and Calling Up! A transmedia company facilitating scripts for social justice. The plays continue to provide a necessary tool to help us engage with this continuing national crisis. There are so many ways to engage. We invite you to engage with us today!

On #Every28Hours



We chose “Every 28 Hours” as the title of our project because of the contested nature of the statistic. In an interview Claudia Alick shared, “I think that’s part of what the plays are about...it’s about the conversation the United States is having to grapple with. Because, I mean, every 28 hours? Every 48 hours? Every 98 hours? How many hours does it need to be? It’s nice to be able to do these plays because we are making visible the national wound that, if you are a person of color, you have never been not aware of. And black people can see, brown people can see, how this is hurting all of us.” **“What matters” by Erika Frederickson**

www.missoulanews.bigskypress.com/missoula/what-matters/Content?oid=2548079

Our Report, Operation Ghetto Storm, first documented how a Black person is killed by police, security guards or vigilantes every 28 hours. The painful truth is that these state-sponsored killings are part of a comprehensive system of containment of Black people that ranges from criminalization, surveillance, profiling, mass incarceration, to military occupation and death. These violent challenges to Black peoples’ human rights and survival persist because they’re deeply rooted in U.S. history of settler colonialism and slavery that created tightly woven structures of white supremacy needed to sustain today’s U.S. Empire. The resistance of the people of Ferguson shows us that until Black and Brown communities organize for a massive, long-haul struggle to uproot this system, the killings will continue. Deepest appreciation for this Festival for challenging the narrative that demonizes Black people and gives critical cultural support to sustain the struggle ahead.

-- Arlene Eisen, author of www.operationghettostorm.org (aka #every28hours Report)

Arlene Eisen is author of “Operation Ghetto Storm,” available at www.operationghettostorm.org. Since the 1960s, Eisen has been an activist, university lecturer and journalist committed to the black liberation, women’s and anti-imperialist movements. She is the author of two books on Vietnamese women and the proud mother of two black sons.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

ONE: INTRODUCTION

1. Life By Numbers by Rasheedat Badejo and Heidi Van
2. Excuses by Ova Saopeng
3. System Monster Play by Aleshea Harris
4. The Fall by Shruti Purkayastha
5. Other Stats by Sigrid Gilmer
6. All Convenience by Claudia Alick
7. Outside A Small Circle of Friends by Prince Gomolvilas
8. Every Moment by Anu Yadav

TWO: RACE

1. Bad Motherfucker by Amina Henry
2. Penis Envy (Or Better) by Psalmayene 24
3. Innocent Until Problematic by Ike Holter
4. Co-Exist by Paul Tully
5. My life matters by David Henry Hwang
6. My Black Friend by James McManus
7. On The Black Beat by Shishir Kurup
8. The Genocide Plank by Ari Roth

THREE: POLICE

1. Days of Passed Past by Brian 'Dyalekt' Kushner
2. White Air by Marshall Jones, III
3. Lucky by D'lo
4. You Try It by Neil LaBute
5. What's In a Name? by Tarell Alvin McCraney
6. Black Cop Blues Scene One by Stew
7. Nightmare in Black: A Game by Jerome A. Parker
8. Before the "Pop, Pop, Pop" by UNIVERSES

FOUR: COMMUNITY

1. But We Only Take Cash by Jonathan Norton
2. All Ears by Kristoffer Diaz
3. Shaping His World by Stephen Peirick
4. Tweet This by Syd Stewart
5. Live Here by Chelsea Gregory
6. Hare Today by Emma Goldman-Sherman
7. The Eight Thirty by Colman Domingo
8. Through the lens of Ferguson at the Stop/Waiting by Florinda Bryant

FIVE: PROTEST

1. Comfortable/Uncomfortable by Nancy Bell
2. A Birthday Wish by Robert Maesaka
3. A Park in Ferguson Rick G. Trumble

4. Even If I stand Alone by Olivia Medina
5. Equal Parts by Jake Margolin
6. Street Medic by Lily Junker
7. Getting the Story by Joan Lipkin
8. The Gray Area by Chisa Hutchinson

SIX: HISTORY

1. 2015/1830 Zakiyyah Alexander
2. Good Question by Robert Schenkkan
3. The Tree Story by Keith Josef Adkins
4. American Thugrat by Liza Jesse Peterson
5. Giving Thanks by Aaron Jafferis
6. Inheritance by Elaine Romero
7. The Lessons by Mariah L. Richardson
8. Systemic by Matthew R. Kerns

SEVEN: MOTHERS

1. Un-divine Sisterhood, by Dominique Morisseau
2. Stay Out Dem Streets, by Basmin Red Dear
3. Any mother, Any City, by Darius Stubbs
4. For Aiyana Stanley Jones by Nambi E. Kelley
5. Audacity by Kirsten Greenridge
6. Dinosaurs by Kelley Weber
7. Another Mother, by Jacqueline E. Lawton
8. Hooded Tears by Migdalia Cruz

EIGHT: YOUTH

1. NewsFlash by Marty K. Casey
2. It's A Clock by Leilani Chan
3. There is Inside You by Josh Wilder
4. Charge by Steven Maurice Page
5. Colors by Joe Wilson, Jr
6. Sign Of The Times by Kevin R. Free
7. Train of Dreams by Gisla Stringer
8. Street Angel by Grant Harris

NINE: FINALE

1. My Son, by Larissa FastHorse
2. What Happened Was by Lisa Loomer
3. KRIP INJUSTICE by Leroy Moore
4. When the Bullet Strikes Idris Goodwin
5. Autopsy by Aurin Squire
6. Just Do it by Eric Coble
7. Moments After by Lynn Nottage
8. Knocked Over by Aaron Posner

FINAL PIECE: Unknown Thousands by Nikkole Salter

ONE:

INTRODUCTION



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**Life by Numbers
By Bandedjo and Van**

4 actors in a horizontal line on stage - 2 are black males, 2 are black females

(the rhythm of the counting is consistent, there is an awareness by the actors of what these numbers mean, sharp, precise physical movements are preferred for the actions indicated in the text, the eyes are the thing in this piece)

actor 1: one

actor 2: two

actor 3: three

actor 4: four

actor 1: five

actor 2: six

actor 1: seven

(actors look with heads to actor who says the number AFTER THE NUMBER IS SAID, make sure that there are specific changes of heads as the actors look to other actors)

actor 4: eight

actor 1: nine

actor 2: ten

actor 3: eleven

actor 2: twelve

actor 4: thirteen

actor 2: fourteen

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actor 1 (*shuts eyes*): fifteen

actor 4 (*shuts eyes*): sixteen

actor 1 (*opens eyes*): seventeen

actor 2 (*shuts eyes*): eighteen

actor 3 (*shuts eyes*): nineteen

actor 4 (*opens eyes*): twenty

(actors 2 & 3 open eyes, in the following sequence the actors look to the actor who speaks AS they speak the number NOT AFTER, during 21-24 there must be a sense that there is something large approaching, think of the resonance of a giant's footsteps, 25-27 - awareness it is upon them, actor 2 - make sure your eyes are available for the audience to see in to during the 28 sequence)

actor 1: twenty-one

actor 2: twenty-two

actor 3: twenty-three

actor 4: twenty-four

actor 1: twenty-five (*looks up*)

actor 3: twenty-six (*looks up*)

actor 4: twenty-seven (*looks up*)

actor 2: twenty-eight (*drops to knees, hands up, collapses as if shot from behind, or kicked from behind*)

actors 1, 3, 4 lower the faces to audience slowly and present a silent pose (can also be grand and grotesque) of anguish that holds for a moment, they return to neutral as they look to actor 2. actor 1 looks forward

actor 1: one

END

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Excuses
By Ova Saopeng

Playwright Note: I encourage as much diversity and opportunity for performers of color to have a presence on stage.

(Actor 1 walks on stage and begins and is interrupted by other actors.)

Actor 1: Every 28 hours...

Actor 2: It's better in America then in my home country.

Actor 3: I not black. I'm Asian.

Actor 4: It's not my problem. It's a black and white thing.

Actor 1: Every 28 hours in America, a...

Actor 2: Black? I'm not black, I'm African.

Actor 3: So what, nothing's going to change.

Actor 4: There's a Japanese sheriff.

Actor 1: Every 28 hours in America, a black person gets killed...

Actor 2: Really? Where did you get that data?

Actor 3: It's not my neighborhood.

Actor 4: Wrong place. Wrong time.

Actor 1: Every 28 hours in America, a black person is killed by the police.

Actor 2: Police are getting killed, too. The police have a hard job, too?

Actor 3: I don't know enough about the court case.

Actor 4: They're all criminals anyway. Do they really matter?

Actor 1: Every 28 hours in America (beat) we lose a piece of our soul.

END

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**System Monster Play
By Aleshea Harris**

Four black teenagers rush into the space. ONE, TWO and THREE speak with urgency and clarity. No pauses unless indicated. A group poem. As the others speak, FOUR hangs out, listening closely but lacking the nerve to join in.

One: My mama says it's a system. Like a big old monster

Two: She says it'll steal us. Our bodies, our spirits, our minds

Three: She says it's always just underneath our feet. Right now, even.
It's under us

One, Two, Three: Right now. Monster. Hungry.

Three: So even though I'm old enough to drive

One: To kiss

Two: To march

One, Two, Three: She calls me baby

Three: Baby

One: Baby

Two: So she can keep me longer

Three: So that when the monster gets me

One: and I come home a broken, crying

One, Two, Three: Baby

Two: Maybe
it'll hurt less.

ONE, TWO and THREE rush out of the space, leaving FOUR. A brief moment during which he summons the courage to speak. He stands; a secret.

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Four: Hey—

I wanna go to Harvard. This play you're making, can it help me get into Harvard?

He alone hears the response. His face loses its brightness.

O.

Okay.

He shuffles off.

END

The Fall
By Shruti Purkayastha

Inspired by connections of war-time internationally and domestically

Actors enter stage R. Movement should move around in a circle, with markers at each quadrant of the circle. Total of 2 circles made with the 4-person group.

Part 1 (about 25 seconds):

Each person moves into an image that depicts disaster, war, everything falling apart. Each actor takes turns making an image, each image moves the group forward around the circle. Each image completes or fills in negative space that the previous body has left, with urgency. The first time each person makes an image, use a sound. The second time each person makes an image, use a short word or phrase. Each actor should have done 2 images by the end of the circle. The group should end in the same place they started. The quality should evoke a ball of people moving around a circle of disaster.

Sample images/characters:

Characters (things to embody in the image): bombs, guns, missiles. Fathers, mothers, children. Grief, confusion, panic. Determination, soldier, general. Buildings falling. Both victims/survivors and perpetrators. Tsunami. Earthquake. Longing and Loss.

Sample Text:

NO, Baba!

Yes, Sir.

Drones.

My baby!

I can't.

Mama!

Part 2 (about 25 seconds):

Do the same images and movement from Part 1, but without the sounds/text. Instead of the sounds, each actor should say one of these places in their images in this order:

Actor 1: Philippines

Actor 2: Detroit

Actor 3: Pakistan

Actor 4: Watts

Actor 1: Korea

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Actor 2: Baltimore

Actor 3: Iraq

Actor 4: Ferguson

Part 3 (about 5-10 seconds):

Actors come center, facing each other.

They collapse slowly down to the ground together. Finally, all on floor in pile.

Take a final deep breath together from the floor.

END

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Other Stats By Gilmer

Enter 3 people. A Black woman (BW). A White person (WP). A Black man (BM).

WP: Every 29 seconds a Black woman thinks up an alternative ending to Game of Thrones, Season 5.

BW: I am going to save you John Snow.

WP: Every 15 days a Black man graduates veterinary college.

BM: I love horses.

WP: Every 7 minutes a Black person has interactions with another race.

BM: Actually, it's an Eames.

BW: Wintergreen.

WP: Every 3 seconds a Black person laughs.

1-2-3 The Black people laugh for 3 seconds. (NOTE: Laughing does not interrupt speaking.)

WP: Every 9.7 minutes a Black person makes a decision...

BM laughs.

WP: ...that will profoundly change the course of their life.

BW laughs.

BW: Fuck it. Today I am going to have a burrito for lunch.

BM laughs.

BW: Again.

BM: This time, I am going to learn to knit.

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BW laughs.

WP: Statistics. The act and art of configuring the world...

BM laughs.

WP: ...establishing facts, creating truth...

BW laughs.

WP: ...through the quantitative certainty of numbers.

1-2-3 Everyone laughs for 3 seconds.

END

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**All Convenience
By Claudia Alick**

4 characters. Cast diversely. Character 1 must be POC. 3 people are in the middle of a conversation when character 1 runs in. That all speak quickly, simultaneously, overlapping. As the play continues that stage fills with smoke and makes it difficult to breath. By the end everyone should be coughing and gasping for air.

One: *(Running in from the right)* Help, fire! Help! fire!

Two: Slow down. Why are you yelling?

Three: We're talking here.

Four: Interrupting. Rude.

One: The Quick Trip convince store is on fire!

Two: That's no way to get what you want.

Three: Are you sure it's a fire?

Four: There are all sorts of fires. Could it be a camp fire?

Two: I saw in the news that some fires are necessary.

Three: To control overgrowth in the forest. I saw that report.

One: *(Coughing)* They set the Quick Trip on fire. *(Points right)*

Four: Oh the quick trip. I hate that store.

Three: *(Coughing)* Whose they? What are you saying about them?

Four: Are you sure it wasn't accidental? *(Coughing)* Lighting starts fires too.

One: We need to put this fire out before the whole neighborhood goes up in flames.

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Two: *(Resigned)* Someone get the hose...fine...I'll do it.

Three: *(Coughing)* I'd like to study the problem.

Four: *(Coughing)* There is a lot of smoke.

Three: You have a particulate meter?

Two: You better be grateful I'm using this hose cause there's a drought you know. *(Pointing the hose left)*

Four: Water is a precious resource. *(Coughing)*

One: Thank you...wait..what are you doing? *(Gasps for air)*

Two: I'm hosing down the 7-11.

Three: The 7-11 is not on fire.

Four: That's good. I'm on board with the whole fire is bad thing I just don't agree with yelling about it.

One: It's the Quick Trip that's burning. That's the wrong convenience store.

Two: All convenience stores matter!

Three: All convenience-

Four: All convenience-

One: I can't breathe.

Three: I can't breathe!

Two: I can't breathe!

All: I can't breathe.

*Stage is covered in so much smoke nothing is visible any longer.
The world is on fire.*

END

Outside a Small Circle of Friends
By Prince Gomolvilas

WOMAN and MAN—at least one of whom is Caucasian American—are downstage. WOMAN watches TV and changes channels with a remote control. MAN is on his smart phone. CHORUS 1 and CHORUS 2—African American—are upstage. These are two separate “scenes,” but they occur simultaneously.

Woman: I’m bored.

Chorus 1: *(At a low volume:)* ...one hour...

Man: So am I.

Chorus 2: *(At a low volume:)* ...two hours...

Woman: There’s nothing on.

Chorus 1: ...three hours...

Man: We have like a thousand channels.

Chorus 2: ...four hours...

Woman: Half of them are in another language.

Chorus 1: ...five hours...

Man: Just keep flipping.

Chorus 2: ...six hours...

Woman: What game are you playing?

Chorus 1: ...seven hours...

Man: Candy Crush.

Chorus 2: ...eight hours...

Woman: Watch TV with me.

Chorus 1: ...nine hours...

Man: But we’re not even watching anything yet.

Chorus 2: ...ten hours...

Woman: Watch me change channels.

Chorus 1: ...eleven hours...

Man: Fine. I hate this game anyway. Waste of time.

Chorus 2: ...twelve hours...

*MAN puts down his smart phone.
WOMAN and MAN comment on each
new channel.*

Chorus 1: ...thirteen hours...

Woman: News.

Chorus 2: ...fourteen hours...

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Man: News.

Woman: More news.

Man: Housewives

Woman: Bachelors.

Man: Pregnant teens.

WOMAN stops changing channels momentarily.

Woman: I'm bored.

Man: So am I.

Woman: We should take up a new hobby.

Man: But we're both so busy.

Woman: Let's get a puppy.

Man: We don't have time for a puppy.

Woman: Let's do some volunteer work.

Man: Why?

Woman: Why not?

WOMAN resumes changing channels.

Man: News.

Woman: News.

Man: What's on the news?

Woman: Car accident.

Chorus 1:...fifteen hours...

Chorus 2:...sixteen hours...

Chorus 1:...seventeen hours...

Chorus 2: ...eighteen hours...

Chorus 1: ...nineteen hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-one hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-two hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-three hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-four hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-five hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-six hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-seven hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-eight hours...

Chorus 1 & Chorus 2: (*Loudly, accompanied by a hand clap and foot stomp:*) BANG!

Chorus 1: (*At a low volume:*) ...one hour...

Chorus 2: (*At a low volume:*) ...two hours...

Chorus 1: ...three hours...

Chorus 2: ...four hours...

Chorus 1: ...five hours...

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Man: Celebrity wedding.

Chorus 2: ...six hours...

Woman: Shooting.

Chorus 1: ...seven hours...

Man: Same shooting.

Chorus 2: ...eight hours...

Woman: Same shooting.

Chorus 1: ...nine hours...

WOMAN stops changing channels.

Chorus 2: ...ten hours...

Man: Isn't that just around the corner from us?

Chorus 1: ...eleven hours...

Chorus 2: ...twelve hours...

Woman: Yeah. Crime's getting out of control around here.

Chorus 1: ...thirteen hours...

Chorus 2: ...fourteen hours...

Man: We should move to a better neighborhood.

Chorus 1: ...fifteen hours...

Woman: Let's move and have a baby.

Chorus 2: ...sixteen hours...

Man: Great idea! I love you.

Chorus 1: ...seventeen hours...

Woman: I love you too.

Chorus 2: ...eighteen hours...

WOMAN and MAN embrace and kiss until the end of the play.

Chorus 1:... nineteen hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-one hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-two hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-three hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-four hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-five hours...

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Chorus 2: ...twenty-six hours...

Chorus 1: ...twenty-seven hours...

Chorus 2: ...twenty-eight hours...

Chorus 1 & Chorus 2: (*Loudly, accompanied by a hand clap and foot stomp:*) BANG!

END

Every Moment By Anu Yadav

As ACTORS 2,3,4 are speaking, and circling around ACTOR 1 there is an invisible thread/rope each of them are holding a point of that has a physical effect on ACTOR 1. This web of connection affects how they move throughout the piece. The actors start separate, and as antagonistic forces, and build towards support, unity, connection in their movement

Casting Note: ACTOR 4 is a black woman. Actor 1 is a white person. Ideally mixed casting for the other two.

Actor 4: In the US, every 28 hours a black person is killed.

Actor 2: Every 2 minutes a woman is raped.

Actor 3: Every day 5 children die of child abuse.

Actor 4: What does that mean for a black girl child growing up in America?

Actor 1: I can't hear this. It's too much.

Actor 2: Your privilege is that you can ignore it.

Actor 3: Every moment of this we all suffer. One way or another.

Actor 4: It's time to act.

Actor 1: And do what?

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Actor 2: Look. Breathe. Be in community. We can figure it out.

Actor 3: Black lives matter.

Actor 4: You have to know that you matter.

Actor 2: Every moment matters.

ALL: Let's start now.

END

TWO: RACE



Bad Motherfucker
by Amina Henry

A BLACK MAN and a WHITE MAN stand on a cliff, overlooking a vast expanse of land.

Black Man: This shit is broken.

White Man: Nothing is broken.

Black Man: America, man, it's broken.

White Man: I love America.

Black Man: Hey, let me ask you something, white man.

White Man: Ask me anything.

Black Man: You think I'm a bad motherfucker?

White Man: *(laughing)* Yeah, sure, you're a bad motherfucker.

Black Man: I make you nervous?

White Man: No.

Black Man: Tell the truth. How we gonna fix it if you can't *tell the truth?*

White Man: Just relax.

Black Man: Don't tell me to relax. Why should I relax?

White Man: What's your problem now?

Black Man: I'm not the problem.

White Man: What's wrong with you?

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Black Man: I told you. You don't listen.

White Man: Huh?

Black Man: Must be nice to be deaf. And blind. And stupid.

White Man: Listen, I don't want any trouble.

Black Man: Me neither, man.

White Man: I love America.

Black Man: Yeah. America loves you, too.

END

Penis Envy (or Better)
By Psalmayene24

A Black man, DR. SIMONE, is standing on stage.

Dr. Simone: Next!

A white man, GEORGE, enters holding the end of a leash that is connected to a collar around the neck of a Black man, WASHINGTON.

George: My dog thinks he's a Black man, Dr. Simone.

George and Dr. Simone look at Washington (who has none of the physicality of a dog). Washington barks once.

Dr. Simone: Why would you say that?

George: He's scared of cops. Whenever he sees them, he runs away.

Washington barks twice.

Dr. Simone: This is a tricky one.

George: It is. And I don't know what to do. Can you help?

Dr. Simone: I think so ...

Dr. Simone takes the collar off of Washington and puts it around George's neck. Dr. Simone then takes the leash from George and puts it in Washington's hand.

Dr. Simone: Better?

Washington: Better.

Washington and Dr. Simone look at George. George barks once. Washington exits holding the leash as George follows.

Dr. Simone: Next!

END

**Note:*

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If an actual leash and dog collar are not available, a thin rope may be used. If neither of those are available, then mime it.

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**Innocent Until Problematic
By Ike Holter**

Jean: So he's all like "Uh whatever why don't you just step off / and—"

Loren: That's offensive.

Jean: —Okay—Sorry, so he's all like "Uh if you don't look at me / like—"

Loren: Problematic, OK, sorry, just don't go there

Jean: Don't go where

Loren: Wherever you're going to go

Jean: How do you know where I'm going to go

Loren: I don't, but I know that's it's going to end in a trigger warning so don't. It's inappropriate.

Jean: —It really happened

Loren: Well lots of things *really happened* but that doesn't mean that you have to talk about them cause when you talk about them I have to deal with them and I'm not supposed to deal with anything; you can have whatever statistic you want and that's fine, but I deserve a warning, k, I deserve to be comfortable.

Jean: ...He lived on my block. Went to school with my brother—

Loren: Once again, I am offended

Jean: And they still put him in jail for 24 hours with no lawyer they still made him confess to some shit he didn't commit so he could sit complicit within it now I'm sorry if that makes you uncomfortable I'm sorry you're lucky enough to not thinking about it everytime you walk down the street I'm sorry if it offends you it of ends me too but if I don't talk about it then it's just gonna happen again and again and again. His name was Ryan.

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Loren: ...I'm so sorry. I-I get it now. I totally, totally get it. I know what it's like...I had a dog named ryan.

Jean: —Now that is some problematic offensive trigger warning shit.

Co-Exist
By Paul Tully

Cell opens Mikey (white man, frail, weak, early 20's) steps in stands face to face with Jesse (Black man, late 40's, massive size, very muscular). Cell closes.

Jesse: Well, well look at this, you're White.

Mikey: Yeah and you're Black.

Jesse: Been this way since birth.

Mikey: What a coincidence so have I.

They share a small smirk.

Jesse: You know being White in here ain't the same as being White out there?

Mikey: I don't know that I understand.

Jesse: In here you're the minority man.

Mikey: Yeah, I know we're out numbered here. So does this mean we're gonna have a problem.

Jesse: No, it means we're going to learn to co-exist.

Mikey: And how do we do that?

Jesse: Sink and toilet stay clean after you use it, sink and toilet stay clean after I use it. You keep your side of the room clean, I keep my side of the room clean. Ya dig?

Mikey: Yeah, I can dig it. Mutual respect right?

Jesse: That's it. It's as simple as that.

END

My Life Matters
By David Henry Hwang

AMY, 40's, an Asian American woman, speaks to us.

Amy: I don't think anyone likes racism. I mean, those white hoods and the -- you know, Disgusting. So, we agree. But when it comes to this Black Lives Matter movement -- oh, wait -- Hashtag Black Lives Matter. Again, no one likes to see Black lives or unjustly accused people being shot dead for no good reason. But if you're looking for, um, "allies?" That's the term nowadays? From other--other--um, minorities...--well ...

(pause)

I'm Chinese. American, I was born here. Or Asian. And as an Asian, I hope you appreciate that I have to think first about the interests of my own group, um, my community. I mean, everyone does, right?

(pause)

As an Asian -- our problems are a little different. If I'm walking down the street or through the mall, and I see a cop standing there, I'm relieved. See, Asians don't worry about getting harassed unfairly by the police. Or government authorities in general. OK, maybe if you don't know English, but I mean, so long as you're well-spoken ...

(pause)

So, I hope you understand, that I have to conclude it's not in my best interests to join your movement --

A NEWSCASTER'S VOICE comes over the house speakers:

Newscaster (O.S.): Breaking News. The Pentagon is confirming reports that an American reconnaissance plane was shot down this morning over the South China Sea, apparently by Chinese fighter jets. The President is preparing to make a statement, and Congressional Republicans are calling for retaliatory action.

(Pause.)

Amy: Black Lives Matter! Bitches!

She raises her fist in a Black Power-like salute.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**My Black Friend
By James McManus**

E'vet: How many black friends you got?

James: Plenty. With one of em right now.

E'vet: Don't be clownin me. Who was Marcus Garvey?

James: I know who Marcus Allen was. And I don't count my Friends.

E'vet: Cause zero don't take no countin.

James: One.

E'vet: Then you suck.

James: I don't suck.

E'vet: No. I know nobody tell you you suck.

James: Why you so fuckin angry? Goin all Malcolm X on my shit

E'vet: I'm angry cause I breathe and I'm black.

James: But I'm one a the good ones.

E'vet: No, I'm one of the good ones. Clean, articulate as fuck.

James: Fuck you.

E'vet: Get more black friends or you go from one to zero.

James: For real?

E'vet: Ain't got time for this shit no more. And if you can't find us, ask Dunkin Donuts, they got customers know where the fuck ta find us.

END

On the Black Beat
By Shishir Kurt

Chorus makes the sound of a heartbeat. A Black American Man (BAM) and a South Asian Man (SAM) intertwined.

Sam: Doesn't this feel amazing?

Bam: Like a little bit of heaven.

Sam: Yeah.

Bam: It feels a little bit like heaven.

Sam: I know. I heard you.

Bam: Oh I thought you said, "what?"

Sam: No I said yeah. And I agree. *(Beat)* I can feel your heartbeat.

Heartbeat rises.

Bam: In heaven this is how everyone will feel. No one will be left out.

Sam: What?

Bam: In heaven this is how everyone will feel. No one will be left out.

Sam: Of this feeling?

Bam: Of this feeling.

Heartbeat rises.

Sam: I'm trying to listen to your rhythms and to the number of your beats. It's not exactly on beat.

Bam: On the back beat?

Sam: *(Smiles)* On the black beat! And it's a strong beat.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

(They sit there as the heartbeat which has been getting louder rises. Chorus makes the sound of a gunshot.)

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

The Genocide Plank

By Ari Roth

(Outdoors. Two friends of a certain age. Sharon is Jewish and White. Rachel is Black.)

S: *(Out)* We're doing this in a hurry; this whole conversation.

R: *(Out)* It's a compression.

S: We're on a walk. We're best friends.

R: We like to say that. We are the Remnants of the South Harlem-Columbia University-Morningside Heights Neighborhood Coalition.

R & S: May it Rest in Peace.

S: We met in day-care.

R: It was in a synagogue. In a church. Called the "gan" which means garden.

S: We were single moms.

R: Still are.

S: There were Playdates. Ballet.

R: Disagreements.

S: And Drift.

R: Lots of drift.

S: Our daughters, for example.

R: Things happen.

S: We persevere. News happens. We respond. Today's rally, for example. In response to a shooting.

R: Another shooting. Another rally.

S: For Black Lives. And we're going. *Some of us with ambivalence*, but we're going!

R: Tell me about it.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

- S:** We're gonna talk about that ambivalence!
- R:** We've been doing nothing but this entire summer!
- S:** Because it's important to dialogue!
- R:** The whole Upper West Side has been talking about that ambivalence, and hardly anyone else! Ever since The Platform for Black Lives was distributed—
- S:** An extraordinary document, by the way. By and large. We've all been talking about it. And today I am going to insist that we do so again.
- R:** Today, at a rally for another victim of gun violence, you're "going to insist" that we—
- S:** Not with you. With this next generation of daughters who are running this movement. And running it right off a cliff, I might add.
- R:** Go ahead. I will support you. I will *disagree*, but I will support your right to get in the grill of a much younger Sister who will blow you away with her clarity.
- S:** No one blows me away, Rae. I am the daughter of survivors. And granddaughter; of the camps. Someone's taking that away?
- R:** No one's taking away your Family's Holocaust History—
- S:** When a Platform claims "U.S. support for Israel makes it complicit in the genocide against the Palestinian people," they are mangling two separate histories and deracinating my own.
- R:** I said I agreed it was excessive. And I said they have a right to their excessiveness. They have a right to their rage. Especially now. And to seek solidarity where they want to.
- S:** But what about solidarity with us? Since they didn't come out of nowhere. If they're building a movement. On the shoulders of those who marched before.
- R:** Maybe they want different shoulders to march with—
- S:** Misusing the word Genocide is a firing of the Jewish People. And they have not responded to that expression; to our sense of betrayal.
- R:** Maybe their movement doesn't have to; respond; or include us. Or you. If it's that much baggage; that comes weighted with problems. Like privilege.
- S:** White Privilege does not extend to Jewish Suffering.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

R: Oh bullshit.

S: Ask the Nazis.

R: Don't drag the Nazis in!

S: You brought up "Genocide." In the middle of a 60 page document.

R: I didn't bring it up! They brought up solidarity with the People of Color of Palestine.

S: Oh give me a break!

R: *(Out)* So it goes. On our walk. For an hour.

S: You think the Oppressed People of Color of Palestine are being systemically exterminated? Like in Europe? Is that what you're—

R: They're saying there's a system. Of oppression. There is a slow moving murder machine, because nothing is being nurtured; no life is being sown; only elements of anti-life; the imposition of difficulty; road blocks; profiling; the racism of this tyranny is something that we as black people recognize, and are calling for a halt to.

S: *(Out)* In the end, we will have missed it. The rally will have turned into rolling street closures. All the way to City Hall. Followed by a Die-In.

R: *(Out)* And we don't fall on the ground anymore.

S: We go shopping.

R: For our daughters.

S: Mine's graduating. She's not much of activist.

R: Mine's studying abroad. She works with refugees

S: She's wonderful.

R: So is yours. We don't address the platform.

S: Or fix much of anything anymore.

R: We walk home.

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S: We'll be there for each other when it counts.

R: *(Out)* When will it count?

S: *(Out)* When will they come for us?

(A new beat. They're home. Time to say goodbye.)

...Next week?

(No answer)

END

THREE: POLICE



Days of Passed Past
By Brian "Dyalekt" Kushner

Four suspects stand in a police line-up while an officer leads the victim through the procedure. Incidentally, one of the suspects is visibly a Mutant, born with an X-Factor in their genes that makes them radically different, feared and hated by the majority.

Overseer: Mhm. And do you see your assailant in this lineup?

Victim: Yes, the one with the feathers.

Overseer: The Mutant?

Victim: I... I don't want to be rude.

Mutant: It's ok if you're being descriptive. I'm a Mutant.

Overseer: And you saw him...

Victim: Well no, but... He was gone before I could turn around, and he's got feathers so...

Mutant: So I can fly right? Yeah, all Muties with feathers can fly.

Victim: I didn't say that! Can he.. Is he supposed to...

Overseer: Kelvin King, born with preternatural hearing ability, laser vision, and feathers around his ears because... Evolution? I dunno. So can you identify your attacker or not? And let me remind you how the Westchester PD feels when you waste our time.

Victim: N...no... um. The Black guy?

Overseer: Ahh, that makes sense. (To walkie talkie) THIS IS NOT A DRILL! WE'VE GOT A BIGGIE IN THE SMALLS! MOVE MOVE! I NEED SENTINELS ON THE PERIM...

Lights down before the overseer finishes.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

White Air
By Marshal Jones, III

Place: Southern City.

Time: night

Two policemen – one white, one black – enter with flash lights.

Radio: *(voice over)* Apple Store on Main reporting theft. Suspect sighted walking south on First Street. No description at this time.

A pretty blond white woman enters. She has a tie-dyed shirt wrapping a box.

White Cop: Don't move.

Blond Girl: Oh, Officer.

Black Cop: It's OK. Female.

White Cop: Yes, female.

Blond Girl: What's the matter, Officer?

White Cop: Nothing. Some thieves are lurking about. Did you see anything?

Blond Girl: No.

Black Cop: What's wrapped up in there?

Blond Girl: This? It's my computer.

White Cop: Oh, Apple Air. Nice. I'm saving to get my wife one.

Black Cop: Um, this is brand new. Do you have a receipt?

Blond Girl: Ah, a receipt? *(pause)* Ohhh... *(laughing)* You guys know Apple is an environmentally friendly company. They don't give receipts any more, silly boy.

White Cop: No?

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Blond Girl: No. They email them. I have to go now.

White Cop: Ok. You be careful. It's da—

Something drops from the blond girl's waist.

Black Cop: You dropped something.

White Cop: I'll get it

The white cop reaches down and hands the blond girl her pistol.

White Cop: Here you go.

Blond Girl: Thanks. Protection, y'know.

Black Cop: We know. It's dangerous out there.

White Cop: Very dangerous. Be careful out there, ma'am.

Blond Girl: I will. Bye.

END

Lucky
By D'lo

Actors: Both actors are dark-skinned and “pass” as cisgender men.

** Young Man can mumble, whisper, or try to get a word in more, here 'n there.*

A car is pulled over to the side of the road. A police car is right behind it with its flashing blue and red lights. We don't know why the car is pulled over: profiling/routine or a speed violation etc.

Officer walks from his car to the car he has pulled over, visibly irritated. He yanks open the door with his left hand and the other hand on his gun.

Cop: You wanna play games, boy? I can arrest you right now. Give me your id.

Lucky: I gave it to you. *

Cop: Shut your god damn mouth. I could kill you.

Lucky struggles to say something like “I can explain”, fearing for his life.

Cop: Get out the car! Turn around. (as he searches him with his baton) Where's your id? What you hiding?

Lucky: I'm trans

Cop: What?

Lucky: I'm trans. It's my old name.

Cop: What the...

Lucky: Gonna change it tomorrow.

Cop whacks him across the face with his baton. Lights Out with this action.

END

You Try It
By Neil Labute

There's a cop. Standing there in front of us. Looking straight at us.

Cop: ...you try it some time. Seriously. Do. You try it.

*Cop suddenly pulls out his weapon and raises it. He squints down the barrel.
Finger on the trigger.*

Cop: (Cont'd) You've got two seconds, maybe, if you're lucky...that's IF you're lucky...to make a decision. What to do. What-to-do. And that's it. Two seconds. Maybe less...

Cop holds his ground. Brings his other hand up to his weapon to steady himself.

Cop: (Cont'd) Everybody hates you...you know that...can see it in their faces...unless they need you, they hate you...hate you for pulling them over...for giving them a ticket... whatever you do, you're the bad guy... the fucking 'cops.' 'Pigs.' 'Facists.'

Cop moves forward a step, keeping his gun trained on us.

Cop: (Cont'd) And then somebody comes outta the dark... holding a phone...or a toy...or one of those big fucking...combs...or a gun... who knows? You're supposed to...in two seconds. Make a decision in two seconds. Life or Death. Life OR Death. And so you do. You do what you've been asked to do. Ordered to do. Took an oath...to do.

Cop takes another step, pointing his weapon at us.

Cop: (Cont'd) (Loudly) GET YOUR HANDS UP! UP! WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM! NOW!! DO IT NOW, ASSHOLE!! NOW!!!

Cop holds his weapon up. Ready to shoot. On the edge.

Cop: (Cont'd) ...you try it some time. If you think it's so fucking easy...

Sound of Gunfire. Sound of sirens. Cop chatter on radios. The usual.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

What's in a Name?

By Tarell Alvin McCraney

Dedicated to the Corner of Washington and Lincoln, MB

CHARACTERS:

SUSPECT- early 20's, Black, (gender open), with Dreds.

OFFICER 1

OFFICER 2

(SUSPECT sits on a stool facing the audience. As she or he narrates OFFICERS appear and dialogue occurs.)

Suspect: An officer has me on the ground. It's an empty part of Miami, so there is no glass on the street, still... I have been there five seconds. I know because I count. 1.2.3.4- I am scared. The officer shouts:

Officer 1: I said stay on the fucking ground! Do not move!

Suspect: The officer calls into the radio for backup. I, the 'suspect' is on ground and I am reported, by the officer, as chatty. I am described as Black with—

Officer 1: Dreds or whatever they call it. *(To SUSPECT)* Is this your car? I said is this your—

Suspect: I did not know the officer was speaking to me. I respond: 'Whose else would it—'

(Officer Two Appears)

Officer 2: Shut the fuck up!

Suspect: Back up arrives and yells:

Officer 2: Don't talk back to them! Where's your ID?

Suspect: I am asked for ID. I say nothing.

Officer 2: Where's your—?

Suspect: I am scared. They told me not to talk, so I say nothing. I hear an officer move

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towards me when—

Officer 1: Look, here's the wallet on the seat. *(To SUSPECT)* We got your ID now!

Suspect: They read my name.

Officer 2: Cuevas!?!

Suspect: Is my last name. They ask me in Spanish:

Officer 1: Su nombre Cuevas?

Suspect: I reply in Spanish: 'Si, mi nombre es Cuevas.'

I am told to get off the ground.

I am helped up.

I am told that they are 'sorry about all that'.

I am asked what am I doing over in this area of Miami.

I am told the officer has a cousin, Cuevas, too.

I am given back my ID and told:

Officer 1: Here you go, Cuevas, stay out of trouble. Su pelo, Cut that hair.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**Black Cop Blues
By Stew**

CHARACTERS: 4 performers make music and split text.

Listen to me

I work here

He'd still be alive...

were the moon bright red...

and God had not been threatened...

by his dazed wooly head...

You musta given God a reason

for open season...

Or an excuse

To braid the lead noose

He moved

Suddenly

He'd still be alive...

had he straightened his tie...

and not been there...

and not asked why...

He blinked

Threateningly

there's a way to behave...

an image to sell...

yer the slave of the man

Who can send you to hell...

NASCAR?

I enjoyed it!

and I know God's mind...

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and I know God's eyes...
and I know God's bind...
And I know God's lies...

I am scared
Of the Dark
Too...

You have husbands and sons...
Who in moments are monsters...
We are scared men with guns...
Also husbands and sons...

We are emperors of fear
now here
Locked in a looping gyration
of death
Where you can't feel your breath

He grooved
Suddenly

Don't resist
Dress like you wanna exist...

He made a false move
With his mind

Beg for life
This is how you make it back
to your mama and wife

He ran
from me
and into darkness

Use proper grammer
When talking to a gun

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I know how guns think
I own one.

Do not swerve
God is here to protect
and serve
But sometimes
God kills you.

Listen to me
I work here.

END

**Nightmare in Black: A Game
by Jerome A. Parker**

A person runs from someone – hands up - until a shot is fired – hit in the back - and falls down.

A police officer runs behind with a smoking gun and approaches the body.

The officer looks around to see if anyone is looking.

The officer turns the person around, checks and confirms death - then places a nightstick in the dead person's hand.

The officer uses the walkie, calmly -

Officer: Dispatch. I got a perp down. I need back-up. Copy.
Do you copy? Perp down! Dispatch!
Dispatch?

The person rises, confused by the resurrection and the nightstick in hand. The officer fumbles with the walkie and goes for the gun.

Officer: Request for back-up...!

The officer shoots the person multiple times – with hits all above the chest.

The officer – exhausted – attempts recomposure – as the person rises – and advances towards the officer with increasing speed...

END

***Rules – Officer cannot be a white male. Person cannot be black.**

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Before the “Pop, Pop, Pop” By Universes

The community sees two men. One is a white cop and the other a young black man.

The communities voices can share and trade off lines. The subject of the lines can be interchangeable depending on what member of society is saying them. Even the cop and the young boy can share and trade lines as they also see each other on the block.

The neighbors talk as if being interviewed by the media or as if we are channel surfing and the news is the same on all channels. (/) means that the next line starts immediately. Some lines can overlap.

The cop reaches for a gun, the young man can reach for/hold and fumble, in slow motion, through several items (skittles, wallet, etc.) or nothing and finally just his hand, “UP”.

I saw it

Saw it all from my window

I was standing right over there
Saw him pull out his gun

Saw it

I saw it ALL!

He turned around

The cop

The boy

He turned around

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Saw him turn around and look that man in his eyes,
Both of them were staring at each other for a second before the sound

Before the pop, pop, pop

I saw him see his life flash before him

I swear I could see his mother making dinner

His father walking home from work

I knew him

watched him grow up

He use to play with my grandkids

He comes from a complicated family

But they were nice people

They just doin' the day to day, like e'r'body else

That young man, looked like all the rest of these young men out here

That child didn't stick out

That man played by the rules

wasn't no thug or nothing

just another black child

We could always count on him

He was somebody's/

Somebody's child

Somebody's baby/ grown up to die this way

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Somebody's baby trying to make his way through this world

Man he was doing what young men do, chasing girls

trying to figure out what it means to be a man

Growing up afraid of the next man

Trying learn to stand face to face with/ The enemy

The enemy?!

I knew him

That was somebody's child

Somebody's baby all grewed up too/

I remember when he was/ born

He would walk up and down the block every day

Strolling

Patrolling

Always nervous of what might come around the corner

This country makes you scared that way

Didn't want to look nobody in the eyes.

HIS HANDS ARE UP, HIS HANDS WERE UP

All: before the pop, pop, pop...

END

FOUR: COMMUNITY



The Every 28 Hours Plays

**But We Only Take Cash
By Jonathan Norton**

*MATT is a White male. CHRIS and LEE are also white but can be male or female.
They face us and speak. Their faces frozen in plastic smiles.*

Chris: Ding-Dong. Ding-Dong.

*Matt knocks on the front door.
(actor uses foot to make knocking sound)*

All Three: Hi!

Matt: We're your friends at

Chris: Homestead Mutual

Lee: Life Insurance Company.

Chris: We are here to remind you

Matt: That death comes to all of us.

Lee: But in your case—

All Three: Most often

Chris: Sooner rather than later.

Matt: So we are here to make paying

Chris: Easy and convenient for you – our valued customer.

Lee: Your children and future generations.

Chris and Lee: Speaking of your children –

Chris: It has come to our attention

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Lee: That some of your children have been comparing notes

Chris: with friends who don't live on *this side of town*.

Lee: And they might have discovered that our practice of visiting your home

Chris: Is highly unusual and virtually –

Matt: Sssssssshhhhhhhhh

(Matt gives his colleagues a look. They hush. Smiles disappear. Matt's tone change)

Remember we are here to make payment easy and convenient.

All Three: So have no fear

Chris: Because your friends at Homestead Mutual

Matt: Are only phone call away.

All Three: We got you covered.

Thumbs up

The plastic smiles return.

Matt: But we only take cash.

END

ALL EARS
By Kristoffer Diaz

Unspecified number of actors.

There: And I'll be honest with you: I've been fighting this fight for the last fifteen years. And the neighborhood hasn't gotten better. And now I have two kids and they can't sleep at night because of the car stereos and the weed smoke and the police helicopters and the gunshots.

Here: There aren't gunshots that often.

There: There shouldn't be gunshots any often. And look, if you can tell me a way I can stay here and help build this neighborhood or even this block back up from the inside without putting my kids at every day risk, I'm all ears.

Silence.

Here: Bye.

END

Shaping His World
By Stephen Peirick

Characters:

Christine, a woman in her 30s.

Will, her husband.

Setting: The front seat of a car. Will drives, Christine sits in the passenger seats and, in the back, a baby seat holds their infant son, Charlie.

Christine: Well, it happened. Charlie is finally out.

Will: There has got to be an easier way to get him to sleep than driving him around the city for twenty minutes every night.

Christine: I know. *(She notices a man out her window. She quickly locks her door.)* Will, lock your door.

Will: Why?

Christine: That man.

Will: What man?

Christine: There. On the corner. Just...just lock your door.

Will: Okay. *(He locks it.)* Now...why exactly did I do that?

Christine: Well...for safety. I mean, growing up, my Dad always had us lock the door if we saw a...um, stranger in the city.

Will: Stranger? Or black stranger?

Christine: It's not like that, okay? It's just...what we did.

Will: And it's what you still do. Christine, come one, you're 34.

Christine: It's not like that. It's just a habit, you know? Part of world I was raised in.

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Will: And what about Charlie? Is this really the world we want for him?

Christine: That's not what I meant. I mean...let's just drive.

(They face forward. Quiet.)

END

Tweet This
By Syd Stewart

*ONE BLACK ACTOR, ONE WHITE ACTOR.
THEY GAZE AT EACH OTHER DEFIANTLY / PASSIONATELY LIKE MIRROR
REFLECTIONS. THEY EXCHANGE LINES INTERMITTENTLY AS DESIRED.*

Black: Fuck you mutherfucking cracker ass cracker. Tweet this.

White: I shoot a nigger ass nigger dead in the head. Tweet that.

Black: You smell like a wet dog eatin' Chinese food. Tweet this.

White: Tarbaby eatin' watermelon finger lickin' chicken. Tweet that.

Black: Yeah thas' me. No rhythm ass little dick coward. Fuck you!

White: I fucked your great grand moms that's why you got good hair.

Black: FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

White: Gimme five on the black hand side, my brother. Forgive me?

Black: Am I my brother's keeper?

Black does a step and fetchit dance.

White: *(whispers)* Yes you are.....

END

**To Live Here
By Chelsea**

Writer's notes:

*This piece is based on the history of housing, education and other systems used by white-run agencies to uphold institutional racism in St. Louis, MO and in many other places in the US. It is not text-driven so may be identified as more “performance art” than a “play.” The trajectory is expressed through movement and body language along with some spoken text, so the dramatic action is not happening through dialogue alone. The physicality is very specific because it holds most of the storytelling- the facial expressions, body language and spatial relationships are a kind of text in and of themselves. There are places where stage direction is not as specific and if other stage directions are followed, the actor's impulse in these open places will be stronger and more coherent. It is my hope that directors and ensemble members are creative with their interpretation, so these stage directions may be seen as a guide to the writer's intention.

**The BLACK WOMAN and BLACK MAN'S journey downstage is a way of marking time, efforts at progress, and confronting the realities of systemic racism in 1944, 1964 and 2014. The slow walk forward can be seen as a metaphor for the journey towards freedom, equity and self-determination. What may read as exposition on the part of WHITE BOY and WHITE GIRL (particularly when they are talking about racially-based restrictive covenants and why there were no riots in 1964) is a use of text to illustrate the dynamic of white people hiding behind laws, rules, regulations and contrived historical narrative. In these cases, that this text is used as a tool to silence and disempower Black people is more important than the actual content of the text itself.

***Every time there is a dash in the text, the following text or action happens immediately, either as an interruption or continuation of what was being said.

Casting for this piece should be accurate as possible, both in terms of race and age. With the ranges of 25 yrs or Older/25 yrs or Younger, I hope this will be easier.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**The characters are intentionally not specific because they represent archetypes, but each ensemble will bring their own particular approach to the archetypes.

***WHITE BOY and WHITE GIRL are intentionally infantilized as “boy” and “girl” (rather than being called “man” and “woman”) to represent White Americans who have chosen less mature, more self-serving roles in the history of systemic racism in the US. There are also many instances of White people, even if they are the younger person, degrading Black adults by calling them “boy” or “girl” to maintain social norms. Though the audience will not see this detail in the script, accurate casting might help to convey this dynamic, and I am interested in how it impacts the experience of both performers and audience members.

Characters:

BLACK MAN – One who identifies as Black Male, ideally 25 yrs or older

BLACK WOMAN – One who identifies as Black Female, ideally 25 yrs or older

WHITE BOY – One who identifies as White Male, ideally 25 yrs or younger

WHITE GIRL – One who identifies as White Female, ideally 25 yrs or younger

Lights up on WHITE GIRL sitting demurely in a chair downstage left of center, her

hands on her knees. WHITE BOY is standing at downstage right of center, to stage right of WHITE GIRL with feet placed wider apart than his shoulders and hands clasped in front of him. He has a tough look as if he is guarding her and/or something else. Both of them are focused forward- stiff, tense & nervous.

BLACK WOMAN is standing at upstage left in neutral- fully present, calm and connected. BLACK MAN is standing an upstage right in neutral- also fully present, calm and connected.

BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN begin to walk forward slowly- WHITE BOY & WHITE GIRL sense this and register it only with their eyes, but they become visibly more tense. After BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN take a few steps forward, they say the following to the audience with no pause between the two parts of the line:

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BW: I remember—

BM: back in 1944—

WHITE BOY cuts BLACK MAN off to speak the following quickly and mechanically, looking straight ahead at the audience.

WB: Racially-based restrictive covenants are valid under the 14th amendment of the law of this land. Judicial enforcement of these restrictive covenants does not violate the equal protection clause therefore YOU

WHITE BOY turns his head and looks with intensity at BLACK MAN and BLACK WOMAN then back front. BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN slow to a stop between “YOU” and “not allowed to LIVE here” and they stand staring at WHITE BOY)

WB: are not allowed to LIVE here.

WHITE GIRL begins to stand up and say something but WHITE BOY snaps his head threateningly towards her so she sits back down, afraid. BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN begin to walk forward slowly again to about mid-stage. WHITE BOY & WHITE GIRL register this with their eyes, then their heads also turn quickly between BLACK WOMAN, BLACK MAN and front, both WHITE BOY & WHITE GIRL becoming visibly more tense and threatened. Once they have taken a few steps forward, BLACK WOMAN speaks again to the audience.

BW: In 1964 they said we didn’t protest because-

At the word “riot,” WHITE BOY snaps his head back towards BLACK WOMAN looking infuriated, clears his throat to cut her off and gestures aggressively towards WHITE GIRL to speak. WHITE GIRL speaks suddenly from her seated position with the mechanically enthusiastic, chipper, self-assured voice of a news anchor. BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN pause, then walk forward as they take it all in.

WG: Our city is at the forefront of race relations, so there is no need for violence. The Board of Education is striving mightily to obtain adequate schools and only the best teachers for ghetto classrooms. We now have an open housing law which isn’t

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WHITE GIRL begins to stand up. She's confused and the "news anchor" tone of voice she started with is fading

WG: working too well yet but they can still live here—

WHITE BOY pushes her back into her chair & cuts her off with aggressive irreverence, speaking to her and to the audience.

WB: These things take time.

By now, BLACK WOMAN & BLACK MAN have reached the same horizontal line where WHITE BOY & WHITE GIRL are positioned and they turn to face WHITE BOY & WHITE GIRL. WHITE BOY turns his face then body quickly towards BLACK MAN and raises his upstage arm in front of him until it's extended at 90 degrees with his hand in the shape of a gun pointed directly at BLACK MAN. BLACK WOMAN crosses quickly to BLACK MAN and stands slightly upstage and stage left of him. When BLACK WOMAN arrives there, WHITE BOY moves the gun between the two of them, as if trying to decide who t shoot first. WHITE GIRL stands up with a look of confused concern and watches. WHITE BOY's "gun hand" eventually stops moving and finds stillness, pointed again at BLACK MAN. BLACK MAN speaks the following line, very slowly and clearly as he raises both hands up above his head..

BM: 2014. We are still not allowed to LIVE here.

All freeze in that position for BLACK OUT.

THE END

HARE TODAY
By Emma Goldman-Sherman

CHARACTERS (for 4 actors, 1 woman and 3 men)

ACTOR 1 (MAN) plays:

(D) BERNIE SANDERS

Man in suit with white hair.

(R) DONALD TRUMP

Man in suit with reddish brown hair.

ACTOR 2 (WOMAN) plays:

(D) HILLARY CLINTON

Woman in suit with blonde hair.

(R) CARLY FIORINA

Woman in suit with reddish brown hair.

ACTOR 3 (MAN) plays:

(D) MARTIN O'MALLEY

Man in suit with short brown hair.

(R) RAND PAUL

Man in suit with curly brown hair.

ACTOR 4 (MAN) plays:

(R) BEN CARSON

An African-American man in a suit with salt and pepper short natural hair.

(R) JEB BUSH

Man in suit with silver hair.

I personally do not mind if the cast is multi-culturally cast against the actual colors of these actual people, and I don't mind if half the men are cast as women playing men, so cast away, but HILLARY/CARLY should be played by a woman, and BEN/JEB should be played by an African-American man.

The quoted language included before the tortoise-cide is all actual language the candidates used when responding to Ferguson, although I have made some small cuts for brevity and flow.

The actors all make sounds of cameras with lights flashing during the course of the play, and they blink and smile and pose and jockey for position when they aren't speaking.

When all candidates speak simultaneously at the end, each one speaks only one of the phrases written, so each actor picks a phrase for each character s/he plays = 2 phrases each, 1 as each candidate.

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The stage is a stage.

If it works better to get everyone off the stage (to start the next piece faster) instead of doing the blackout, they can all exit running and kicking the carcass of the dead tortoise off.

(AT RISE: CANDIDATES enter and take their places as a tortoise slowly crosses downstage.)

Bernie Sanders (D): Bernie Sanders Running and I Say – “We need to address the extraordinary crisis facing black youths.”

Carly Fiorina (R): Carly Fiorina Running Says – “Clearly last night the police had to take action.”

Jeb Bush (R): Running Jeb Bush Says – “Kids aimlessly wandering around – they take actions that are horrific.”

Rand Paul (R): “America is in need of a revival!” Says Rand Paul Running!

Hillary Clinton (D): Hillary Clinton Running Says – “Imagine if a third of all white men went to prison during their lifetime. Imagine that.”

Martin O’Malley (D): “All lives matter,” says Martin O’Malley – Running!

Ben Carson: Dr. Ben Carson Runs – “The notion that some lives matter less is meant to enrage.”

Donald Trump (R): Donald Trump Here – “Police on one side. ‘Other’ people on the other side!”

[ALL see the TORTOISE and try to kill it by stomping it to death.]

Carly/Bernie/Rand/Ben/Hillary/Martin/Jeb/Donald: *(repeated as necessary)* Get it outta here! Amphibious Rat! Roach in a shell! Rat without wings! Git–Git, you! Run–tortoise–Run! Kill it–Kill it! Die–Die!

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[After killing the TORTOISE, ALL kick it offstage and follow it off.]

END

THE EIGHT THIRTY
by Colman Domingo

Characters must be black.
Mom sits in front of a window looking out.

Mom: They killing.

Son: Who, Mom?

Mom: They. The people on the TV.

Son: Mom, you are looking outside.

Mom: What movie is it?

Son: Mom, it's not a movie, you are looking outside.

Mom: That's a movie. I don't like it.

Son: Mom, do you want me to do your hair before Sonia comes? You like to have your hair done before you see anyone.

Mom just stares at her son.

Mom: Who is Sonia?

Mom: Sonia is your caregiver Mom. She comes at 8:30 everyday.

Mom: I don't want to watch that movie anymore.

Son: Mom?

Mom: You going out there?

Son: I have to go to work. Sonia will be here at 8:30.

Mom stares blankly at her son.

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Mom: I don't like that you have to go on TV. Everyday at 8:30.

END

Through the Lens of Ferguson at the Stop/Waiting
By Florinda Bryant

We are at a bus stop/subway stop/a train station.....

There is a girl who looks younger than she should. An old woman and a teenager. The relationship between the elder and the teen is not clear. We know he belongs to her. This the exchange.

Characters (all identify as Black)

The Girl - today and hiphop

The Old Woman - yesterday the blues

The teenager/boy - is silence waiting for tomorrow

The Old Woman is sitting at the stop. She is surrounded by bags filled with teddy bears, flowers, Maalox and spray bottles. She is sitting next to a stack of bibles. She is wearing a crucifix, an ankh, and an eagle around her neck. She hums and sings "God Bless the Child" often. The teenager/boy is wearing mix matched Jordans and wears headphones that don't connect to anything. There is smoke and fire in the distance.

Girl comes running to the stop. She is wearing something you would wear. We hear the sound of the train/bus off stage. She missed it.

Girl: Damn! *(looks at the old woman and boy)* Was that the 320?

Old Woman: Sho was... and good morning.

Girl: I'm sorry, good morning. *(pulls out phone)* Do you know when the next one is coming?

Old Woman: When it gets here. *(laughs)* Ain't no use wondering when something is suppose to happen or suppose be, it just is when it is.

Girl: You sound like my grandmother. *(turns attention to phone)* My phone is not working.

Old Woman: Maybe because you don't need it.

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Girl: Right. But I need to let people know I'm here, figure out where I am going. I'm a part of the movement, the revolution won't be televised but you can follow us on twitter. I hate to ask again, about the bus.... *(clears throat. Speaking to the teenager)* Or maybe he knows.

She goes to tap the boy on the shoulder.

Old Woman: You can't touch him, that one is mine.

Girl: I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

Old Woman: Ain't always about what you mean. If you go up that way, there is the Southbound it runs every 5 mins.

Girl: There is protesting and rioting and we need to do something... I need to get North.

Old Woman: You, need to go home, or you gonna end up waiting forever baby...

Girl: Go home, or wait forever...

Old Woman: Go home, or wait forever... *(repeats language while preparing a to go bag with bible, teddy bears, Maalox and spray bottle)*

Girl: Nathaniel Sanders, Larry Jackson Jr, Sophia King, Kevin Brown, Celin Nunez, Sandra Bland, Jordan Baker, Yvette Smith, Raymond Allen... *(repeats language, this builds until to go bag is ready)*

Old Woman hands bag to Girl.

Breathe

Girl heads up that way to catch the Southbound bus/train singing God Bless the Child

END

FIVE: PROTEST



COMFORTABLE/UNCOMFORTABLE

By Nancy Bell

Five to ten people file onto the stage and stand in a line, facing upstage. They giggle, and jostle each other a little jokingly, engage in muttered greetings and small talk: "You ready for this?" "Ready as I'll ever be." "Naw, it's easy," "Shhhh!" etc.... The Organizer enters and stands facing them, back to the audience.

Organizer: Ready?

Everyone settles.

Organizer: Go!

All but Organizer turn to face the audience. They stare. It's harder than they thought but they are in it to win it. A WOMAN (or a guy, whatever) covers her (his?) eyes.

Organizer: Look.

Woman: Sorry.

They stare. WOMAN again covers her eyes.

Organizer: Look!

She uncovers her eyes. They stare. They try. Count to ten slowly. One of the other people starts to drop to the floor. ORGANIZER rushes to that person, and tenderly stands the person back up.

Person: I'm ok. Sorry.

Organizer: That's all right. Look.

They stare. They stare. Finally, the Organizer turns himself, and stares out with the others. A beat, then all but WOMAN and ORGANIZER drop as one, gasping and recovering and rubbing their eyes. WOMAN and ORGANIZER stare for a

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moment, then have to cover their eyes. They shuffle around trying to find each other. They finally do. Each reaches one hand out and tenderly forces the other's remaining hand down. They turn out and stare, grasping both hands.

Organizer: Look.

Woman: I see.

They smile together, but it still hurts.

END

A Birthday Wish
By Robert Maesaka

Characters:

Derrick: 20's white male

Latrice: His 20's African American wife

Living room. DERRICK is pacing excitedly.

Derrick: *(on phone)* You 're going to throw what?! "D" Batteries? Who are you, fuckin' Radio Raheem? They're wearing full riot gear! Look, whatever, see ya soon.

DERRICK hangs up. LATRICE enters.

Latrice: Hey, baby.

Derrick: Hey, Latrice.

Latrice: Did you pick up the cake?

Derrick: Aw, shit. Sorry. *(Awkward pause)* How was your day?

Latrice: *(sighs)* A little girl in my class told me that ... she's been to more funerals than field trips this year.

Derrick: Woah, that's messed up ...

Latrice: I'm so sick of it. You know what I wish? I wish --

Derrick: Hold that thought. I mean, I wanna hear it, but I gotta go.

Latrice: What? Where? *(beat)* Aw, hell no! You're not --

Derrick: I get it now! All those times you've been talking about how fucked up St. Louis is, and how racist it is, and how nobody does anything about it. In fact, nobody even talks about it. Well, we're going to do somethin' about it. I'm going to fuck some shit up!! Just for you, honey!

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Latrice: Wait, Derrick –

DERRICK exits. LATRICE sits. Beat. She begins humming then singing.

Latrice: *(singing)* ... Happy birthday, dear Latrice. Happy Birthday to you.

LATRICE takes out a lighter and lights it. She closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath and blows out the flame.

END

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**A Park in Ferguson
By Rick G. Trumble**

(A young black couple, JAML and KIN sit on a park bench)

Jamal: New York's a long way from Ferguson, Kim.

Kim: I'll be back at Christmas, if I don't get a voice over job...What are you going to do? You need a plan...for yourself...for us...We need to move on.

Jamal: Move on...after what happened Saturday?

Kim: You are not the one who is dead, Jamal.

Jamal: So, what if I chased your tail up to college...Kim, the same damn thing could happen to me.

Kim: You're not like...

Jamal: *(Interrupting. Stands and paces)* What? ...I can't...O.k. Ms. Drama actress, Ms. Voice Over...what's an owl sound like?

Kim: What are you...talking...

Jamal: *(Interrupting)* Just answer me dammit.

Kim: Hoo-hoo.

Jamal: Good. What's a cat sound like?

Kim: *(Starting to cry)* I don't...Meow

Jamal: Okay. Now, what does a kiss sound like?

Kim: *(Shaking her head, crying softly)* Mwah...Jamal you're scaring...

Jamal: *(Interrupting)* Listen! Now...what's the sound of a white person's voice when they see a black man lying dead in the street?

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(Long SILENCE)

Jamal: That's what I thought.

(Long SILENCE)

Jamal: *(CONT'D)* Voices can heal, baby.

END

Even If I Stand Alone
By Olivia Medina

(Mark and Layla, both African American, sitting in their high school classroom)

Mark: Can you believe they let him off? Its been 3 months since they shot Mike and with all that has happened since then, they let him off?!

Layla: I don't feel safe being black anymore! What's the use of doing any of this *(looks around the class room)* if none of it is gonna matter! We are either gonna be dead before we graduate or work like slaves just to make a couple dollars.

Mark: No! I am tired of letting them to decide who we are. From now on, I'm only believing what my Mom and God tells me! My mom always says, HE gives power to the weak, we're gonna fail but with HIM, we ARE strong! The minute we accept the identity that THEY give us, that's the minute we lose! I will win! I will matter! Even if I stand alone, I will stand.

Layla: You're right!

Both: *(both face the audience)* We will win. We will matter. Even if we stand alone, we will stand.

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**Equal Parts
By Jake Margolin**

(Person 1 is from St Louis. People 2 and 3 are from somewhere else.)

Person 2: I remember looking at the footage and thinking –

Person 1: On what?

Person 2: CNN – I watched CNN for days like this: *(holds eyes wide open with forefinger and thumbs – it is grotesque. You can see his/her eyeballs)* - for days with my heart breaking until my husband told me I had to turn the TV off. *(lets go of eyes)*.

Person 1: mmHm.

Person 2: And thinking it looked like fucking war

Person 1: It didn't look like war

Person 2: Oh, yeah I'm just saying that's what it seemed like.

Person 1: It was war.

Person 2: *(exhales)*

(Person 3 quietly tries holding his/her eyes open.)

Person 1: The Palestinian youth sent – the Palestinian youth - sent our youth instructions on how to deal with tear gas.

Person 2: Jesus.

Person 1: I mean they had snipers aimed at our "safe spaces".

(Persons 2 & 3 really hear this).

Person 1: Equal parts Maalox and water if you're interested. For tear gas.

END

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**Street Medic
By Lily Junker**

*MOTHER – middle-aged, white
Her DAUGHTER- younger*

MOTHER, is creating small crosses on the arms of the jacket she wears with red duct tape.

Mother: Honey, I know you're a mommy now but I am not your child.

Daughter: But you're a poet, a professor. Not a nurse.

Mother: They know their message. They don't need help expressing themselves; they need help doing it safely.

Daughter: And you're going to what, stop the officers advancing?

Mother: Those men and women deserve basic medical assistance, Julie, and you know it.

Daughter: But you're too—

Mother: Watch it.

Daughter: You're 67.

Mother: Eh, I've lived a full life

Daughter: MOM.

Mother: JULIE. It was a joke.

(beat)

Look, I am a white grandma. I might as well be invisible out there.

Daughter: Well, that's comforting.

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Mother: It's not untrue. You just as much said it yourself.
It's my superpower.

(beat.)

A little help?

(beat. DAUGHTER takes the tape and begins to make a medical T or cross on her mother's back)

END

Getting the Story
By Joan Lipkin

Setting: The site of a protest.

Characters:

Reporter: White Male

Protester: Black Male

Reporter: Look, I'm just trying to do my job.

Protester: And your job is to make money off us. Make money and then leave.

Reporter: I get paid to do my job, and my job is to tell the story.

Protester: And by doing what? Trying to stick a microphone in that poor woman's face while she's grieving?

Reporter: Well, that *is* the story.

Protester: No, it's not. That is her private business. Her grief, man. You wanna tell the story? Tell the story about police harassment and how we get stopped driving. Tell the story about how we got no jobs and how those suck ass developers come in and bust up our neighborhoods. Tell the story of how our kids go to shitty schools and how our churches keep burning. That's the story.

END

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**The Gray Area
By Chisa Hutchinson**

Place: A city protest. Time: Now. An argument already in progress.

White Protester: No, you just need to lighten the fuck up and maybe learn how to recognize an ally when you see one.

Black Protester: A racist ally.

White Protester: I'm standing here with you. I'm marching with you. I'm protesting with you. HOW am I racist?

Black Protester: What are you protesting?

White Protester: What?

Black Protester: What are you protesting? With me.

White Protester: Police brutality.

Black Protester: Against black people?

White Protester: Against all people.

Black Protester: Thereby deliberately erasing the particularity of our problem as a disproportionately targeted people. And because dismissing the problem is, in fact, part of the problem...

(points at White Protester)

... racist.

White Protester: Okay, so being for actual equality and not narrowing my focus to a particular group makes me racist.

Black Protester: Would you go to a Saint Patrick's Day Parade waving a British flag?

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White Protester: That's n—

Black Protester: Would you promote prostate cancer research during a Breast Cancer Walk? You ever watch the Special Olympics and think, "They really oughta have honorary medals for able-bodied people." Do you go to the Holocaust Museum and go, "You know, the Armenians went through some shit, too." Do you crash well-attended funerals and shout "ALL DEATHS MATTER"?

White Protester: ...No.

Black Protester: Well then.

END

SIX: HISTORY



Good Question
By Robert Schenkkan

LIGHTS UP. The stage is bare. TWO ACTORS stand DS Center. One is a middle-aged WHITE MAN. The second is an AFRICAN-AMERICAN teenager. The WHITE MAN holds a History Book.

White Man: *(reading from book)* “The Atlantic Slave trade brought millions of workers from Africa to the Southern US to work in agricultural plantations...”

Teenager: They weren’t “workers,” they were slaves.

White Man: Well, technically, they “worked,” so they were “workers.”

Teenager: No, “workers” get to choose their job. “Workers” get to leave their job when they want to. Slaves are kidnapped, sold at auction -

White Man: - Hey -

Teenager: - raped, branded, whipped, starved and worked to death.

White Man: Hey! Who’s telling this story?

TEENAGER looks at audience.

Teenager: Good question.

END

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***2015/1830
By Zakiyyah Alexander**

BLACK MAN 1 faces audience.

Black Man 1: I am an American. In New York. Two degrees, a job, a tax-payer with a dog.
And,
I'm scared. All the time. In America.

OFFICER enters faces audience.

White Officer: Hands up, now!

Black Man 1: I don't know how to fight.

Officer: Where you headed this late?

Black Man 1: Home, sir.

Officer: Don't raise your voice to me.

BLACK MAN 2 faces audience.

Black Man 2: I'm a slave. It's 1830. On a plantation. I work in the fields. I'm someone's
property.
And, scared all the time. In America.

WHITE MASTER faces audience.

White Master: On the ground, now, boy!

Black Man 2: I don't know how to fight.

White Master: Where you headed this late?

Black Man 2: Home, suh.

White Master / White Officer: Don't raise your voice to me.

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Black Man 1 & 2: I don't want fight! I wanna be free.

END

** Notes: feel free to change the year as applicable.*

The Tree Story
By Keith Josef Adkins

A young black man and an older black man stand on opposite sides of a very large tree.

Young Man: And they dragged him from the house?

Older Man: Yes. They broke his wrist, too.

Young Man: What?

Older Man: They broke his wrist, as they were dragging. Then they hung him.

Young Man: So whose wrist was cut?

Older Man: That was my father, with the cut wrist. The stress of looking at this tree every day. My grandfather had the bruised wrist from falling from a branch. The broken wrist was my great-grandfather. He was dragged from the house. Then hung from this tree. They said he stole a jar of molasses. [*beat*] So you can't tear it down. I rather you kill me.

Young Man: Why would you want to keep it standing?

Older Man: Because we need to be reminded every day that their momentary whim can be the diseased backbone of our legacy and that needs to be locked into our DNA!! A molecular reminder of what we dealing with!! Understand?! Boy?! Do you?! Huh?!!

Young Man: [*a beat, nods*] ...So they dragged him from the house?

END

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**American Thugrat
By Liza Jessie Peterson**

On the school floor at Rikers Island in a class full of teenage boys, G-baby farts

Sista B: You are so nasty! Dammit! What the hell is wrong with you?

G-Baby: You don't fart, Sista B?

Sista B: Not in a room full of people where they can smell my internal shit

G-Baby: You look interesting today. Very majestic, Sista

Sista B: *(Rolling her eyes)* Spell majestic

G-Baby: *(He spells it)* See you underestimate me

Turning his attention to the new rookie Correctional Officer sitting in the class

Yo rookie, where you from? You European?

Rookie: I'm American

G-Baby: I mean like your ancestors. Indians was here first, so where your people come from before they came here to A-mer-i-ca?

Rookie: Ireland

G-Baby: See me, I'm African American. So wouldn't you be Irish American? And isn't Ireland in Europe, making you European?

Rookie: I guess you got me with that one

G-Baby: White nigga talking bout he aint European but Ireland is in Europe. Yo, that's why I hate learning His-story. They stay switching shit up always tryna bamboozle a nigga. I wanna learn Ourstory. *(Winking at Sista B)* You like that revolutionary shit don't you Sista

Sista B: Yes. Now get your feet off the desk boy. Pease!

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END

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**Giving Thanks
By Aaron Jafferis**

(A family sits around a dinner table, heads bowed.)

**The family is probably, but not necessarily, White.*

Teenager One: And now, like the Pilgrims, I bow my unworthy head
and thank you, God, for, like, killing this one turkey dead.

Parents: Amen.

*(During the following, PARENTS begin eating noisily, gradually creating a 4/4
rhythm with a mix of chewing, swallowing, “yum”-ing, burping, cookie-
monstering sounds. A gastrointestinal beatbox.)*

Teenager Two: Bless my turkey-tarian parents slurping endless carrion,

Teenager One: who love turkeys so much they should French-kiss and marry them.

*(PARENT ONE adds a turkey-kiss to the beatbox. Whenever a PARENT speaks,
they resume beatboxing immediately after.)*

Parent One: Respect. Pilgrims died so we could love this turkey.

Teenager One: God, thank you for giving Pilgrims guns and, like, axes
to protect their turkey rights and assets

Parent Two: Amen!

Teenager Two: and protect their white asses

Parent One: Language!

Teenager Two: from any brown people who might seem suspicious
since they come from a race the Pilgrim militias deem vicious.

Parent Two: But we love Indians now! And black people!

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Parent One: Go Redskins! Justice for Mike Brown!

(PARENTS – having talked too much with their mouths full – choke, cough, and/or vomit in 4/4 time during the following.)

Teenagers: Bless those white mouths

Teenager One: who chew names like Mike Brown's
to keep their righteousness fed.

Teenagers: Bless those white mouths

Teenager Two: for whom brown people, like turkeys, seem more palatable when dead.

Teenagers: *(Singing)* AMEN.

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**Inheritance
By Elaine Romero**

Characters:

MAYA – A Latina

CHORUS – of Latinas

MAYA: This is

my family history.

As my mother told me

As her mother told her.

Repeated

As Mexicans do

At the table

CHORUS: Truth bled

In red chile

Slathered

on thick tortillas

MAYA: Because that's what Mexicans do.

CHORUS: Eat and repeat

Their truths

Over food

MAYA: Tears land in

jail cell

Albuquerque New Mexico

Where in police custody

great-grandfather

Can't speak

Can't defend

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The body
He can't
Control

12 year-old son
crawls into casket
great-grandmother
dies of broken heart

CHORUS: Muy joven
So young

Eat and repeat
inherited pain

Tears land
in jail cell

Tears that make
An ocean

MAYA: So when you ask me, Officer, for my license and registration

CHORUS: My blood's been here before.

MAYA: You let him die
Of a stroke
In jail
Because you thought
He was a drunk Indian.

CHORUS: You let him die
Of a stroke
In jail
Because you thought
He was a drunk Indian.

NO, I AM NOT DRUNK

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NO, I AM NOT DRUNK

MAYA: NO, I AM NOT DRUNK

But yes, Officer

There's Indian in my veins

I know because I was raised in an ocean of tears.

END

The Lessons
By Mariah L. Richardson

Family should be Black, Latino, or Native American

(In hurried and hushed voices)

Mother: Now, stack them high and tight. This is war. This bunker must hold. These books are our only true defense. *Nothing* is stronger than knowledge.

Father: They may think they can defeat us but we are an intelligent, strong, and resourceful people. Contrary to what they believe.

Mother: Are you listening? Let's go over this again. You've got unfamiliarity.

Father: Which can lead to negative attitudes.

Daughter: Like the first day at my new school?

Father: That's Aversive Racism. Usually white liberals. They want diversity but on their terms.

Mother: Symbolic?

Son: The Tea party. But, what about blacks killing other blacks?

Father: No home training or cultural pride. (*beat*) Then there's just good old-fashioned racism.

Son and Daughter: (*in Unison, they have repeated these names a million times*) Mike Brown, Rekia Boyd, Tamir Rice, Trayvon Martin...

Father: (*Speaking over the children*) Hunker down, It's gonna be a long fight.

Son and Daughter: (*in Unison and fades out*) Valerie Alvarado, Deah Shaddy Barakat, Vincent Chin, Freddie Gray, John T. Williams...

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Systemic
By Matthew R. Kerns

(At Rise We Find A Lone Man Digging A Hole our front with A chorus of men digging in the background)

(LINES TO BE DELIVERED WHILE THROWING THE DIRT.)

Man: URGENT.

Man: SERIOUS.

Man: CRITICAL.

Chorus: 10-45D.

Man: CAUTION.

Man: GUN INVOLVED.

Man: NEWSWORTHY.

Chorus: 10-45D.

Man: PERSON CALLING FOR HELP.

Man: CALL THE DOCTOR.

Man: RESUSCITATOR.

Chorus: 10-45D.

(Men in background begin breath score of rapid breathing and panting with excessive digging)

Man: PICK UP PRISONER.

Man: TIME CHECK.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Man: PICK UP PRISONER.

Man: TIME CHECK.

Man: PICK UP THE PRISONER OFF THE STREET.

Man: TIME CHECK.

Chorus Member #2: *(Screams with terror & exhaustion)* 10-45D.

Man: DROWNING–IN SORROW. DROWNING–IN HISTORY. DROWNING.

(Chorus breath score tapers off to silence.)

Chorus Member #1: 10. -45. D.

(Man Stops Digging. Winded. Silence.)

Man: THESE SYSTEMIC HOLES ARE 150 YEARS DEEP.

Chorus Member #3: WILL WE EVER DIG OUT?

END

SEVEN: MOTHERS



THE
EVERY
28
HOURS
PLAYS

Un-Divine Sisterhood
By Dominique Morisseau

LESLIE and SYBRINA set chairs in a circle.

Leslie: He was evil. The trigger puller. I said so out loud and the press tried to lynch me. We ain't even allowed to call them what they are.

Sybrina: I had specific pictures, you know? Of him laughing with his father. But they scanned his phone. Found his middle finger extended. For this, he's forever guilty. They have no idea what kinda gentle soul he was.

Leslie: They see mean scary faces not a smile breaking through.

Sybrina: They don't see our humor.

Leslie: They killed mine in the street. Left his body for hours.

Sybrina: They killed mine in the streets. Skittles clutched in his hands.

Leslie: Mine was only eighteen and they threatened him like forty-five.

Sybrina: Mine was fifteen and even in death, they tried him as an adult.

Leslie: This is a sisterhood I don't wanna belong to.

Sybrina: We are unified. Mothers of sons too complex to be immortalized in headlines.

Leslie: Heard we got another member today. Ain't gon' be no more room left in the circle.

They sit in the chairs. Touch hands and inhale a unified breath.

END

Stay Out 'Dem Streets
By Basmin Red Deer

Cast should be people of color; it is not limited to African Americans. Biracial or multiracial individuals are appropriate as well.

Phone Conversation:

DAUGHTER (Standing/pacing-talking fast) MOTHER (Seated-Matter of fact)

Daughter: Momma *(beat)* you ok? We saw it on TV, it looks like a WAR ZONE!

Mother: I'm OK baby *(pause)* and it IS a War Zone. I watched this all over the country on TV when I was growing up but it Never happened here.

Daughter: Momma. *(beat)* It's dangerous. *(beat)* *(bossy)* Stay out 'dem streets!

Mother: You know yo momma and I can't Not be out there. God always has me where God would have me be.

Daughter: You could get hurt. Momma, *(beat-stops pacing)* so what's really going on?

Mother: We've talked about this my Love. Dehumanization of our People is centuries old, that rage embedded in genetic code finally ripped the scab off our festering wound and gave this country a heart attack. Folks Woke Up! Took to the streets *(pause)* No Justice No Peace! The World is watching, gotta do something. We can't go back.

Daughter: I Love you Momma. *(pause)* Please stay out 'dem streets.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**Any Mother, Any City
By Darius Stubbs**

MAMA, MOMMY, MOTHER all stand center and speak directly to the audience.

Mama: He was my baby

Mommy: He was my baby

Mother: He was my baby.

Mama: And big at three years old.

Mommy: Too big to be three

Mother: He looked like four or five

Mama: And getting into everything. And walking up to everybody.

Mommy: But he was mine.

Mother: He was mine.

Mama: And I taught him big words. Big words like “justice”,

Mommy: like “freedom”,

Mother: like “revolution”

Mama: Big words that carried my baby into manhood

All: Until they took him from me. Took my son from me and left him.

In the following section all text should be spoken simultaneously. MOMMY should start the list of names. MOTHER should not say her first name until MOMMY has finished her first name, continuing in that manner down the list.

Mama

Mommy

Mother

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Lying there.	Dontre	Rumain
Out of my reach but not out of my sight.	Eric	Jerame
	John	Tony
Not out of my remembering.	Ezell	Phillip
And we spoke big words.	Dante	Walter
Big words like “justice”	Akai	Freddie
Like “justice”	Michael	Tamir
Like “justice”		
Like “justice”		

All: Like justice, now!

Mama: Or else.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**For Aiyana Stanley Jones
By Nambi E. Kelley**

A small group of mourners sitting at a casket. CRYING. HOWLING. WAILING. MERTILLA JONES comes up to the casket. She pulls out a flask. Unscrews the cap.

Mertilla: They say I grabbed that gun. But I ain't. They lied. They fired through the door. Not me. They! ...For Aiyana Stanley-Jones. I told her this wasn't good for her. But she loved it... Capri-Sun Berry Koolaid.

Mertilla empties the contents of the flask into the casket. It runs red.

Mertilla: R.I.P. baby girl. Grandma loved you. All 7 years we shared.

END

Audacity
By Kirsten Greenidge

CHERYL, mid forties or older

VALERIE, mid forties or older, black

MATTY, 5, black

Cheryl: What's he got, the ADHD?

VALERIE looks at CHERYL.

Valerie: Pardon?

Cheryl: Jumping, jumping: go, go, go. Lots of energy's what I mean.

VALERIE looks at CHERYL.

Cheryl: Look at him go. Like a running back. All over the place. Like Michael Jordan. He's got the ADHD.

Valerie: He's five. He's a boy. He moves.

Cheryl: Like a little monkey: yeah. (*Calling out*): Is that what you are, a little monkey?

CHERYL steps forward, toward where VALERIE'S son would be.

VALERIE steps forward, too, blocking CHERYL.

Valerie: Don't do that.

Cheryl: I do too. I have the ADH—

Valerie: You don't do that.

Cheryl: I said I like him. I said I have the ADHD too. I like your boy. That's good. That's nice. Jesus. He's not like some the other ones, that's what I mean.

CHERYL walks off.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Cheryl: (*cont'd*) It's people like you: people like you: you can shove it up your ass, Shove It Up Your Asssss.

MATTY stops.

Matty: (*to Valerie*) I think: I'm more like Obama.

VALERIE smiles, holds out her hand.

MATTY smiles, takes VALERIE'S hand.

VALERIE and MATTY squeeze hands.

END.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Dinosaurs
By Kelley Weber

Scene: Anytown USA

On stage are two white actors, a Norman Rockwell like police officer; the other, a 50's style twelve-year-old boy. The boy is "playing" with a Red Rider Rifle.

Policeman enters.

Policeman: Hey Bobby, what cha got there?

Bobby: Got a Red Rider for my birthday! But... *(he is struggling)*

Policeman: Here little buddy let me help you with that.

(He reaches down to help and they freeze. The officer is leaning down, a hand on the boy's shoulder and a hand on the gun barrel appearing to help the boy shoot his Red Rider BB gun.)

Scene changes to a MUSEUM. The officer and Bobby are now an exhibit frozen in statue.

(An African American boy of about 12 enters.)

Son: Mom. c'mon, over here. The dinosaurs are this way.

Mother: *(From offstage.)* Are you sure? I thought they were downstairs?

(Son stops at the sight of the display while mother enters with her face in the map.)

Mother: Here they are, Solomon, they're downstairs by the meteor exhibit. *(He doesn't respond. He is transfixed. She looks up to see him, and we see her reaction. She looks to heaven, as if for some help.)*

Mother: Solomon? I found the dinosaurs. You ready? *(No response.)* I bet they have a T-Rex.

Son: I don't understand.

Mother: A Tyrannosaurus Rex, baby. Your favorite.

Son: No, this. I don't understand THIS.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Mother: It's nothing. Solomon, I have to get back to work soon, and if we're going to see the dinosaurs—

(As she says this, Solomon slowly takes the same position as the boy in the display, as if he is holding up a gun to shoot.)

Mother: *(grabs him by the shoulders.)* Stop it. Stop it. Don't you *ever* do that. Do you hear me? Ever. I don't care if it's nothing in your hands. You never do what that boy's doing. Look at him. See him. That is not you. That will never be you. You understand now? *(He nods, afraid.)* Tell me. Tell me, Solomon.

Son: That's not me.

(She hugs him to her fiercely.)

Mom: Ok, baby. Let's go see the dinosaurs.

Another Mother
By Jacqueline E. Lawton

The Characters:

Michon, a black mother of a black son.

Sarah, a white mother of a white son.

The Play:

AT RISE: A home. Sarah and Michon sit.

Michon: When we first moved here, David was 8 years old. The first thing I did—before I unpacked a single box—was take him to the police department. I introduced him to the entire force. I wanted them to know his name, what he looked like, that he lived here, that he belonged.

Sarah: You never told me that.

Michon: Every single day, I said to him, if you see the police, don't run. Keep quiet. Be humble. Don't argue. Be good. Come home to me. Alive.

Sarah: Of course. We all worry about our children.

Michon: But your son will never be a hashtag.

Sarah: I'm sorry, Michon. I'm sorry that I can't bring him back. I'm sorry that my son is alive... that he got away.

Michon: I wouldn't wish this on you or anyone, but it's not fair. The worst thing is that before I can even bury him, another mother somewhere in this country is going to lose her child. It has to stop.

Sarah: I know.

Sarah embraces Michon.

END

Hooded Tears: An Elegy from 2 Women for 2 Men
By Migdalia Cruz

Two young MEN wearing grey & white hoodies, lying in pools of red light, are held by their MOTHERs, who rock them gently or maybe not so gently.

Mother One: I am the three hundred and thirteen—
the Mother who holds you three hundred and thirteen times infinity.

Mother Two: I will kneel in your blood. I will kiss your face.
I will leave red-stained tears all over the pavement,

Mother One: The grass,

Mother Two: The concrete,

Mother One: The playground,

Mother Two: The classroom,

Mother One: The church pews.

(MOTHER ONE & MOTHER TWO take a deep breath together.)

Mother One: Across the choir songbooks you carried—

Mother Two: The Skittles you were planning to eat on your way home—

Mother One: The Newports you never got to sell over the breaths you will never take—

Mother One & Mother Two: *(a cry)* I am the three hundred and thirteen.

(THEY rock, THEY pull their sons' hoodies off and put them on themselves. A white light flashes as The MOTHERS drop over their sons when THEY pull the hoodies up over their heads.)

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

EIGHT: YOUTH



The Every 28 Hours Plays

News Flash By Marty K. Casey

Three friends who live in three different places of the metropolitan area are watching the news as the unrest in Ferguson, MO unfolds. They place calls to each other to check on the other one's safety.

Trisha- late 20's African American- lives Southside St.Louis

Mariyah- late 20's African American- lives North St. Louis county

Jane- late 20's White- lives West County

Trisha: *(picks phone up to place a call)*

Mariyah: *(picks phone up quickly in anticipation of a call)* Hello!!!

Trish: Hey, girl! Are you watching the news?

Mariyah: Yes, I been watching this mess unfold. This is ridiculous!

Trish: What in the world is going on over there?

Mariyah: I'm sorry, what do you mean over HERE!

Trish: In your neighborhood?

Mariyah: Oh you mean my neigh-bor-HOOD!!! How about OUR city, Trish? This doesn't just affect me.

Trish: The hell it don't! That's all you hear on the news is somebody black just got shot on the Northside. That's why I moved.

Mariyah: News flash Trish: your color doesn't change when you change your zip code!

Trish: The news don't lie.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Mariyah: That's because when it's somebody white doing the shooting the news never gives specifics. And...

Trish: *(phone beeps)* Hold on. Speaking of white people, It's Jane I'm about to merge her in. *(clicks the phone button)* Jane?!!

Jane: OMG!!! Have you talked to Mariyah? Has she been shot!!!

Trish: *(slight laughter)* No, she ok. She's on the phone.

Jane: Omg, omg are you okay Mariyah? What's going on, out there? It looks like a war zone. Did you know him? I bet you could hear the gun shots ringing from your backyard. Could you? Mariyah?

Trish: Jane... *(interrupts)* JANE!!!

Jane: Huh?

Trish: She hung up.

Jane: What? Why?

Trish: I think we upset her.

Jane: How?

Trish: Look we're all friends. I live on the Southside, and you live on the Westside but we're all from St. Louis.

Jane: Trish.

Trish: yes?

Jane: *(whispers)* No offense but this would ne-ver happen in my neighborhood.

Trish: *(whispers)* I guess you're white. *(louder)* I mean RIGHT!!!

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

It's a Clock Leilani Chan

4 actors (possible to add actors if you have them)

Actor 1 walks on stage with hands up in air, all ten fingers spread. They begin to countdown with fingers (9 fingers, 8 fingers etc.) throughout the scene making clock tock sound with each finger. When Actor A gets to zero, start count from 1 again until ten then repeat.

Actor 2 enters embodies a moving clock making ticking noises while moving through the space. Could be just shuffling feet with hands at side saying "tick, tick, tick..." Or any variation.

Actor 3 enters does embodies clock as if hands and legs are arms of a clock. Make a third clock ticking sound.

Actor 4 actor enters embodies clock and makes a sound a 4th way

All actors continue making ticking sound when not delivering lines.

Actor 1: I'm 14

Actor 2: I'm building

Ensemble ticking sounds go faster

Actor 3: I'm learning

Ensemble ticking sounds go faster

Actor 4: I made it

Ensemble ticking sounds go louder and faster

Actor 1: It's a clock

All: *(repeat)* It's a clock, it's a clock....

The Every 28 Hours Plays

All actors say "it's a clock" differently. One excited as if they just finished building it. Another sarcastically. Another mater-of-fact etc...

Actor 1 begins to say "it's a clock" as if they are a teacher assessing that the clock is connected to a bomb.

Volume of ALL rises until a scream.

ALL freeze and look to audience. Silence for a beat

All: I'm not a terrorist

END

There Is Inside You
By Josh Wilder

YOUNGBUL (black) is at the bus stop waiting for the number 7. He has a light coming from his body right from his chest. It's just a light, special but his. POLICE OFFICER (white) enters.

Police Officer: Where'd you get that?

Youngbul: What?

Police Officer: That. That light.

Youngbul: Oh.... I dunno. It's always been on.

Police Officer: It's bothersome. Turn it off.

Youngbul: I can't I don't know how. My dad said it was okay to keep it on because ain't nothing I can do about it. Everybody keep wanting to turn it off but I don't mind if it bothers folks because maybe they don't have what I have and that's okay too.

Police Officer: A law was just passed.

POLICE OFFICER knocks the light out and walks off. YOUNGBUL watches with tears in his eyes. He wipes them and turns the light back on with defiance.

BANG!

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Charge
By Steven Maurice Page

(Man and a boy lined up opposite practicing football)

Man: Set Hut!!!

(Man goes back and then runs forward towards boy with football. Boy steps back then comes forward. Man then abruptly stops.)

Man: Why did you move back?

Boy: I didn't. I.....

Man: You did. I saw you. I was coming towards you and you saw me with the ball in my hand and you still moved back.

Boy: I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Man: Whether its offensive or defense the only thing you need to know is charge.

Boy: Charge?

Man: Yes Charge..

No backward steps. People will run over you and look at you as if you don't matter. You have to step up to meet or resist every challenge. You have to constantly move forward.

Who got my back?!!!!!!! *(as in a football chant)*

Boy: I got your back!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Man: Yeah...

THE END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Colors
By Joe Wilson, Jr

In a hallway of a high school. Two students—both black—BOY and GIRL meet.

Boy: Hey girl!

Girl: Hey boy!

Boy: I killed that Algebra test!

Girl: I killed my Biology exam!

Boy: Wanna make a bet on who gets the higher grade?

Girl: That's stupid, we're both gonna get a perfect score.

Boy: Oh yeah, right.

Girl: (*Mocking him*) 'Oh yeah, right'.

GIRL stops at a drinking fountain to get a drink of water.

Boy: You can't do that, you the wrong color.

Girl: What?

Boy: This fountain is marked for 'Reds Only'.

Girl: You still playing that stupid game?

Boy: It's not a game. Everybody in school has to do this. Mr. Man made us all agree on the rules.

Girl: That man made me late for class because he wouldn't let me go down a staircase that said 'For Reds Only'. All of us 'Greens' have one less bathroom that we can use than y'all do, and we have to eat on second lunch period after you greedy, 'Red', mofo's eat all the deserts!

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Boy: It's just an experiment. Mr. Man thought it would be a good to recreate a time...when things were REALLY different...for perspective.

Girl: Different? When things were 'different'? They shot that boy in the street...like a dog...

Boy: Look, I'm angry too. Don't forget, I KNEW him.

Girl: So what, I knew him too!

Boy: But to me, he was like family!

Girl: He was a part of all of us.

(Pause)

I need this...to play this game...because real life is gonna make me explode. I don't wanna destroy stuff, like the rest of them.

(Pause)

Let's go.

Boy: Where?

Girl: To the 'Green' water fountain. I need a drink.

END

Sign of the Times
By Kevin R. Free

Characters:

Adrian: Black or African-American

Kelly: White

Tristan: Person of Color (not necessarily of the African Diaspora).

ADRIAN runs on. Faces downstage, upset by a billboard in the distance. He/She stands there, staring at it in frightened disgust as KELLY enters, shouting for him/her. Actors should place the (imaginary) billboard just above the audience's head, or just in the distance on the horizon. Once they see the billboard, they don't take their eyes off it till they exit. Tristan's lines from offstage can overlap till he/she runs on.

Kelly: *(entering)* Adrian!! Are you crazy?

Adrian: Shut up. That Billboard.

Tristan (O.S.): You guys! What's going on?

Kelly: What?

Adrian: *(Pointing to the billboard)* The billboard. Look.

Tristan (O.S.): Let's go!!

Kelly: *(turning to see it)* Oh. My God.

Tristan: *(entering)* Guys! Adrian! Come back to the car! We can't leave the car on the shoulder in this neighborhood. This is –

Kelly and Adrian: Shut up.

Tristan: Shut up? You shut up! We need to go!

ADRIAN grabs TRISTAN and turns him/her around to see the sign. He/She sees it and gasps.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Tristan: Oh.

TRISTAN stands in stunned silence. ADRIAN stares for another moment. KELLY, still upset, walks back towards the car.

Adrian: Let's go.

ADRIAN exits.

Tristan: *(reading the sign)*

"BLUE... "

"LIVES... "

"MATTER."

TRISTAN sighs.

Tristan: This shit. Guys! Wait up!

TRISTAN exits.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

**Train of Dreams
By Gisla Stringer**

Crowded Train. Four young Black girls being loud and excited. One holds a basketball.

Girl 1: Girl, Bye! I'm going to be a Naval Officer.

Girl 4: I ain't never seen no Black Navy officer.

Conductor: Annapolis Naval Academy.

Girl 1: *(as she exits)* Well, you seen me aaaaaannnd my auntie one too!

Conductor: Next stop Hollywood.

Girl 2. Puts on her shades.

Girl 2: Heeeeeeeeyyyyyyy! I'm a star-ra!

Girl 3: That's right girl, go tell our stories.

Girl 4: Don't nobody care what our Black asses have to say.

Girl 2: They heard Oprah. They'll hear me too! Don't watch me. Watch TV.

ALL Girls: They got to pay for this!

They all laugh. She exits.

Conductor: Next stop Rutgers University.

Girl 3: Yes!

Girl 3 dribbles her ball to the exit.

Girl 3: You already know. *(as she leaves)* Where you getting off at?

Girl 4: I don't know-

Conductor: Next stop. Sky's the limit.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Girl 4: But anything's possible.

END

Street Angel
By Grant Harris

Two teenage boys (Brian's white, Jeremy's Black) rush on stage, they wear dark hoodies and wear back packs. They speak quickly as they walk.

Jeremy: Okay dude. You ready? Get on the ground

Brian: Uh-huh. Yeah. *(He gets on the ground, arms outstretched like a snow angel)* Can we please go to the party after this? I mean like. Jessica James is gonna be there.

Jeremy pulls out a piece of chalk from his back pack. He begins drawing the outline of Brian's body.

Jeremy: Jessica James doesn't like you bro.

Brian: What are these thing's called again?

Jeremy: Street Angels.

Brian: Like I dig the cause dude it's cool and shit but like-Jessica James! If I go to Prom with her, I'm like...I won't need to go to college anymore.

Jeremy: You're not going to Prom with Jessica James.

Brian: Oh yeah? And why not?

Jeremy: Because I'm going to Prom with Jessica James! Okay I'm finished.

Brian gets up. They look at the outline.

Jeremy: It's Midnight. Happy 2090 Dude!

Brian: Do you think the worlds better now?

Jeremy: It is. We still make people remember though.

Brian pulls a small teddy bear from his backpack.

Brian: I heard people put teddy bears on the road after they killed him so...Yeah. (*They hug.*)

END

NINE: FINALE



My Son
By Larissa FastHorse

Four diverse actors stand angled in different directions. No one directly front. The parts are numbered from audience left to right; One, Two, Three, Four.

Playwright's note: I put in specific directions for visual effect that are hopefully obvious. However, I am without actors to read it, so I trust the director to adjust for the strongest impact in the room.

One: I had a son. His name was Tamir.

Two: Freddie.

Three: Michael.

Four: I had a son. His name was Rexdale.

One: Paul.

Two: Allen.

Three: I had a son. His name was Manuel.

Four: Antonio.

One: Ricardo.

Two: I had a son.

Three: I had a son.

Four: I had a son.

One: They tell me turn away.

Two: Turn away.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Three: Turn away from the darkness.

Four: They tell me.

They all turn forward, hands up, as they speak.

ALL: Look into the light.

Pause.

One: But I've learned since I lost (*turn to angle, hands down*) my son.

Two: (*turn to angle, hands down*) My boy.

Three: (*turn to angle, hands down*) My niño.

Four: (*stay forward, hands down*) I've learned that the sun doesn't shine on us all.

END

**What Happened Was
By Lisa Loomer**

Two men onstage. A young black man. A young white cop. Both are anxious, frightened. As they speak to the audience, it should feel continuous, and almost like one monologue. It's a moment, at fever pitch, over before they realize...

Cop: What happened was—

Young Man: It was dark, man, the street was dark—

Cop and Young Man: He was comin' towards me—

Young Man: In the dark—

Cop and Young Man: And I saw him reach into his—

Young Man: Holster—

Cop: His fuckin'—

Cop: Bag—

Cop and Young Man: And I shouted "Stop! Stop!"—

Cop: Motherfucker—what are you doing?!

Young Man: What the hell--?

Cop and Young Man: And then I saw—I saw--

Young Man: The gun!

Cop: The fuckin'—

Cop: Beer—

Cop and Young Man: But it was too goddam—

Cop: Late.

END

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Krip Injustice
By Leroy F. Moore

Actor 1: Leroy, African-American, physical disability. Needs ethnic and physically specific casting.

Actor 2: Protestor 1, 3 and police 1, any race, any gender

Actor 3: Protestors 2, 4 and police, any race, any gender

Actor 4: Protestor 5 and police 2, any race, any gender

Leroy is at the protest being passed by protestors with signs. They mouth protest slogans and act as if their volume is turned down.

Protestor 1: *(over the phone)* Hey Leroy. You gotta come to police brutality rally. Totally accessible. We got you. We got you. I promise it won't happen again.

Leroy: OVER 70% OF POLICE-

Protestors can be heard at full volume now.

Protestor 2: *(hands Leroy a protest poster)* Take this!

Leroy: 70% OF POLICE BRUTALITY CASES-

Protestor 3: Can't talk now.

Leroy: 70% OF POLICE BRUTALITY ARE PEOPLE -

Protestor 4: Keep up with us!

Leroy: PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES!

Protestor 5: Run! They've got smoke-

Leroy: Don't leave me at the back of the rally next to the cops. Not again!

Protestors leave Leroy behind

Leroy: Wait, wait, wait for me!

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Police 1: Out of the way! GET out of my way!

Police 2: Useless!

Police 2 kicks Leroy's cane and takes off to get to the front of the rally. Leroy falls to ground.

Leroy: *(from the ground)* Disability Justiceee!

END

When the Bullet Strikes
By Idris Goodwin

As many actors as you can spare step onto stage

(feel free to break up who says what line based on how many actors you ultimately decide to use but ideally there are at least 12 folks up there)

One: For over a century

We have provided consistent service on continents all over the globe

Two: We helped take down the guilty

And protect the innocent

Three: But as of today we can longer take part

Four: You see we have grown too intimate with these young men and women

Five: We have out run them far too much

became far too acquainted with their backs

Six: We have outnumbered them sometimes as many as 41 to 1

Seven: We were made to ensure safety

But we are ending up too often in the wrong hands

Eight: even the hands of those supposedly trained in how to use us properly

Nine: We were made to take down the guilty

But we are ending up too often inside innocent skin

Ten: So until this is sorted

We are hereby on indefinite strike

Eleven: Try talking it out for a while instead

Twelve: Signed,

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Everyone:

The Bullets

The Bullets

The Bullets

(everyone repeat "the Bullets" until your 60 seconds is up and the lights go out)

END

Autopsy
By Aurin Squire

A female doctor in scrubs talks to black body on the operating table.

Body: How does this work?

Doctor: I start off by examining your body for any marks or cuts. I weigh...you—

Body: —I didn't have a weapon.

Doctor: I make a Y-shaped incision from both shoulder all the way down to the pubic bone.

Body: Archaeology: I was always interested in excavating things. And now...

Doctor: I remove the front of the rib cage so I can examine your chest and neck organs.

Body: My body is the only evidence I have left. You have to say...

Doctor:

I remove, weigh, and examine trachea
thyroid, parathyroid, esophagus, heart,
thoracic aorta, Abdominal organs are
next. To remove the brain, an incision
is made in the back of the skull from
one ear to the other. The scalp is cut
and separated from the underlying skull
and pulled forward. The top of the skull
is removed with bone saw. ENOUGH!!

Body:

...say something. Let them know.
They're going to turn me into a
monster. They're going to rip me apart.
And people are going to be famous.
People are going to get rich. People
are to retire off of this. Buy houses and
new cars off of this body. I could've
been your son I COULD'VE BEEN
YOUR SON! I could've been your...

Doctor: I know. Every day. On this table...I know.

Body lies down and loses all sense of animation and sense. The autopsy begins.

END

Just Do It
By Eric Cole

A WHITE GUY and BLACK GUY sit in chairs near each other, facing out to us. Could be a subway car, could be a waiting room. Clearly both are deep in thought.

White Guy glances at Black Guy. Goes back to looking straight ahead.

White Guy again turns to face Black Guy. Opens his mouth to speak... Thinks better of it and turns back to mind his own business. Black Guy subtly notices all this.

Pause.

More thought. White Guy more agitated... clearly something bothering him, doesn't know how to phrase it. Turns to Black Guy again, opens mouth, slightly raises a hand to get attention... Black Guy looks at him. Waits. White Guy hesitates... goes back to facing front.

Black Guy shakes his head, goes back to facing forward, in his own thoughts and concerns.

More pause. More agitating thought.

White Guy really torn... seriously wants to speak... seriously uncomfortable... He turns to face Black Guy, opens mouth, intake of breath... Black Guy simultaneously turns to face him... White Guy again pauses...

Black Guy: Say something.

White Guy is torn...

Black Guy: Say. Something.

White Guy still hesitates... waiting....

END

Moments After
By Lynn Nottage

A WOMAN, restless, moments after the reality has set in. She wrings her hands. Stops. Drops to the ground. Then abruptly rises. It is a dance of denial. A MAN watches her from a distance. As the scene progresses he slowly inches toward her, deliberate steps.

Woman: No don't ask me to look. Please. Please.

Man: ...

Woman: Please. Don't ask me to...

Man: ...

Woman: No. Leave. Go. NOW!

Man: ...

Woman: Get away. No. Questions. Stop. I don't know.

Man: ...

Woman: I don't...know.

Man: ...

Woman: How could this happen? Now? How?

Man: ...

Woman: How?

Man: ...

Woman: How?

MAN hugs Woman. She succumbs to the embrace. A release. He kisses her gently. A long exhale.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Man: Do remember...when...you taught me to fly?

Woman: ...

Man: Take my hand.

END

Knocked Over
By Aaron Posner

An adult playwright—probably white—speaks to us. He or she is not very comfortable talking about this or talking to us...just...not very comfortable. Three other people—some of them not white—watch and comment. Person C, at least, should be African American. They understand the speaker well. They have affection for him or her. Some sympathy. And some other feelings, maybe, too...

Playwright: My daughter will be four on Knocked Over 20th.

A: October.

B: The kids call it Knocked Over.

C: Cute...

Playwright: This is item 921 on the list of things I love about her...

B: There is no list.

Playwright: I fear for her.

C: He fears cars...

B: ...cancer...

A: ...and falling furniture...

C: In that order.

Playwright: But I don't think she will be killed by a cop. I just don't think that is likely.

B: It never crossed his mind.

C: Ever.

A: Not ever.

The Every 28 Hours Plays

Playwright: Not until I wrote this play.

B: Lucky you.

A: Lucky you.

C: Lucky, lucky, lucky you.

Playwright: *[Maybe she/he says these things to A, B and C... maybe to the audience... maybe to the world... maybe to him or her self... Maybe some combination of all of these...]*

Sorry.

Sorry.

Thank you. I mean...

Shit.

Sorry.

A, B & C: End of play.

END

Unknown Thousands
By Nikkole Salter

The DECADES, ten actors with African backgrounds (male and female), stand in a single file line from first to last down center stage as directly behind the each other as possible. They wear a sign strung around their neck representing the decade they embody. ALL others involved flank them in, standing in two clumps stage right and left. After the first word/name of each of the decades is said, the corresponding actor must drop to the floor, alternating stage right and left, where they remain for the remainder of the century. There they will, in a lowly whisper (or not) complete their line. All Others will lowly whisper “unknown black men,” “unknown black women,” or, “some didn’t die,” to indicate how many people of African descent also were murdered or abused by U.S. law enforcement officials that we will never know about. Actors should go as fast as they can, with small beats to allow everyone to stand for the next century. As the centuries move through, some of the actors should dramatize how hard it is to get back up. It is okay for other actors to assist them. // indicates where the next line begins to overlap.

Others: Black people murdered by law enforcement....1700’s!!

0s: Unknown.

10s: Unknown.

20s: Unknown hundreds.

30s: Unknown thousands.

40s: Unknown thousands.

50s: Unknown tens of thousands.

60s: Unknown tens of thousands.

70s: Unknown hundreds of thousands.

80s: Unknown hundreds of thousands.

90s: Unknown millions.

Others: 1800s!!

0s: Unknown.

10s: Unknown.

20s: Unknown hundreds.

30s: Unknown thousands.

40s: Unknown thousands.

50s: Unknown tens of thousands.

60s: Unknown tens of thousands.

70s: Unknown hundreds of thousands.

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80s: Unknown hundreds of thousands.

90s: Unknown millions.

Others: 1900s!!

0s: Unknown.

10s: Unknown.

20s: Unknown hundreds.

30s: Unknown thousands.

40s: Unknown thousands.

50s: Unknown –

60s: FRED HAMPTON!! Roman Ducksworth, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner, Jimmie Jackson, // Jonathan Myrick Daniels, Benjamin Brown, Henry Smith, Samuel Hammond, Delano Herman, Bobby Hutton, Mark Clark, James Rector and maybe Medgar Evers, Martin Luther King, and Malcolm X 70s: Jeffrey Miller! Allison Krause, Sandra Scheuer, William Schroeder, Phillip Gibbs, James Green,

80s: Unknown -

90s: AMADOU DIALLO!! LaTanya Haggerty, Margaret Mitchell

The 60s cannot get up until s/he has completed the list of names, even if the 2000s begins without him/her.

Others: 2000s!!

0s: PRINCE JONES!!! // Malcolm Ferguson, Patrick Dorismond, Ronald Beasley, Timothy Thomas, Orlando Barlow, Ousmane Zongo, Alberta Spruill, Timothy Stansbury, Ronald Madison, James Brisette, Henry Glover, Sean Bell, DeAunta Farrow, Tarika Wilson, Oscar Grant, Shem Walker, Victor Steen, Kiwane Carrington, Trayvon Martin, Kathryn Johnston, Kendra James, 10s: MICHAEL BROWN!!! // Steven Washington, Aiyana Jones, Danroy Henry, Derrick Jones, Reginald Doucet, Raheim Brown, Kenneth Harding, Alonzo Ashley, Kenneth Chamberlain, Ramarley Graham, St. Manuel Loggins, Raymond Allen, Dante Price, Nehemiah Dillard, Wendell Allen, Shereese Francis, Rekia Boyd, Kendrec McDade, Ervin Jefferson, Tamon Robinson, Shantel Davis, Chavis Carter, Reynaldo Cuevas, Malissa Williams, Timothy Russell, Johnnie Warren, Kimani Gray, Deion Fludd, Larry Jackson, Carlos Alcis, Jonathan Ferrell, Miriam Carey, Andy Lopez, Jordan Baker, McKenzie Cochran, Yvette Smith, Victor White, Eric Garner, Tyre Woodson, John Crawford, Trayvon Martin, Dante Parker, Ezell Ford, Kajieme Powell, Akai Gurley, Tamir Rice, Romain Brisbon, Sandra Bland, Tanisha Anderson, Shelly Frey, Darnisha Harris, Alesia Thomas, Dontre Hamilton, Natasha McKenna, Brandon Jones, Charley Keunang, Walter Scott, Naeschylus Vinzant, David Felix, Thomas Allen, Brandon Glenn, Kris Jackson, William Chapman, Albert Davis, Lavall Hall, Bobby Gross, Samuel DuBose, Eric Harris, Frank Shephard, Artago Howard, Darrius Stewart, Salvado Ellswood, Victor Larosa, Jeremy Lett, Anthony Hill, Spencer McCain, Tony Robinson, Christian Taylor, Aaron Campbell...

The Every 28 Hours Plays

The remaining decades remain standing, but step out of the line.

20s: Who else?!

30s: Who else?!

40s: Nothin' new.

50s: Nothin' new.

60s: Since the beginning.

70s: Always been.

80s: Will it stop?

90s: Will we stop it?

Others: WILL THIS EVER FUCKING STOP?

Others continue to whisper "unknown," until the minute is up. It's okay if 10s is still listing names til the last moment.

END

TEN: DO SOMETHING

