

BECS

This shit is exhausting.

BECS moves center stage or downstage or away from the main “playing action.” As she talks, GABRIELA, ISABEL, and PATRICK start to take pieces of the set apart and off-stage. A strike happening during the show.

BECS

It is exhausting writing plays about this shit. My name isn't Becs. My name is [name of the actor] but right now, I'm speaking to you as if I'm Rachel Lynett, the playwright.

I have written *Good Bad People*, *Apologies to Lorraine Hansberry*, *Well-Intentioned White People*, and *Outrageous* all about racism. All about how subtle micro-aggressions lead to black people being killed in the street. How many more plays do you need? I'm fucking tired.

Here's how this play was going to happen. The next day Becs goes to a protest and gets teargassed. And arrested. Jade has to bail her out. Becs and Isabel get into an argument about the best way to protest and Becs calls out Isabel for being a fake ally. Patrick catches the end of the fight and accuses Becs of being emotionally manipulative. Then, they're all back on the patio. BIG fight about intersectional politics and identities. The play ends with Jade having a major monologue about terms like people of color versus just saying black people and how black people and black churches have been on the front lines of EVERY OTHER FIGHT and yet we're fighting this one without help from fellow “POC.” Becs and Patrick get into a major argument about race, wealth and privilege. It ends with Becs saying she's leaving. Patrick says “I'm telling the university about you dating a student.” And the last line of the play would've been “That's how all of this violence starts. Just with a simple basic threat.” Becs storms off stage. Lights down on Patrick and Gabriela and Isabel on the patio.

But you know what? Writing these plays is emotionally draining. Honestly. It's exhausting to sit at my computer and keep writing these fucking plays and then nothing happens. Nothing changes. And three days from now another black person has died for no other reason than being black.

And then the Black playwrights pull out their computers and go “here we fucking go again’ and we ask Black actors to take on these roles that are just fucking heavy. And traumatic. And we're asking our own community to do a glorified minstrel show just so a couple of white people -- that's you -- can get a hard on from white guilt. But, oh wait.

An excerpt from *I'm f*cking tired of writing plays like this*

It has to end happy. It has to end with hope. We have to believe that there's something better. Theatre is about *challenging* the people.

Is it?! One of the top Broadway producers is a major Trump supporter. (Hey Nederlander!) Theatre tickets are inaccessible so audiences frequently are middle to upper class white people who usually get some sort of masochistic kick out of being told they're pieces of shit for 90 to 120 minutes.

I'm fucking tired. The emotional labor you're asking me to do is not worth the royalty check. The emotional labor you're making me ask Black actors to do is too fucking heavy of an ask. I'm tired of explaining that white violence begins with little passive comments, little passive commentary. With silence. With knowing damn well not a single one of you would want to be a black person living in American today but also you're doing nothing about it to make life better for us.

It begins with loving Beyonce and Lizzo and singing all the songs but then thinking that black people are less intelligent and lazy. By saying things like "black girl magic" but not actually listening to the black women that work in your offices. If there even are any. Stop expecting us to carry your guilt and show you the way to be better. Stop expecting our art to be civility lessons and then punishing us for it by calling it "identity politics."

At this point the stage should be bare. All the other characters are off stage.

Fuck you for doing this to us. I won't write another play about this. I don't care how good it could be. I don't care if it's the play that could win a Tony. Stop forcing Black artists into corners where all we can write about is our pain. Let us tell our stories and accept that you have no place in it. And still show up for it. Still support it. I've supported *many* white stories in theatre. It's time for a fucking change.

I want to write about being Afro-Latinx, what it means to be both and neither at the same time. The blurred lines within my own identity. I want to write about my queerness. I want to write romantic comedies and plays that ask much harder questions than "Can you please stop killing black people?"

I'm fucking tired of writing plays about this. If you're tired of seeing them, then why aren't you doing anything about it?

An excerpt from *I'm f*cking tired of writing plays like this*

Lights up on the audience.

Be better.

--Rachel Lynett, she/her/hers or they/them/theirs, June 7, 2020