

A Live Mixtape ©

By Tahirih Moeller

hirihmoeller@yahoo.com

(562) 313 – 4999

Setting

Location: Project housing in Los Angeles, California. An apartment that serve as everyone's apartment, an ominous alley, a corner store, and a street corner.

Time: Present.

Tracklist:

1. Intro: Radio Voice & Black
2. Aurora: Math
3. Cranberry Juice and Vodka
4. Faceless
5. Princess: Chismosos
6. Cracks
7. Baby Funk on the Scene
8. Homes' Love Story
9. Chinatown Girls
10. Lost Souls
11. Our Fight
12. Change
13. Tent Kid
14. Triangles
15. Faceless Pt. 2
16. The Opera Song
17. Gone
18. New Sound
19. The Love Song
20. Inner Warrior
21. Outro: Black & Radio Voice

Casting Notes

Do not double cast:

BLACK. M, age 16-25, African American, rapper.

AURORA. F, age 17-19, open ethnicity, preferably a person of color.

ERICA. F, age 17, Mexican American.

May double Cast:

WHITE BOY/HOMELESS MAN/COLOR 2. M, age 25-30, Caucasian, rapper.

COLLEGE KID/COLOR 3/IRENE's DAD. M, age 18-25, African American, rapper.

HOMES/RADIO VOICE/ COLOR 1. M, age 20-40, Mexican American, must be able to do different character voices. Poet.

B. FUNK/MATT. M, age 18-25, African American, rapper.

PRINCESS/ERICA'S GRANDMA. F, age 20-30, Mexican American, opera singer (or opera like voice.)

CALI/RUNAWAYCHILD/ERICA'S MOM. F, age 25-30, African American, singer.

IRENE/AFRICAN WOMAN WARRIOR. F, age 17, African American.

THE BAND. Can be an audio recording.

Mix casting for the reading sake and double cast homeless man/radio voice instead.

Make note of the offstage voices:

RADIO VOICE/ ERICA'S MOM/IRENE'S DAD

The Characters

21 characters, 10 female characters, 11 male characters. May be staged with a minimum of **10 actors needed**.

Radio voice: Man, any age, Any ethnicity, offstage voice a deep late night radio/Godlike voice.

Black: Man, 17 years of age, African American, an inspiring backpack rapper.

Color 1: Man, 18-25 years of age, Each Color character is a different ethnicity, gang members.

Color 2: Man, 18-25 years of age, Each Color character is a different ethnicity, gang members.

Color 3: Woman, 18-25 years of age, Each Color character is a different ethnicity.

Aurora: Woman, 17 years of age, African American, a pregnant teenager.

Matt: Man, 15-17 years of age, African American, a lost child living in a hypocritical world. He is also a drug dealer who hangs out with a homeless runaway.

Princess: Woman, 30-40 years of age, Mexican American, a gossip queen.

Homeless man: Man, 30–40 years of age, Any ethnicity, an intelligent rapper.

B. Funk: Man, 18-25 years of age, African American, an aspiring funk singer, who is in a gang and occasionally abuses drugs.

Homes: Man, 25-30 years of age, Mexican American, is having an affair.

Irene: Woman, 17 years of age, African American, has a secret crush on Erica.

Erica: Woman, 17 years of age, Mexican American, a young girl who is hiding her struggles with her sexuality and gender identity from the world.

Erica's Grandma: Woman, 50-60 years of age, Latina, has an opera like singing voice.

Erica's Mom: Woman, Only has one line and is an offstage voice.

Irene's Dad: Man, Only has one line and is an offstage voice.

White boy: Man, 15-20 years of age, Caucasian, an activist for Black rights.

Cali: Woman, 25-30 years of age, 25-30 years of age, African American, She is stubborn and spiteful and trying to hold on to a grudge.

African Woman Warrior: Woman, in her 30s, African/African American, She is tired and ready to move on, she is Cali's inner warrior, a spirit.

College kid: Man, 18-25, college sophomore, African American, stuck between two worlds.

Runaway child: Woman, 18-25, African American. A homeless girl with a soulful voice.

TRACK 1: INTRO: RADIO VOICE & BLACK

(There's a sound of a radio being turn on. Then a Godlike voice named RADIO VOICE fills the stage while music plays in the background. The music shifts faintly from each line as if someone is changing stations on the radio. The RADIO VOICE continues to speak during each shift. No one is on stage. There is an apartment, an alley, a corner store, and a street corner with a street light.)

(Starts with a smooth jazz beat.)

RADIO VOICE

You are about to embark on a journey... This is Los Angeles County's... Best! The stars-the stars-the sta-stars. Hollywood's stars. Park-Park it right there and listen to the classics...

(Light African drum beat plays.)

RADIO VOICE

This is just the same story being retold from weeks and weeks ago, its centuries old... This is not an original piece—recycle pieces. This mix is eco-friendly...

(A Mariachi song plays.)

RADIO VOICE

So listen... to these young blood's songs—the words, the music, the stories, the—

(An interruption: BLACK enters from the street corner, he is carrying a large duffle bag filled with CDs. He has a CD in his hand. BLACK is trying to sell his mixtape in front of the corner store.)

BLACK

CDs, CDs! I got them CDs, for ya... Come listen to my new mixtape...

(BLACK singles someone out.)

BLACK

Hey yo, check this, I just finished my new mixtape right. I've been in the studio for months crafting this piece right here. I promise you every joint on here is solid.

(BLACK singles out another person.)

BLACK

Aye? Take a look, this right here is the souls of my city—I mean the songs. You ain't gonna hear anything like this anywhere else, trust me—

(Three young men in different colors named COLOR 1, COLOR 2, and COLOR 3 rush the stage behind BLACK yelling.)

COLOR 1

You selling mixtapes?

COLOR 2

What are you? A country singer or something?

(COLOR 3 snatches the CD from BLACK's hand.)

COLOR 3

This don't look like no *tape* to me...

COLOR 1

You hustling on my corner?

(BLACK doesn't respond.)

COLOR 2

Oh so you don't speak...

COLOR 1

Aye, where you from?

COLOR 2

Yeah.

COLOR 3

Where you from?

COLOR 2

(To COLOR 1)

Where he say he from?

COLOR 1

He didn't. I said where you from bloooooood.

BLACK

(Raps fiercely)

BLOOD?

BLOOD'S THE ONLY THING THAT SPILLS FROM THESE EYES
AS I WATCH THE WORLD—HYPONOTIZE

MY EARS LISTEN TO THOSE LIES

MY BODY IS DEMONIZE

TRYING TO REMEMBER

I'M FROM THOSE SKIES

WHERE I COME FROM

I'M FROM THOSE HEIGHTS:

LINCOLN, BOYLE AND ARLINGTON

AS I FLY, SOAR, THROUGH THE WIND

LIKE A BIRD, I WAS BORN IN

THE BEACH:

LONG, SEAL, REDONDO, TOPANGA, HERMOSA, AND HUNTINGTON

RAISED IN THE SURBURBS AND THE HOOD

DANGER LURKS FOR THE GOOD

THAT'S WHY I ASK THE SAINTS:

MOINCA TO FERNAN' TO WATCH OVER ME

THEY SAY GO TO SLEEP

BUT I CAN'T

RESTLESS

CAN'T REST IN THE BEAST

LAS EVERYTHING FROM MIRADA TO HABRA

BUT I FOUND OUT I'M THE MONSTER

IN THE WOODS SEARCHING FOR HOLLY, INGLE, BRENT, AND WEST

SO KEPT YOUR LOVE ONES CLOSE

BECAUSE MADNESS LIVES IN THE WESTCOAST

COLOR 1

Dude's crazy.

COLOR 2

Yeah let's go.

COLOR 3

Where he say he from again?

COLOR 2

I don't even know. He's from everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

COLOR 1

Aye don't let us catch you slipping!

(RADIO VOICE fills the stage as the boys in COLOR exit, leaving BLACK alone.)

(The RADIO VOICE clears its throat. There is no background music.)

RADIO VOICE

And that's just a taste of Los Angeles's finest so kick back and enjoy...*(Satanic voice)*

And don't skip over no tracks.

TRACK 2: MATH

(AURORA wears a red collar T-Shirt with a black stripe across the shoulders. She just got off work. She waits at the corner for the street light to change.)

AURORA

I've never been too good at math. After addition and subtraction I wanted to call it quits. But then again I never really like math so how could I ever be good at it. Maybe everyone who hates math is bad at math. That is until they learn how to use it in real life. Then usually everyone's a genius. Especially when it comes to money. I know a third grade dropout who's homeless and on crack. He lives on Caesar Chavez and he's always buying beer from the 7-eleven that I work at. And even he knows when he's being short change and his not afraid to tell you. Yeah when it comes to money everyone's a math expert. But money isn't the only time us non-math lovers learn how to put our math skills together. Nope, I know these girls who ditch Algebra every day to hang around Chinatown, who can add up numbers like *crazy*. They know that school ends at 2:30, their parents expect them to be home by 4:30, and it takes them thirty minutes to get to and from Chinatown. Do the math and those girls are home by 4:35 with an excuse as to why they're late. Yeah, mathematicians or more like math magicians the way they manipulate time. Everyone on the streets has taken a lesson in Geo-metro and they know the city of L.A like they know the backs of their hands. I guess maps and math go hand and hand. I'm still in basic Algebra. I haven't learn the ropes to these equations yet. And I'm stuck on this one problem that's pretty hard to solve. I've added up the dates multiplied the intimacies and subtracted the times we used condoms. But I still can't seem to figure out how or when I got pregnant. I guess sex is a math that they don't teach in the streets. Yeah, it's just something you pick up.

(AURORA crosses the street.)

TRACK 3: CRANBERRY JUICE AND VODKA

(MATT approaches his apartment complex. He stares at the building and sees multiple parties going on. He hears different types of music as walks closer to his home. Then the sound of R&B plays from inside as conversations spill over the music. MATT sits outside on the step instead of entering. There is a window with the curtains shut, the shadows of two women can be seen as they drink and dance around.)

MATT

Every night there's a party on this block cause every night there's something to run from. My mom and aunt claim they ain't running tho, they just tryna have a good time. "Even Jesus turned water into wine." They always telling me what the bible says. Throwing the scripture at me, hoping I listen. While they're acting different. They want me to pay attention to the word, but I'm too busy looking at them. I guess I can't hear and see at the same time. Honestly, I don't know what the bible says. I only know what other people say what the bible says. I tried reading it for myself but the stories in the bible aren't as exciting as the conversations people have about the bible. My mom and aunt love to have shout matches about what the bible says over vodka and cranberry juice...The cranberry juice is never for me, it's for the alcohol. And I know this because cranberry juice is bitter. A bitter juice! It sounds like an oxymoron. We live in a tiny apartment upstairs of a projects in the dank corners of L.A...When they have their vodka and cranberry juice the entire neighborhood could hear their shout matches... Our tiny apartment is full. People come in and out of our home like citizens on a bus route. But unlike the bus these people are all the same. The same kinds of people come and go. And yet my mom and aunt love their new company as if it's *new* company. No one works, but my mom and aunt. No one cleans, but my mom and aunt. *And* everyone sleeps, but my mom and aunt. They can't rest too busy gossiping about the new company's lifestyle. I guess they don't need to sleep gossip powers them—gossip, Vodka, and cranberry juice.

TRACK 4: FACELESS

(COLLEGE KID enters the apartment. B.FUNK and two teenage girls named IRENE and ERICA are sitting around a coffee table rolling blunts and/or on their phones. B. FUNK is the baby cousin he refers to.)

COLLEGE KID

You're my baby cousin and you're knocking down doors because you're bored. So, you call a couple of girls, they come over. They stay up all night and you get high with your homies. She gets drunk off of two shots cause she "never did this before." She's selling her words and you're buying her story. Your mom's up late worrying, where are you? You at your friend's house, his mama ain't home, you all alone with a group of girls. Fucked up on Facebook and Instagram, posting pics of these bitches you gonna to slam! Damn! And you my little cousin—the big head, missing a tooth, now you wasted, writing rhymes, turn your homie's closet into a booth...but they dissing yo funk. And now you spreading the message, what's the fucking message "get lifted, get lifted, get high, so you can be closer to God." Right? And now I'm worried, we haven't spoken in a while, but now I'm worried, had a dream someone was going to die, couldn't sleep so I decided to write. Well, you're just in the mix of your generation. I can't blame you, can't change you. But I got admit all this drugs and shit is making me nervous. This ain't my world. I don't have time for this. I'm just a college kid...And you just a kid that never listen. Or maybe you're just bored. Either way, you can't let boredom win, if you ain't making honest money then you ain't work-ing. It's just a matter of do you feel like you are worth it?

(COLLEGE KID kills the mood. B. FUNK changes the music and the party livens up again.)

TRACK 5: PRINCESS CHISMOSOS

(PRINCESS is about to enter her apartment when she overhears the music coming from B.FUNK's place.)

PRINCESS

You hear that? Damn boys always blasting that rap music. Got the whole neighborhood on edge. If that was my house it would be over for them. I'm talking spankings left and right. (Beat) The one they call Baby Funk, B. Funk, or Baby Cousin he's wild. Too wild. I hear he's facing jail time for armed robbery. Hmm hmph. You know what, let me stop gossiping. (Beat) But you know, I don't get why people think gossip is bad, anyway. Like gossip's not bad. Gossip saved my life. It saves my life every day. It teaches me life lessons. Yeah, I learn from gossip. Gossip is important in the projects, the ghetto, the hood, el barrio, whatever you want to call it. It's what we live for. You don't understand. No comprendes. It's 'cause you looking at gossip from a rich person's point of view. You think our gossip is some Beverly Hills bullshit. This ain't 90210. This is not some Upper East Side NY Gossip Girl talk. With maids and nannies. You forget we are the maids and nannies! We the ones taking care of the babies and serving the dishes. Overhearing conversations filled with rumors. No rich folk spread rumors, poor folk talk gossip. There's a difference. Gossip keeps you out of trouble. You got to used it right. I ain't saying be in everybody's business, no, I'm saying listen. Listen to your mama when she tell you to be careful around those friends of yours. She say Cuidado! You say I know ma, I know. But do you really know? Listen to your papa when he says "stay away from Cali and Homes tonight because they're fighting again." Yeah Homes and his black girlfriend Cali been at it for weeks now... You didn't know that? Yeah I heard she caught him in the pickup truck with the girl who works at that tore down 7-eleven... yeah the one who takes waaaay too long to count the change. Yep. And you know what else? They say yesterday he came home drunk trying to talk that bullshit and Cali pulled a knife out on him... yep! Yeah she's like that. She's more than a woman, she's your fictional African woman warrior. Fiction because the world won't allow her existence. And Homes is your regular old Greek writer reincarnated into your common airheaded khaki wearing cholo. He's poetic but he will never admit it. Those two are a match made in Hades. Fighting day in and day out. Domestic dispute. Been together for six years, High School sweet hearts with three kids. And his abuelita still won't accept the girl. But she love the kids. Treats them well. Anyway back to Homes, they say the little girl he sleeping around with is underage! Uh huh, and I heard that Irene heard from her best friend who hangs out with the little girl, that she might be pregnant. My resources are legit. That's another difference between gossip and rumors. Gossip equals fact. Rumors are lies spread by deceitful people. I'm not

deceitful. I'm informative. So remember to listen to gossip. It's important, you have to know whose beefing. That way you won't get caught in the crossfire.