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Prophet

by Thomas Bradshaw

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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Lyrics for Songs by Thomas Bradshaw

Music by Lois Dilivio

PROPHET was originally produced at P.S. 122 from November 30-December 17th 2005. The Stage Manager was Robin Ganek and the set design was by James Stanley with lights by Ben Kato, costumes by Iracel Shim and sound by Robert Quillen Camp. It was directed by Thomas Bradshaw and the original cast is as follows:

ALEX Peter McCabe
MONA Hilary Ketchum
JOHN Dirk Smile
MADELINE Hilary Ketchum
LISA Paula Ehrenberg
SHANIQUA Detra Payne
TYRONE Jason Grant
GOD Jerry Zellers
PRIEST Jerry Zellers
MORTICIAN Jerry Zellers
MEN Jerry Zellers, Jason Grant, Dirk Smile
FEMINIST MOB. Lois Dilivio, Hilary Ketchum, Paula Ehrenberg

CHARACTERS

ALEX - A forty year old rich white lawyer

MONA - Alex's white wife

JOHN - Alex's rich black best friend

MADELINE - white, John's wife

LISA - John and Madeline's young daughter

SHANIQUA - black, A girl from the ghetto

TYRONE - black, Shaniqua's boyfriend

GOD

PRIEST

MORTICIAN

MEN

FEMINIST MOB

SETTING

Livingston, New Jersey

AUTHOR'S NOTES

All characters should be played with the utmost honesty and sincerity. The irony in the play should be underplayed rather than overplayed at all times. The characters in this play feel that all their actions are completely necessary and unavoidable. The play should be directed in a straightforward and realistic manner.

To my mother, Judythe, and my wife, Roxane, I love you.

Scene 1

ALEX. I am going to kill myself. I make myself sick.

(Pause. He's getting angry as enlightenment dawns on him.)

I have ruined my life in the most irrevocable manner for I have failed to be masculine. I have failed to rule that woman with an iron fist. She thinks that she can do anything she wants! She comes and goes as she pleases! She makes me cook and wash the dishes! She's even an independent thinker, which is the biggest sin of all!!! My father would have never tolerated this behavior from my mother. He's probably turned over in his grave every time I failed to hit that woman for not obeying me.

(He gets down on his knees and cries out:)

Forgive me god. I am unworthy of my penis. I have gone against everything that my father taught me. I know I deserve to burn in hell for my behavior. But if you give me one more chance dear lord, I promise to live my life biblically. I will live my life as Abraham and Moses did. I will be pious.

(He gives up.)

Shall I shoot myself or stab myself in the heart like a real man?

PROPHET

I understand nothing.

(His friend JOHN runs into his house frantically.)

JOHN. Alex! Your wife is dead! She's been hit by a car. I'm so sorry.

ALEX. *(Pleasantly surprised.)* Really?

JOHN. Do you think I'd joke about something like this?

ALEX. *(Getting overly excited by his good fortune.)* You're really serious?

JOHN. Aren't you upset?

ALEX. Good for her!

JOHN. What?

ALEX. Better yet, good for me.

(He starts laughing manically.)

JOHN. Sit down. You're in shock.

ALEX. I'm not in shock John.

JOHN. Then why are you so happy? You loved your wife more than anything.

ALEX. I had a revelation today. The lord revealed to me the truth of life. He revealed to me the mysteries that have eluded modern humanity for so long. We need to lead our lives as Abraham and Moses did.

JOHN. What are you talking about?

ALEX. I can't tell you how to live, rather I will lead by example. That's how the prophets of old did things.

JOHN. How do you know? You've only been to church once, and that was for your wedding.

ALEX. Fuck you. I know what I used to say, but now I've had a revelation. Don't get snotty with me just because you're jealous that

PROPHET

god revealed the truth of life to me and not you.

JOHN. I'm not jealous Alex.

ALEX. Sure you're not.

(ALEX winks at JOHN.)

JOHN. I'm not!

ALEX. You don't have to tell me twice.

JOHN. I'm just concerned about your sanity.

ALEX. I'll wait until you calm down before I resume my preaching. Anyway, where's her body?

JOHN. She was lying in the middle of the road about three blocks away.

ALEX. Let's try to get there before the ambulance arrives. I want to make sure that there's no chance that she'll be revived.

(JOHN shakes his head and they run out of the door.)

End Scene**Scene 2**

(At rise ALEX is at the morgue.)

MORTICIAN. I'm sorry for your loss.

ALEX. Thank you. It's been hard but life goes on.

(MORTICIAN slides the body out.)

PROPHET

MORTICIAN. That's a good attitude to have.

ALEX. Is it alright if I spend a few moments alone with her to say goodbye? *(He looks as if he's going to break down.)* It happened so suddenly.

MORTICIAN. Certainly. It's important to have closure.

ALEX. She's beautiful isn't she? She looks like an angel.

MORTICIAN. She's very beautiful. I'll leave you two alone now.

(MORTICIAN leaves.)

ALEX. *(Leans in close to her and strokes her face.)* You stupid bitch. You got exactly what you deserved. This is the first useful thing you've done for me. You were nothing but a weight that held me down, and prevented me from dancing in the beautiful scorching rays of the sun. *(He spits in her face. Pause.)* Thank you, God, for this magnificent new lease on life. I was once a non-believer but now I understand your awesome power. *(He turns back to his wife.)* You should have done the dishes more. May you burn in hell you frigid cunt.

VOICE OF GOD. 1865.

ALEX. What?

VOICE OF GOD. 1865.

ALEX. What does that mean oh mighty lord?

VOICE OF GOD. It's the year that humanity lost its way.

ALEX. I still don't understand.

VOICE OF GOD. Think about it.

ALEX. You're not being clear.

VOICE OF GOD. Get used to it.

(Pause.)

PROPHET

VOICE OF GOD. O.K. I'll give you a hint. Find yourself a woman.

ALEX. Thank you for your kindness and wisdom great lord.

VOICE OF GOD. Anytime.

ALEX. (*ALEX ponders God's word for a moment.*) Find myself a woman? 1865? What does this all mean? (*He pauses and ponders the Lord's word again. ALEX finally figures out the Lord's riddle.*)

(Music Starts and ALEX bursts into song.)

I'M GONNA MARY A NEGRESS
 A NEGRESS IS THE ONE FOR ME
 NO MORE SMART INTELLIGENT WHITE WOMEN
 AN ILLITERATE WOMAN SUITS MY NEEDS

I'M GONNA MARY A NEGRESS
 HAVE A STRICT DIET OF MCDONALD'S AND KFC
 EAT SOME WATERMELON AND CHITLINS
 A BUSHY PUSSY'S THE PLACE TO BE

I'M GONNA MARY A NEGRESS
 CAUSE THOSE BLACKS LIKE TO SUCK AND FUCK LIKE
 DOGS IN HEAT
 THEY'RE BASICALLY JUST LIKE MONEKYS
 'CEPT THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO PEE

I'M GONNA MARY A NEGRESS
 AND SMOKE SOME CRACK WHILE I ENJOY THE BREEZ
 NO MORE SMART INTELLIGENT WHITE WOMEN
 GONNA EAT SOME WATERMELON AND CHITLINS
 GONNA GRAB THE BACK OF HER HEAD

PROPHET

WHILE SHE SUCKS ME OFF IN THE BATHROOM OF RED
LOBSTER

End Scene**Scene 3**

(At rise a beautiful black woman in a tight jumpsuit is strutting around on stage when ALEX ENTERS. ALEX has gone to the ghetto of Newark, New Jersey.)

ALEX. What are you up to baby. *(She ignores him.)* You sure do look fine. I wouldn't mind seeing what's beneath your clothes.

SHANIQUA. You got weak game. You beta keep on walkin.

ALEX. I don't have weak game.

SHANIQUA. Yes you do.

ALEX. No I don't.

SHANIQUA. Yes you do nigga.

ALEX. What did you call me?

SHANIQUA. You heard me.

ALEX. But I'm not black.

SHANIQUA. Dat don't change nothin.

ALEX. If you say so. What's your name?

SHANIQUA. Shaniqua.

ALEX. That's a beautiful name. I bet you were an African Queen in a past life.

SHANIQUA. *(She laughs.)* Dat's sweet. What your name?

ALEX. Alex.

PROPHET

SHANIQUA. How much money you got?

ALEX. What do you mean?

SHANIQUA. You got a job?

ALEX. Oh yes, I'm a lawyer.

SHANIQUA. Dat's what I'm talkin bout. I need a man like you.
A man who can take care uv me. I'm sick of my nappy headed losa.

ALEX. Do you have a boyfriend?

SHANIQUA. Yeah, but he ain't all dat.

ALEX. What does he do for a living?

SHANIQUA. He deal drugs.

ALEX. *(Excited.)* What kind?

SHANIQUA. Crack. Why? You want some?

ALEX. *(Disappointed.)* No. I was hoping he sold cocaine.

SHANIQUA. Is you crazy? We don't got no Coke round here!
Dat a white man's drug. Can't nobody afford dat stuff round here.

ALEX. Will you go out with me?

SHANIQUA. Only if you take me classy places, like Red Lobster and Bennigan's.

ALEX. No problem.

SHANIQUA. *(They kiss.)* I like you.

ALEX. You're exactly the kind of girl that I've been looking for.

(They kiss again and start to walk offstage when TYRONE ENTERS.)

TYRONE. Where you think you goin Bitch!?

SHANIQUA. I ain't yo property!

TYRONE. Oh yes you is.

SHANIQUA. I don't see no ring on my finga.

ALEX. *(Coming between them.)* She's mine now. Step off.

TYRONE. *(To SHANIQUA.)* Who's dis stupid craka?

SHANIQUA. I don't need you no mo. I got a new man.

PROPHET

TYRONE. *(Pulls out a gun and puts it to her head.)* Stop bein foolish you stupid Ho. Rememba dat I'm de daddy uv yo kids.

SHANIQUA. You only de daddy of two my kids.

TYRONE. *(Hurt.)* What? I thought I was de daddy uv all five!

SHANIQUA. Nope. And de one I'm pregnant wid now ain't yo's eitha.

TYRONE. *(Points the gun at ALEX.)* Don't tell me dat dis craka is de daddy uv dis one.

SHANIQUA. Nope. James from Clark street de Daddy.

TYRONE. *(Police sirens are heard. Begging.)* Please don't tell no one bout dis. I'll lose all respec on de street if my boys find out that all yo kids ain't mine.

SHANIQUA. I'll try.

(TYRONE runs offstage because of the sirens.)

TYRONE. Thanks.

End of Scene

Scene 4

(At rise ALEX and SHANIQUA are walking into ALEX's house.)

SHANIQUA. Dinna was amazin.

ALEX. You have quite the appetite. I really didn't think that you'd be able to eat 75 popcorn shrimp, but you proved me wrong.

SHANIQUA. I normally can't, but de shrimp was so good. De

PROPHET

chef at Red Lobster mus be famous.

ALEX. Perhaps. *(Pause.)* Tyrone seems like a tough guy.

SHANIQUA. He not. He jus like to act all tough and macho. He really sweet once you get to know him, sort uv like a teddy bear.

ALEX. He put a gun to your head and *mine*.

SHANIQUA. Don be mindin dat. He be pointin' dat gun at me all de time. I don even be payin attention to dat no mo.

ALEX. Do you think that he'd hurt me?

SHANIQUA. Don't even trip. I already tol you. Dat fool be pointin dat gun at everyone.

ALEX. If you say so. *(Pause.)* Where do you and your kids live?

SHANIQUA. Wid my mama. Only two my kids live wid me.

ALEX. *(Visibly Surprised.)* It's good to see young minority youth taking responsibility for their actions! Most minority youth impregnate women and don't take care of their kids! But you found men that help you raise them!

SHANIQUA. My otha three kids don't be stayin wid dey dad-dies.

ALEX. They stay with their grandmothers then?

SHANIQUA. No. Dey was taken away by social services.

ALEX. For what?

SHANIQUA. Dey said Dat I was neglectin my children. But I wasn't. I fed and cloth them. A girl's gotta hav fun sometimes. Social Services got all angry just 'cause me and my moms would go to de club togetha and leave de kids home alone.

ALEX. I guess you and your mother are close.

SHANIQUA. Yeah we close. We kinda like sistas. We'd leave de oldest one in charge. *(With conviction.)* Ain't nothin wrong wid dat.

ALEX. That doesn't sound so bad. How old is your oldest?

SHANIQUA. Eight. When I was eight I took care uv my brothas

PROPHET

and sistas.

ALEX. I see. And how old are you.

SHANIQUA. How old you think I am?

ALEX. I'm not sure, but I know that you're the most beautiful girl that I've ever met.

SHANIQUA. Oh.

(They Kiss deeply.)

ALEX. So, how old are you?

SHANIQUA. Twenty-Three.

(ALEX calculates how old she was when she had her first child in his head.)

ALEX. I remember when I was Twenty-three. Youthful, virile, in my prime.

SHANIQUA. What do "virile" mean?

ALEX. You'll find out soon enough. I'm quite virile for a man my age.

SHANIQUA. How old you is?

ALEX. Forty.

SHANIQUA. For real? I'd neva guess dat. I thought you was in yo late twenties. You look good. *(They start seriously making out and taking their clothes off when ALEX stops.)* What's wrong?

ALEX. There are some things that I want you to wear.

SHANIQUA. *(She is very excited by this prospect.)* Lingerie? I like dat. You a real classy guy.

ALEX. I wouldn't exactly call it lingerie.

SHANIQUA. Ohh, you makin me wet. I bet you into somethin real kinky. I love kinky. You know what really be turnin me on?

PROPHET

(Things are really getting heated between them. She is stroking his penis through his pants.)

ALEX. What?

SHANIQUA. Anal sex. I love when guys be fukin me in de ass. It make me cum ova and ova again.

ALEX. I'm gonna fuck you in the ass so hard that you're gonna bleed.

SHANIQUA. Yeah, keep talkin dirty to me. I love it.

ALEX. I will. After you put on your new clothes.

SHANIQUA. I don't know if I can wait. I need you to fuck me right now. Feel my wetness.

(She sticks his hand down her pants and pulls it out after he feels her wetness. He then licks his finger.)

ALEX. You taste like rosewater.

(He gets up and comes back with tattered slave clothing and shackles.)

SHANIQUA. *(SHANIQUA is perplexed.)* What are dose? Dat ain't lingerie. Dose clothes look a hunred years old.

ALEX. It would mean so much to me if you'd put these clothes on. It would make me so hot to see your luscious curves in these.

SHANIQUA. *(Warming up to the idea.)* Oh I see, you into some weird bondage shit. I love bein tied up, love when guys be real rough wid me. Remind me uv my daddy.

ALEX. Put them on. Your mine now. *(She finishes removing her clothing and he puts on the tattered slave clothing.)* You look beautiful.

PROPHET

(He then clasps the chains around her hands and feet.)

SHANIQUA. I need you to fuck me so bad.

(ALEX is now holding her from behind with his pelvis pressed against her in a very sexual manner.)

ALEX. *(Sweetly.)* Now you're everything that a woman should be.

SHANIQUA. Fuck me.

(ALEX is overcome with lust and love and throws her face down on the couch. He then violently rips open her shirt and lifts up her skirt. He then pulls out his penis and starts to have sex with her.)

ALEX. You feel so good. You're a real woman. I love you. *(He ejaculates.)*

SHANIQUA. *(Panting and gasping.)* I love you too.

End Of Scene

PROPHET**Scene 5**

Song: Oh How Sweet and Beautiful Love Is.

(This song should be sung straight, like an old-fashioned love duet.)

SHANIQUA.

OH HOW SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL LOVE IS
I'VE PRAYED MY WHOLE LIFE FOR THIS DAY
ALEX IS THE KINDEST MAN ALIVE
HE SUITS MY NEEDS IN EVERY WAY

ALEX.

OH HOW STRANGE AND MYSTICAL LIFE IS
GOD SPOKE AND TRANSFORMED ME INTO A PROPHET
YESTERDAY
THEN SENT ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANGEL FROM
HEAVEN
TO LIGHT THE REST OF MY DAYS

SHANIQUA.

OH HOW WONDEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE LIFE IS
I WAS JUST A LONELY GIRL FROM THE GHETTO YESTER-
DAY
STRUGGLING TO BE THE BEST MOTHER I COULD
DREAMING FOR A MAN LIKE ALEX TO COME MY WAY

ALEX.

OH HOW SCORCHING YET GENTLE THE WORLD CAN BE
CHANCE COMES AND GIVES AND TAKES AT WILL
YESTERDAY I WAS MARRIED TO A TYRANT FROM HELL
TODAY LIFE IS PERFECT AND I BASK IN THE RAIN'S MYS-
TICAL HAZE

PROPHET

BOTH.
NOW WE HAVE EACH OTHER

SHANIQUA.
WE WILL NEVER KNOW SADNESS

ALEX.
OR LONLINESS

BOTH
AGAIN.

SHANIQUA.
YESTERDAY WE WERE NOTHING
BUT DISTRAUGHT SOULS
DRIFTING THROUGH LIFE

ALEX.
TOGETHER WE WILL START A FAMILY

BOTH.
AND BE EACH OTHER'S JOY
FOR THE REST OF OUR DAYS,
FOR THE REST OF OUR DAYS

SHANIQUA.
OH HOW SWEET AND BEAU-
TIFUL LOVE IS
HOW I'VE PRAYED MY
WHOLE LIFE FOR THIS DAY
ALEX IS THE KINDEST MAN
ALIVE
HE SUITS MY NEEDS IN
EVERY WAY

ALEX.
OH HOW STRANGE
AND MYSTICAL!
GOD SPOKE AND NOW
I'M A PROPHET
YOU'RE MY HEAVENLY
ANGEL

PROPHET

OH HOW WONDROUS!
LONELY GIRL FROM THE
GHETTO
STRUGGLING TO BE A GOOD
MOM

OH HOW SCORCHING
YET GENTLE THE
WORLD CAN BE
CHANCE COMES AND
GIVES AND TAKES AT
WILL
YESTERDAY I WAS
MARRIED TO A TY-
RANT FROM HELL
TODAY LIFE IS PER-
FECT AND I BASK IN
THE RAIN'S MYSTICAL
HAZE.

DREAMING OF A MAN LIKE
ALEX TO COME MY WAY

YOU'RE AN ANGEL
WHO LIGHTS
THE REST OF MY DAYS

BOTH.
YOU SUIT MY NEEDS IN EVERY WAY

*(The song transforms into wedding music and a priest comes onstage.
Wedding bells are heard.)*

PRIEST. Do you Shaniqua take Alex to be your lawfully wedded husband?

SHANIQUA. I do.

PRIEST. Do you Alex take Shaniqua to be your lawfully wedded wife?

ALEX. I do.

(They exchange rings.)

PROPHET

PRIEST. I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

(They kiss and cheers are heard.)

End Of Scene**Scene 6**

(At rise SHANIQUA and ALEX are talking in their house.)

SHANIQUA. What was yo wife like?

ALEX. She was a hard woman to live with.

SHANIQUA. In what way?

ALEX. Let me tell you a story.

(Lights dim on SHANIQUA and ALEX. ALEX ENTERS the room to find his wife MONA ignoring him. He goes over to her.)

ALEX. Hey honey, what's wrong?

MONA. You didn't clean the floor the way I asked you to.

ALEX. Yes I did!

MONA. *(Putting the toothbrush in his face.)* I told you to use this toothbrush. The package isn't even open.

ALEX. But I got on my hands and knees and scrubbed it. We have different methods, but the result is the same. *(MONA is on the verge of tears. He puts his arms around her and starts kissing her*

PROPHET

neck.) I'm sorry.

MONA. What are you doing?

ALEX. I thought that maybe making love would make things better.

MONA. Better for who?

ALEX. Better for us. We need to connect

MONA. I don't feel like it.

ALEX. It's been over a month.

MONA. I'm sick of your penis. I will not have my life ruled by it.

ALEX. Please honey. I washed all the dishes, vacuumed every rug in the house, cleaned the windows-

MONA. *(Breaking down.)* But you didn't clean the floor the way I like! It's because you hate me.

ALEX. *(Consoling.)* Fine. If it means that much to you I'll clean it again the way you like. I'm sorry. *(They kiss.)* Do you feel better now?

(She nods her head yes like an innocent puppy dog. They start kissing again and she abruptly pulls away.)

MONA. *(Sternly, with absolute conviction.)* Not until you clean the damn floor properly!

ALEX. *(Pathetic and hurt.)* O.K. Honey.

(He gets down on the floor and starts cleaning it with the toothbrush. Lights fade and the lights come back up on SHANIQUA and ALEX. She is cradling him through her chains.)

SHANIQUA. I'm so sorry you had to go through dat. She sound like a real witch. I can't believe you had to deal wid dat for all dose yeas. How long was you two married for?

ALEX. Fifteen years.

SHANIQUA. Dat all ova now baby. You don't neva hav to deal

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wid her nonsense again. Why don't we have some nice anal sex. Would dat make my poor pookie happy?

(ALEX shakes his head up and down excitedly like a little boy.)

ALEX. Then we have to go to the funeral.

(ALEX throws her on the couch and proceeds to Rip her shirt open and flip her skirt up like he did before. Lights fade to black while they're having very violent anal sex.)

End Scene**Scene 7**

(At rise it is MONA's funeral. They are at the grave. SHANIQUA, JOHN, ALEX, PRIEST, and MONA are onstage.)

PRIEST. We gather here today to lay to rest one of the kindest souls that has ever walked the earth. I thank the good Lord that I had the pleasure to know her during her short but compassionate life. We should all try to lead our lives the way Mona led hers. Blah Blah Blah. She's in heaven holding Jesus's hand right now. Blah Blah Blah. I fucked her once.

ALEX. What the fuck are you doing?

(MONA throws open the Coffin.)

PROPHET

EVERYONE EXCEPT ALEX AND SHANIQUA. Happy April Fool's Day!

(Everyone starts clapping and laughing except ALEX and SHANIQUA. They were all in on the joke.)

JOHN. *(Patting ALEX on the back.)* We sure got you!

MONA. Aren't you happy to see me Alex? Aren't you happy that your smoochie's not dead?

ALEX. Oh no you don't!

MONA. Don't tell me you're upset. I was sure you'd think it was funny.

PRIEST. How'd you like my comment about having fucked her? Get it? I'm a priest. I'd never do something like that.

(Everyone laughs.)

ALEX. You probably wouldn't. But you'd probably fuck one of these little boys here.

SHANIQUA. Alex! Watch yo mouth! We in public!

ALEX. Shut up Woman!

MONA. Apologize to him! He's a holy man.

ALEX. You're not gonna do this to me.

MONA. Do what?

ALEX. Ruin my life again. *(He shouts out to GOD.)* Why have you forsaken me dear lord? I was so happy?

GOD. I don't know.

ALEX. What do you mean you don't know? You're God. I thought you knew everything.

GOD. I just do things sometimes. It's a test. Yes that's it. Remember how I had Jesus fester in the desert for forty days and forty

PROPHET

nights while Satan taunted and tempted him. I even had him strung up and nailed to a cross! And he was my son! You should feel privileged that this is all I'm doing to you.

ALEX. You're right dear lord, but why? Why? Why?

GOD. To make sure you're loyal. I don't like fickle souls. I want to make sure you believe in my word and preach what I say. By the way, you've been doing a great job so far. You married a good woman and she's dressed quite well. You definitely got the message.

MONA. What? I die for two days and you go off and marry some nigger. How could you?

ALEX. You made my life hell for fifteen years. Shaniqua has made me happy for the first time in my life.

JOHN. You married her?

ALEX. *(To Mona.)* I will not stand for you coming back and making my life hell again. I'm a prophet now. I have a woman who truly loves me and knows how to obey my word. I'm gonna pass this test.

SHANIQUA. *(He rushes over to the coffin and strangles her.)*
Alex, stop chokin her!

(MONA dies.)

SHANIQUA. Damn.

GOD. Good Job! You passed the test.

End Of Scene

Scene 8

(At rise ALEX and Shaniqua are alone on stage holding each other lovingly when the doorbell rings. ALEX answers the door. It is JOHN.)

ALEX. Come in.

(JOHN ENTERS and ALEX and JOHN stare at each other for a few moments.)

JOHN. I'm so sorry that I didn't believe that you're a prophet.

ALEX. *(To SHANIQUA.)* Go stand in the corner and cover your ears.

SHANIQUA. Why?

ALEX. Do it.

SHANIQUA. Why can't I jus go upstairs?

ALEX. Cause you can't be trusted on your own. Now go in the corner and cover your ears before I get nasty. *(SHANIQUA goes in the corner and covers her ears.)* Fucking women.

(He turns and stares at JOHN in a menacing manner.)

JOHN. I also realize that the April Fool's joke wasn't very funny.

ALEX. It was completely fucked up!

JOHN. Please forgive me, but we all thought that you'd get a big kick out of it! You've always loved that kind of stuff.

ALEX. You betrayed me. But I'm going to forgive you as Jesus would have. Being a prophet has made me see things in a different light.

JOHN. C'mon, admit that you would've thought it was funny if you hadn't had that revelation.

PROPHET

ALEX. Pause. (*ALEX smiles.*) You're right. I probably would have been dying of laughter if I hadn't had that revelation.

JOHN. How could I predict your sudden change of heart?

ALEX. It was a pretty good April Fool's joke.

(They Hug.)

JOHN. (*He's looking at SHANIQUA.*) Where did you find her?

ALEX. In the ghetto.

JOHN. My wife would never do that. I want to get me one of those.

ALEX. Let's jump in the car and get you one right now.

(They start to rush out the door when god speaks.)

GOD. Wait!

ALEX. What's wrong?

GOD. You're a damn idiot!

ALEX. I'm just trying to fulfill your miraculous will lord!

GOD. You misinterpreted my vague and misleading hints stupid! I don't want you to just enslave nigger- I mean Black-no that's not right- African American women! All women must be controlled! You must lead the revolution. This is your duty. The world has turned to complete chaos! Look at yourself John!

JOHN. (*Afraid.*) What have I done?

GOD. Look how you treat your wife! It's disgusting! Did men cook in the bible? Did men let their wives out of their sight for one moment in the bible? You men have gone crazy! Do you hear? There's a reason I created Eve from Adam's bone. I did it to show his superiority. Claim back manhood or I'm sending all men to hell! All of you! I've got to get going.

ALEX and JOHN. Bye God.

PROPHET

JOHN. What am I going to do? My wife's not gonna like this too much.

ALEX. You can do it John! I did it!

JOHN. You can't compare our situations.

ALEX. Yes I can.

JOHN. No you can't! I've got an educated white woman on my hands who also happens to be a feminist! What do you have? A stupid nigger from the Ghetto! She was already a slave.

SHANIQUA. What did he just call me?

ALEX. Cover your ears tighter! *(To JOHN, threatening.)* Don't talk about her that way. She's my wife. I love her dearly.

JOHN. I'm sorry.

ALEX. It's o.k. I'll be right back. I've got to go get something for you.

(He leaves the room and comes back with a tattered slave outfit and chains.)

JOHN. Oh no.

ALEX. Oh yes. You're gonna go home right now and tell your wife that she's putting this on.

JOHN. I can't. I'm scared.

ALEX. Do you want to go to hell?

JOHN. Alright, I'll do it.

ALEX. Good luck and god bless you.

End Of Scene

PROPHET**Scene 9**

(At rise JOHN has entered his house and speaks to his wife.)

JOHN. *(Meekly.)* Hey Honey. What's wrong?

MADELINE. You didn't wash the dishes John. I told you to wash the dishes.

JOHN. Sorry honey, I was in a rush.

MADELINE. Hmmph!

JOHN. Don't be mad. I'll wash them right now. *(JOHN goes to wash the dishes, then he suddenly remembers his task and gets a hold of himself and turns to her defiantly.)* You wash the goddamn dishes woman!

MADELINE. What did you say to me?

JOHN. You heard me! I'm putting you in your place like Moses and Abraham would have done.

MADELINE. *(Pause.)* Have you been taking LSD?

JOHN. No!

(She feels his head.)

MADELINE. I'm taking you to the hospital. Mental illness runs in your family.

(She puts on her Jacket and Frantically looks for her keys.)

JOHN. You're not taking me anywhere. The only thing you're going to do is put on these.

(He shows her the tattered slave clothing and the chains.)

MADELINE. What are those for?

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