

All N. Y. Critics Laud 'A Raisin in the Sun'

BY HAROLD HUTCHINGS

NEW YORK, March 12 — Critics for New York's three afternoon papers named their four morning leagues Thursday in giving favorable reviews to "A Raisin in the Sun," the drama Chicago Born Lorraine Hansberry about a southside

the Post, said "Raisin" h
warrant "attentive
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dc... theater.

THREE POLICE CARS BURNED; 35 ARRESTED

Surveillance planes spotted in the days after West Baltimore rioting



SEIZE EARN UP TO \$300 FOR YOUR

Boil: A PLAY FOR DREAMS DEFERRED

BY OJU MUKARO

NO JUDGE Eyed in Panthers Gun Fight ACTIONS NTERS Battle ning'

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1969
BY RONALD KOZIOL AND EDWARD LEE
Indictments charging attempted murder will be sought within a week by the state's attorney's office against seven alleged members of the Black Panther party who staged a wild gun battle with police early yesterday in a west side apartment.
Two Panther leaders, including Fred Hampton, 31, slain in the 20-minute exchange at gunfire.
State Weapons Cache
Four other persons in the apartment at 2337 Monroe st. and a policeman in the rioting battle were wounded during the fight. Police also seized three caches of 15 weapons—including shotguns, carbines, and pistols—and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition.
The second man killed was Mark Clark, 22, described by police as a Panther leader in Peoria. Listed in serious condition in County hospital was Ronald Stichel, 18, of 2337 Monroe st., shot in the thigh, right leg, and right hand, and Blair Anderson, 18, of 6943 W. 121st st., shot in the



Fred Hampton



dropped to the floor when they heard the shotgun blast, which it was later learned, saved Groth's life. The blast laminated the dark room. Police noticed the dark room doorway with a checkered floor.
Enter
It was at
Cisewski and the
lives entered the
apartment.
Groth said that the occupants of the apartment, two bedrooms off the main room, then opened fire at a few minutes later and Groth ordered his men to stop shooting. "I told the occupants to come out with their hands up but someone bolted," Groth said.
He said more shots were fired as police crouched behind furniture and appliances. Groth said he again asked the occupants to surrender but they continued to shoot



Humboldt Park riot

2 die, 15 cops hurt; 3,000 on rampage

By Tribune Staff
CHICAGO (AP)—Police said today that two people were killed and 15 officers injured in a riot that broke out in Humboldt Park, Chicago, last night. At least 3,000 people were on the rampage.

CHARACTERS

SUGAR TAYLOR

Black, 65, writes with blood.

DANTE TAYLOR

Black, 45, writes with a pen.

SYLVIA TAYLOR

Black, 17, writes with bombs.

RAY TAYLOR

Black, 22, writes with a mic.

JOSEPH ASAGAI

Black, 22, gave a gift.

BOOK

Twenty-something, an imperialist.

PLACE

Chicago, somewhere in the area bounded by Augusta Boulevard, California Avenue, Chicago Avenue, and Homan Avenue.

TIME

Not too long after the Baltimore uprising of 2015. The temperature has been dropping.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The set is the Taylors' living room in a first-floor apartment of a typical Chicago two-flat. The furniture includes a couch with a blanket laid over it, an armchair, a coffee table, and maybe a couple chairs. Behind and surrounding the furniture, on the walls of the theatre, projected on the stage wall are items collected over time, items that had never been explicitly deemed valuable or disposable—they are just our memories and dreams. There are many photographs of loved ones, those with us and those elsewhere. Now of course a couch doesn't need to be a couch and a table doesn't need to be a table, because when does life make it that simple? The door to the apartment and living room is at left stage and the entrance to the kitchen and basement door is right stage. An em dash indicates a sharp interruption by the next speaker. An ellipsis indicates a double-beat pause. Abbreviations for left stage and right stage are *LS* and *RS* respectively. Parallel text indicates overlapping dialogue.

“Ain’t it hard just to live.”
—Nina Simone, “Baltimore”

SCENE I

(LIGHTS UP!)

(The Taylors' living room. "Far Away Blues" by Bessie Smith and Clara Smith is playing. SUGAR, a 65 year-old woman who has worked too long, picks up a plant in a terracotta pot that is on the coffee table. She wears clothes appropriate for an apartment that hasn't had working heat for about two weeks. SUGAR caresses the plant and walks around the apartment, maybe even mouthing to the plant like it's an old friend. After two minutes of the song has played, the music is cut off by the sound of a loud explosion, which doesn't phase SUGAR who slowly comes to a stop center stage. She smiles at the plant and throws it onto the ground.)

SUGAR

(Loud) I WILL MELT! I WILL MELT IN THE SUN OF THE REVOLUTION! AND RETURN A WARRIOR!

(DANTE and SYLVIA rush in from RS. DANTE is 40 years old and is wearing a white dress shirt, a tie, and slacks, nothing fancy, just enough to suggest he may work as a teacher. His sleeves are rolled up. SYLVIA is 17 years old and her clothes are layered like SUGAR's.)

DANTE

Mama, we got this. Don't worry. It'll all be good.

SUGAR

I ain't worried.

DANTE

Mama, it's okay—

SUGAR

I said I ain't worried!

SYLVIA

(Laughs) And she sure don't look like it.

SUGAR

I just need to know what we're gonna do next.

DANTE

(Looks at the broken terracotta on the floor) You broke the plant.

SUGAR

Dante, I don't give a damn about the plant.

SYLVIA

She don't give a damn about the plant.

DANTE

Sylvia, you better watch that mouth of yours.

SYLVIA

I said she don't give a damn about the plant, and she don't give a damn about the motherfucker in the basement.

DANTE

Has everyone gone crazy this week? With what's happening outside I need you two on the same page with me.

SUGAR

The page turned for me Dante, can't do nothing about it.

SYLVIA

So how are we gonna move the body?

SUGAR

I'm not sure if we should. At least not right now.

DANTE

We have to call the police—

SYLVIA

Daddy, are you crazy?!

DANTE

That's who you get when you need help—

SYLVIA

That's the reason people are burning down Chicago right now, because of the damn pigs. Chicago Avenue is lit and you want to bring a pig home for dinner. Well I ain't having that unless—

SUGAR

He's the meal?

DANTE

Mama, since when did you start talking like this? This is not the Sugar Taylor I know.

SUGAR

You know me, stop acting like—

DANTE

Like you've become a different person? You are gone, I'm telling you.

SUGAR

You'll know when I'm gone, trust me on that. Now, what do we do with the body?

SYLVIA

I say leave it.

SUGAR

Sylvia, I ain't about to have a body rotting in my basement. We still gotta live here you know. And we won't have heat until we get that body out of there, cuz no one's gonna fix that boiler with The Good Book lying there.

DANTE

I'm going to call the police.

(DANTE reaches into pocket and pulls his cellphone out.)

SUGAR

DANTE!

(SUGAR jumps up and smacks the phone out of DANTE's hand, speaks sternly)

SUGAR

No police. You heard me boy? No police. You are gonna leave this phone on the floor, go to the kitchen, and make me something hot cuz it's too goddamn cold in this place. It's too goddamn cold.

DANTE

...something hot?

SUGAR

Yes.

DANTE

Alright.

(DANTE exits RS. SUGAR sits on the couch and wraps the blanket around her. SYLVIA kneels down and examines the broken plant and terracotta pieces on the floor.)

SUGAR

Sometimes I don't know what happened to your daddy.

SYLVIA

You know, he just, he just ain't with us on a couple things. We knew that since Baltimore happened.

SUGAR

He's a smart boy. Straight As in school, all those writing awards. He tell you about his awards? Not his teaching ones, the writing ones.

SYLVIA

Never did.

SUGAR

He won the Ray Bradbury Writing Award. Ray Bradbury was that guy who wrote all them science fiction stories, stuff on Mars, futuristic things like that. Your daddy wanted to write just like him. His teacher even said he was gonna be the next Ray Bradbury.

SYLVIA

Granny?

SUGAR

What is it honey?

SYLVIA

I think I'm leaving.

SUGAR

We might need you to help with the body—

SYLVIA

No, not now, I'll help Granny. It's just...they're looking for me.

SUGAR

Oh. But you had all those college plans, you almost done applying.

SYLVIA

They're looking for me. They sent somebody special to my school. A lotta people at the high school are joining the combatants and they're cracking down.

SUGAR
But you didn't do anything, you just—

SYLVIA
It's not that simple.

SUGAR
You tell your father?

SYLVIA
No.

SUGAR
You have to tell him.

SYLVIA
He was gonna call the pigs about a dead white man, you think he's gonna just let me walk out the door?

SUGAR
Now you need his permission?

SYLVIA
No, I just...I just need, or I guess, want his support.

SUGAR
Well, as much as I don't wanna see you go...you got mine.

(DANTE returns with a porcelain plate in his hand.)

DANTE
So what's this I hear about you taking off?

SUGAR
What are you talking about? Where—

SYLVIA
I'm leaving.

DANTE
Who's after you?

SYLVIA
You know who.

DANTE

You're always getting people angry at you, they wouldn't come after you if you just stopped—

SYLVIA

Stopped speaking?

DANTE

No—

SYLVIA

Stopped fighting?

DANTE

Sylvia—

SYLVIA

Stopped—

DANTE

WRITING! If you can even call it that. When you keep writing the things you do, someone is bound to come after you.

SYLVIA

So it's my fault then.

DANTE

You don't know what you're getting yourself into!

SUGAR

Dante, give me that plate before your blood boils. I don't want it flying into no one's face.

DANTE

No Mama, I'm not violent, not like this one.

SUGAR

Or me?

DANTE

What happened today was an accident.

SYLVIA

You know it wasn't.

DANTE

This violence. This destruction. What did defacing whole buildings ever solve? Breaking

windows and all that. Tell me.

SYLVIA

Daddy, you don't know nothing about it.

DANTE

So tell me something. But wait.

(DANTE puts the plate down on the table. He goes about the room and searches among the many items strewn about the room. He retrieves a notepad and a pen.)

DANTE

I want you to write it down.

SUGAR

Dante—

DANTE

I want you to tell me what you know on this piece of paper.

SYLVIA

You're telling me to write you an essay?

DANTE

An essay, a story, anything, but put it down on this. You're not going anywhere until you tell me with this pen and paper what is going on.

SYLVIA

Daddy, I'm not gonna—

DANTE

WRITE! WRITE IT DOWN HERE! YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT MOVES WORLDS, IT HAPPENS ALL RIGHT HERE! ALL ON THIS PAPER!

SYLVIA

Yes, words on paper move worlds, but my words don't go on paper—

DANTE

No, they go on walls. Walls that you knock down the next day.

SYLVIA

Chicago's burning down! It fell, tumbled, collapsed!

SUGAR

Or did it explode?

SYLVIA

It exploded! You don't gotta give me a piece of paper, because all I wrote on that building was, I WILL MELT! I WILL MELT IN THE SUN OF THE REVOLUTION! AND RETURN A WARRIOR! And the next day, I BLEW THAT BUILDING UP! THAT WAS MY FOOTNOTE!

DANTE

THIS ISN'T REVOLUTION!

SYLVIA

THIS IS REVOLUTION!

DANTE

THIS IS VIOLENT!

SYLVIA

BIRTH IS VIOLENT!

DANTE

YOU'RE ALREADY HERE!

SYLVIA

NO, I JUST ARRIVED!

(Heavy knocking at the door. The knocking becomes frantic.)

SYLVIA

Shit, it's them. The pigs.

DANTE

You're not going anywhere.

SUGAR

How they have time to be looking for you here when the neighborhood's burning down?

SYLVIA

I know it, it's them. I gotta hide.

DANTE

Sylvia—

(Knocking continues.)

SYLVIA

Daddy, I gotta hide. I'm goin' to the basement.

SUGAR

Where the dead landlord is?

ASAGAI

(Yelling from behind the front door) MS. SUGAR TAYLOR! MS. TAYLOR, ARE YOU HOME? IT'S ME ASAGAI, YOU KNOW, JOSEPH, PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR! I'VE GOT RAY WITH ME! HE'S HURT! MS. TAYLOR!

DANTE

Ray's hurt?

SUGAR

(Stands up) Hurry, open the door.

(DANTE rushes toward the door and opens it. RAY falls into the room but is caught by DANTE. RAY, 22 years old, is wearing a jacket, jeans, and a t-shirt that says, "Hands Up Don't Shoot" and is bleeding from his mouth. He is seemingly losing consciousness. ASAGAI, 22 years old as well, is wearing a sweater, jeans, and no shoes. ASAGAI and DANTE help lay RAY down on the couch. SUGAR takes the blanket off her and lays it on RAY. She bends down and tends to him.)

SYLVIA

I can't do this, I gotta—

SUGAR

(Still looking at RAY) Sylvia, go get the first aid kit, it's on top of the fridge. Dante go get Asagai something to put on his feet.

DANTE

But Ray—

SYLVIA

I gotta—

SUGAR

GO! COME ON GODDAMN IT! HURRY!

DANTE

I'm not leaving my son's side—

SUGAR

GO!

(DANTE and SYLVIA exit RS.)

ASAGAI

There've been devils all around Chicago this week, Sugar.

SUGAR

I know. I got one in the basement.

(Scene. Fade to black.)

SCENE II

(LIGHTS UP!)

(A spotlight shines on RAY, standing center stage behind a microphone. He is still wearing his “Hands Up Don’t Shoot” t-shirt. He is holding onto the microphone stand and looking down. Plants in the audience begin clapping, which ought to make the whole theatre clap. When he looks up and begins speaking, RAY has a large bandage on his forehead.)

RAY

Thank you, thank you. You all are too kind. I don’t think I’ve had a better audience than this one.

(The audience plants cheer.)

RAY

(Laughs bashfully) I’m not playing, y’all are great. You know, I do this for you. It’s a gift from me to you. I remember who we are and I give that to you. I have the memories of how it used to be.

(A voice in the audience says, “We love you Ray!” Another says, “Yes, my brother!”)

RAY

This next piece I first performed at the Chicago Public Schools benefit dinner, you know, to let them know what’s up. It’s called, “Black vs. Board.”

(A voice screams, “YAAAAASSSSSS!”)

RAY

Oh, you know that one, huh? *(Laughs)* Black vs. Board.

(Smooth jazz begins to play, falling behind RAY’s words. It sounds similar to the music in Pops’ raps on a few of Common’s albums. RAY’s voice is soggy with slam poetry phoneticism. Maybe he participated in “Louder than a Bomb” as a youth. Every so often, an audience plant reacts to RAY’s words with snaps and a “YAAASSSS.”)

RAY

I woke up this morning. I woke up this morning because Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were

fighting again. Their yells piercing the air like bullets on a warm summer night. The Johnsons and bullets, new age alarm clocks. Today is my last day of school.

Don't you remember? Last day of school, no more homework, no more tests, no more waking up at 5am to take the bus to the L to the bus to the L to the bus to the, no more. No more. Don't you remember? You don't? Let me remember for you. No more racist teachers telling me my people didn't contribute anything to this world. No more textbooks where the faces of me and other people of color don't exist or accompany single-paragraph lies about the history of slavery. No more minoritization. No more marginalization.

Today is my last day of school. And tomorrow is my first day of freedom. There will be no more "no mores." There will only be more. More of Ol' Man Ulysses' hot dogs in the park. More ringing of those bells that let me know the Mexican paleta cart is on its way. More intersectionality. More QTPOC. Side note that's queer and trans people of color. More love for our Black folk. All Black folk at every intersection, feel like I'm in a traffic jam. Queer women of color started hashtag black lives matter, so how can it not free us? Us, we, we will be free as long as we have intersectionality.

So today is my last day of school. And tomorrow, tomorrow is my first day of freedom. So this summer, we say what we need to say, we say, "Hands up don't shoot!" We say, "Black lives matter." We say, "No justice, no peace." And we'll walk these streets chanting until they hear us, until they see that we matter, because we need to open their eyes. Their eyes. Don't you remember? I do. Thank you.

(The music stops. RAY takes a couple steps back from the microphone and does a little bow. The audience plants clap, stand on their feet, and cheer. The audience may or may not clap as well. If the audience isn't clapping, the audience plants continue acting as if there is a raucous roar throughout the theatre. A voice yells, "We love you Ray!" Another screams, "Social justice!" The rest continue to scream at their will, "Social justice! Peaceful protests!" RAY smiles and gestures at audience members through all of this.)

RAY

Alright, alright, thank y'all for the showing the love. And remember, that's what we gotta do for them, show them the love.

(A stagehand goes up to the microphone and begins dismantling it as RAY continues speaking to the audience sans microphone.)

RAY

Spoken word, it's a different kind of writing. It makes it so easy to remember days gone by, to reimagine old legends. It's its own little world.

(The lights begin to fade on to fill the whole stage. SYLVIA is leaning against the front door, DANTE is sitting on the armchair, ASAGAI, now wearing slippers, is standing behind the couch, and SUGAR enters from RS with a plate with two biscuits on it. They speak and move as though RAY is seated on the couch all until RAY is actually seated.)

SYLVIA

(To herself) I can't believe he's still wearing that dumbass shirt.

DANTE

(To Ray) Man, why did you have to go out there?

RAY

(Making his way toward couch) There's something about social justice that just gets me going. Don't think Asagai understands though, he's been changing. He's becoming more like Sylvia.

ASAGAI

Give him a break, he just got his head smashed in.

SYLVIA

He got a couple scrapes, he'll be fine.

RAY

He's in transition.

(RAY sits. The action resumes as everyone is in the same place and time.)

SUGAR

Here, have some biscuits.

RAY

No, Granny, I'm good.

SUGAR

Eat something.

RAY

Really, I'm good.

DANTE

Come on and eat something boy.

RAY

Damn.

(RAY grabs a biscuit, but doesn't eat it. SUGAR puts the plate down on the table.)

ASAGAI

Tell them what happened again because you did get your face smashed in.

RAY

Asagai and I were on Chicago by Albany. By the train tracks.

SYLVIA

You know goddamn well the pigs are guarding those Metra tracks like a motherfucker.

RAY

Well our group wasn't going to the tracks, we were just marching under the tracks. Asagai and I were up front, and we were just marching, you know the drill.

SYLVIA

Were you saying all the Black Lives Matter bullshit?

RAY

It ain't bullshit.

SYLVIA

Whatever.

SUGAR

Sylvia, let your brother finish.

RAY

And well anyway, the police, you know they thought we were headed to the tracks to fuck up the rails like those people did in Garfield Park. So they rushed us.

DANTE

How did you get out?

ASAGAI

I pulled Ray back once I saw them running and tried to get through the crowd, but it was gonna be a stampede. He fell and got kicked in the face a couple times. So I picked him up and dropped him over the railing onto the sidewalk.

SUGAR

Thank God.

ASAGAI

But I lost my shoes when I jumped up to avoid getting trampled myself.

DANTE

Thank you for saving my boy.

ASAGAI

Well, it was nothing. I love him.

SYLVIA

You really do.

(Reluctantly walks to ASAGAI and hugs him.)

SYLVIA

Thanks, Asagai.

RAY

Yeah, thanks again.

DANTE

I don't like any of this.

RAY

Dad—

DANTE

You're the peaceful one, you have it together, this isn't supposed to happen to you.

RAY

Hey, it happens, I'll just be more careful—

DANTE

No, FUCK BEING CAREFUL! There's a manhunt for Sylvia, and you, you're just chanting then getting chased by the police.

RAY

It's not just chanting—

ASAGAI

Mr. Taylor—

DANTE

And my mama killed a man.

RAY

What?

DANTE

And it was you Asagai, dragging Ray to all those meetings at your non-profit or whatever. That social justice sounded okay to me.

SYLVIA

Social justice don't bring justice to nobody.

RAY

For the last time, social justice does bring peace, it makes us think about who we are and where we come from. It makes us think about privilege and who has it. I'm tired of you acting like it ain't shit every time I come near you it's like this—

SYLVIA

It's a bunch of bullshit, people are dying and we're putting people on the intersectionality map? What that have to do with collective self-determination and nation building? All that comes from white shit that won't do us any good, no good at all—

SUGAR

This kinda arguing won't do anybody good! Y'all need to talk this out.

SYLVIA

I've said what I need to say too many times.

DANTE

(To himself) God, what has happened to my family?

SUGAR

Dante, we're gonna step into the kitchen.

RAY

Asagai, stay here?

ASAGAI

No problem.

SUGAR

Dante, come on.

(DANTE stands up silently and looks at his children who stare back at him confused and afraid. He silently turns and exits through the front door. SUGAR stares at the door and turns toward RS, and exits through RS. Scene. Fade to black.)

SCENE III

(LIGHTS UP!)

(RAY is sweeping the broken pieces of the pottery plant into a dustpan. SUGAR comes in through RS with latex gloves on.)

RAY

This good Granny?

SUGAR

Yeah baby, it is. *(Looks toward backstage)* Ooh, it's getting dark out there, they better be back soon before it heats up even more out there.

RAY

You finished cleaning down there?

SUGAR

The blood's gone from the floor and he stopped bleeding long time ago.

RAY

That's a horrible way to die, you sure it wasn't an accident?

SUGAR

Accident? Sheeet. I pushed that man down the basement stairs and he went BOOM head first into the corner of the boiler.

RAY

Jesus Christ.

SUGAR

Look like an accident though, don't it? *(Laughs)*

RAY

You a little too happy now, you know?

SUGAR

Time does that to you. Besides, they ain't find your daddy yet, and laughter keeps me distracted.

RAY

Granny...

SUGAR

Yeah?

RAY

You ever shoot a gun before?

SUGAR

Once when your great granddaddy took me down to the farm in Alabama, why?

RAY

...I usually get these gifts from Asagai. Things he brings from Nigeria, clothing, instruments, books. Things from the motherland.

SUGAR

I never got a gift.

RAY

I gave you that doll.

SUGAR

That one over there? *(Points to a doll among the various items)* That's from you?

RAY

From Asagai.

SUGAR

Get out of here...so Asagai got you a gun now, huh?

RAY

This morning. He told me I might need it today for the march. When I asked him why, he said that there's no changing their minds. He said that it doesn't have a conscience.

SUGAR

It doesn't have a conscience?

RAY

It. Them. The oppressor.

SUGAR

Well, I can see that. We beg plenty of times for our lives and they just send us packing. You were all peaceful and got your head banged in. That all sounds like—

RAY

Something Sylvia would say.

SUGAR

She got a sharp head on her, sharp like that knife she keep in her belt.

RAY

Granny, I had that gun with me when the cops came charging at us. But I didn't reach for it. I couldn't.

SUGAR

They would've shot you down right there, Ray.

RAY

But even when Asagai pulled me out of that stampede, I could've done something. I could've pulled myself together, hid somewhere and shot those motherfucking cops for making us run like fucking cattle. If I wanted to, I could've—

SUGAR

That battle is over. You gotta let that one go. There will be another one.

RAY

This all won't stop so easy, huh?

SUGAR

No, I'm thinking it won't. Used to think we were almost through. It won't stop. It's gonna need a hard push.

(SYLVIA and ASAGAI rush through the door.)

ASAGAI

It's getting bad out there, tear gas, rubber bullets—

SYLVIA

There are planes overhead, they look different, I'm thinking—

RAY

Drones?

SYLVIA

Chickens coming home to roost.

SUGAR

(Beginning to shake) Your daddy, no word at all?

SYLVIA

No, Granny, we covered a whole square mile.

ASAGAI

Sugar, it's going to be alright—

SUGAR

Dante—

ASAGAI

Knowing him, he won't even go near any of that, he'll just—

SUGAR

Knowing him?!

(The room begins to glow orange and red from backstage.)

RAY

Is that fire?

ASAGAI

Sugar, I just meant—

SUGAR

WHAT DO YOU MEAN KNOWING HIM?!

ASAGAI

Ms. Taylor—

(Orange and red. Muffled sounds of bullets, sounds of the combatants in battle, sounds of revolution.)

SUGAR

YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY SON! HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUICK TO COPY WHAT HE SAW, TO BECOME ONE OF THEM! BUT HE IS FAMILY! HE GOTTA MAKE HIS CHOICE, BUT WE GIVE HIM THAT CHANCE CUZ HE IS FAMILY! HE GETS THAT CHANCE, YOU HEAR!

(Orange, red, and yellow.)

ASAGAI, SYLVIA & RAY

Yes, ma'am.

SUGAR

Ever since Chicago burned, none of us been the same. We can't go back to who we used to be. I already accepted that, but your daddy, he gets that chance cuz he's family.

SYLVIA

...we need to find him.

RAY

There's fire close by—

(RAY is interrupted by a quick flash of white light. The orange, red, and yellow disappears and the sounds stop. From RS enters BOOK, the landlord. He is a white, young ghoulish figure with blood dripping down his face from the wound from hitting the boiler. He holds a manila folder in one hand and a pen in the other. SUGAR falls back down on the couch in shock. RAY takes a step back with the broom in hand. SYLVIA and ASAGAI don't budge, if anything, they move forward toward BOOK.)

BOOK

(Alive and well) Ms. Taylor, I told you, I can't do anything about the boiler right now. I will have to check with the facilities staff at the agency on Monday. And I don't know what you're talking about, I surveyed the entire apartment and didn't find any holes in the wall. Those rats must be coming in because of all this junk in the room. Now, I spoke to you on the phone about this, there's some information in this folder about selling and relocation. This neighborhood is kind of getting expensive to live in now, huh? *(Waits for response)* Well is it?

SYLVIA

Granny, Mr. Book is—

SUGAR

I know baby, I know.

BOOK

Well, anyways, Ms. Taylor, you might as well leave this place. Broken things, holes in the wall, this isn't a safe place for a woman of your age.

SUGAR

You are dead.

BOOK

Yes, Ms. Taylor, but I'd still like you to consider relocation—

SUGAR

MR. BOOK, YOU'RE DEAD!

BOOK

We do our best to serve the interests of our clients at North Clybourn Group, Chicago's premiere real estate service.

SUGAR

Then why you trying to run me out?

BOOK

Ms. Taylor—

ASAGAI

It wasn't enough.

BOOK

Sir, please let Ms. Taylor do her business.

ASAGAI

Ray—

BOOK

Sir—

ASAGAI

Ray—

SYLVIA

Asagai—

ASAGAI

RAY!

(RAY drops the broom and pulls out the gun still holstered by his ankle. He shoots BOOK. At the sound of the shot, the orange, red, and yellow returns along with the sounds. BOOK drops to the ground.)

BOOK

Ms. Taylor, this offer is—

(RAY walks to the lying BOOK and shoots him twice more. He begins yelling at BOOK's body.)

RAY

I WILL MELT IN THE SUN OF THE REVOLUTION AND RETURN A WARRIOR!
(At top of his lungs) YOU FUCKING WOOOOOLF!

(RAY shoots him again.)

SYLVIA

Ray.

SUGAR

We need to leave.

SYLVIA

Granny, you're leaving—

SUGAR

We need to go—

(BOOK rises once again.)

BOOK

It's not enough. We're very dedicated.

(SYLVIA takes the knife from her belt and begins stabbing at BOOK's chest multiple times. He jerks back with every strike. He falls to the ground at center stage. SUGAR gets off the couch and begins kicking BOOK. RAY gets the broom and starts hitting BOOK. SYLVIA returns to stab BOOK anywhere she can. ASAGAI searches among the items, finds a snow globe, and goes on to begin smashing BOOK's head in. They all step back away from BOOK as he lies motionless.)

BOOK

(From the ground) Ms. Taylor, please consider relocation. I'd like to get home before the rioting picks up.

(DANTE enters through the front door. His tie is missing and his shirt has blood on it. He is holding a can of gasoline.)

BOOK

(Rising once again) Ah, Mr. Taylor, you can convince your mother that relocation is best.

DANTE

...

...

I WILL MELT IN THE SUN OF THE REVOLUTION AND RETURN A WARRIOR!

BOOK

Mr. Taylor?

DANTE

It has to burn.

SUGAR

Dante—

DANTE

The fires outside. The fires are spreading. It has to burn. Ashes.

Ashes don't come back.

SYLVIA

Wait, look now—

BOOK

EVERYBODY OUT!

DANTE

(Without question, the others begin to exit the apartment. SUGAR, RAY, and ASAGAI exit. SYLVIA stops at the door and faces DANTE.)

You might not see me again.

SYLVIA

I know. I love you.

DANTE

(SYLVIA exits as DANTE begins pouring gasoline around the apartment, over all of the items and memories, valuable and disposable. He pours gasoline all over BOOK.)

Mr. Taylor, it's never enough.

BOOK

In stirring up us men and women, colonialism has regrouped us beneath a single sign. Equally victims of the same tyranny, simultaneously identifying a single enemy, our physically dispersed people is realizing its unity. We are enough.

DANTE

(DANTE drops the can and runs to the front door. He lights a match, throws it in the room, and exits. The orange, red, and yellow light fills the theatre. The sounds of revolution begin to crescendo. The room catches on fire. BOOK catches on fire. The theatre is on fire. The audience is on fire. They're melting in the sun of revolution. Sounds stop. Blackout.)