*In The Blood* by Suzan-Lori Parks

HESTER: Sunday night. He [the Reverend] had people in there [his church] listening to him this morning. He passed the plate in my name. Not in my name directly. Keeps me secret, cause, well, he has his image. I understand that. Dont want to step on everything hes made for himself. And he still wants me. I can tell. A woman can tell when a man eyes her and he eyes me all right.

(*Rest*)

Yr building this just from talking. Must be saying the right things. Nobody ever give me nothing like this for running my mouth. Gonna get me something now. Get something or do something. Fuck you up fuck you up! Hold on, girl, it wont come to that.

*In The Blood* by Suzan-Lori Parks

CHILLI:

We was young

and we didnt think

we didnt think that nothing we could do would hurt us

nothing we did would come back to haunt us

we was young and we knew all about gravity but gravity was a

law that did not apply to those persons under the age of 18

gravity was something that came later

and we was young and we could

float

weightless

I was her first

and zoom to the moon if we wanted and couldnt nothing

stop us

we would go

fast

and we were gonna live forever

and any mistakes we would shake off

we were Death Defying

we were Hot Lunatics

careless as all get out

and she needed to keep it and I needed to leave town.

People get old that way.

*Marisol* by Jose Rivera

MARISOL: I’m killed instantly. Little blazing lead meteors enter my body. My blood cells ride those bullets into outer space. My soul surges up the oceans of the Milky Way at the speed of light. At the moment of death, I see the invisible war. Thousands of years of fighting past in an instant. New and terrible forms of warfare, monstrous weapons and unimagined strains of terror are created and destroyed in billionths of a second. Galaxies spring from a single drop of angels sweat while hundreds of armies fight and die on the fingertips of children in the Bronx. Then, as if one body, one mind, the innocent of the earth take to the streets with anything they can find, - rocks, sticks, screams- and aim their displeasure at the senile sky and fire into the tattered wind on the sides of the angels…billions of poor, of homeless, of peaceful, of silent, of angry…fighting and fighting as no species has ever fought before. Inspired by the earthly noise, the rebels advance! New ideas rip the heavens. New powers are created. New miracles are signed into law. It’s the first day of the new history. Oh God. What light. What possibilities. What hope.

*The Caucasian Chalk Circle* by Bertolt Brecht

VASHNADZE: Even if it were thirty, I’ll tell you what I think of your justice, you drunken onion! How dare you talk to me as though you were the cracked Isaiah on the church window! When they pulled you out of your mother, it wasn't planned that you'd rap her over the knuckles for pinching a little bowl of corn from somewhere! Aren't you ashamed of yourself when you see how afraid I am of you? But you've let yourself become their servant. So that their houses are not taken away, because they've stolen them. Since when do houses belong to bed-bugs? But you're on the look-out, otherwise they couldn’t drag our men into their wars. You bribe-taker. I've no respect for you. No more than for a thief or a murderer with knife, who does what he wants. You can take the child away from me, a hundred against one, but I tell you one thing: for a profession like yours, they ought to choose only bloodsuckers and men who rape children. As a punishment. To make them sit in judgment over their fellow men, which is worse than swinging from the gallows.