

NOTES

While racism is and continues to be one of the single most compelling issues in America today, author Lee Holder sheds light on the senseless hate crimes committed by those people who despise others simply based on the color of their skin. This explosive story of a skinhead who falls in love with a woman of color should be performed by a male and be entered in either Dramatic Interpretation or Prose Interpretation. It is important that the performer not give away the ending too soon. This is ultimately a love story; therefore, don't play the ending's tragedy until it occurs. Also, work on visualization, too. Really "see" the entire series of events (all of the action) taking place in the park at the end of the selection. If used in Prose Interpretation, the drama mask icons are simply visible to suggest when the performer should turn the pages in the manuscript. This is a strong selection for a talented, mature male performer.

Growing up in an urban area is tough. It's especially tough when your parents are two alcoholics who, if the truth be known, never really wanted a kid. Seriously, they would have traded me for two bottles of good wine any day of the week. So, like all children who are more-or-less abandoned, I craved attention. I wanted to be accepted. I wanted to belong to a family. This desire to belong is probably what prompted me to join a gang when I was 11. Was this gang tough? Oh, yeah. Were they mean? Not always. Did they like me and accept me? Yes. Yes, they did. They were the family I couldn't get at home. *(Pause)* They were also White Supremacists. *(Beat)* Now, like all families, there are occasional differences between family members. And like all families, there are a few secrets—secrets that are so sacred...they simply can't be shared with anyone. So, what's *my* secret? *(Pause)* I fell in love... with a black girl.



When I was a kid, I saw a movie on late night TV. It was called *The Misfits*, and it starred Marilyn Monroe, whose character was a lady that had just gotten a divorce. She wanted to start a new life. Now, I've been a member of the White Supremacists for well over a dozen years now, but I think I, too, was ready to start a new life. I was starting to question everything I've been taught—everything I've been told. Greer, he's the leader of our White Supremacist family, he says that you can't trust anyone that isn't white. But I don't know. I mean, Mrs. Salazar down at the local produce market—she sometimes gives me bruised fruit that she says her customers won't buy; and Mr. Jones—he's this old black man who shines shoes outside the hardware store on 18th Street. In the last six months, when he didn't have any customers, he told me to hop up into the chair so he could shine my Docs for free. He says, "A young man should always look sharp for the ladies, and shoes are often the first thing a young lady notices about a man." I don't think Greer has ever lied to me, but I don't know. I think—I think I can *trust* Mrs. Salazar and Mr. Jones. Maybe I just want to see a little of the world for myself before I keep making judgements about people.



I start spending less time with the gang, and I find myself roaming around the downtown area of the city more and more. That's when I first saw her. There's a park on the East Side of downtown. She was finishing her lunch with a co-worker, when some young punk started to harass them for no reason. I scared him off, and, of course, they were both thankful. Gayle—that's her name—she said that she didn't know superheroes worked in the afternoon. I told her that it's a superhero's duty to protect a city's most treasured artifacts. I told her that with her unquestionable beauty, she must be a muse—some statue brought to life, no doubt, by her father, Zeus. Her co-worker just rolled her eyes, said she wasn't cast in this sci-fi movie, and then left to go back to work.

Gayle, unsure of what to say, didn't say anything. She just kept smiling. Me? I just kept staring at her million dollar smile. Then I realized. This is the first black woman I've ever spoken to—ever. It was like she had cast a spell on me. I don't know—maybe she did. Maybe that's what people mean when they say, *Black Magic*. Finally, Gayle broke the silence and said she had to get back to work, too. As she started to walk away, I told her that I just had to see her again. "Could we go out sometime? Get some coffee? See a movie?" She just turned around and told me she doesn't date men—or *superheroes*—who don't have a name. I quickly told her my name's Josh—or *Super Josh*, if she preferred—and then she told me to meet her at the coffee shop on the corner of Fourth and Main Friday after work. She told me to not be late, because she doesn't like people who aren't punctual. As she walked away, it occurred to me that she never told me what time she gets off work.



So, it's Friday, and I'm sitting in the coffee shop at Fourth and Main. Not knowing whether or not Gayle works part-time or full-time, I've been *sitting* in this coffee shop for five hours now. I've had so many cups of coffee my hands are literally shaking, and I couldn't honestly tell you if my hands were shaking from all of the *coffee* or if they were shaking from the idea of me, a White Supremacist, meeting a black girl for a date.

As Gayle walks into the coffee shop and sits across from me at the table, I'm thankful for two things. First, I'm thankful she showed up, and I'm also thankful this coffee shop is geographically far enough away from my gang's territory that no one will see us together. Believe me. If a White Supremacist member saw me with Gayle, I'm not going to lie. There would be hell to pay. Seriously, if there's one thing White Supremacists don't like—it's black people. Or brown people. Or people of different religious backgrounds, but mainly—it's black people. Truth be told, if someone had told me I would someday be sitting in a coffee shop sharing a cup of Joe with a beautiful black woman, I'd have told