

NO Place To Land

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In the era of Mass Incarceration, there is an ironic parallel, and while primarily viewed as invisible within our own communities that register as LGBTQIt, and living in a "crowded closet" within our own families and religious and social structures in outer-society, it is the purpose of this work, sharing the many stories and experiences of Incarcerated Americans that identify as what is known as Gay, and Bi-Sexual, specifically from an Urban Cultural perspective.

Here, the re-instatement of inner prison experiences, speaks on behalf of the many unheard voices, and unengaged Human Rights Violations Corrections from within the company of those that continue generations of an agenda to expect for Inner City youth to exist antithetical to our own nature, from, the other side.

Although based on true experiences, this LIVE performance version and the ethnographic name and subcultural interchangeability format was designed to create Urban connectivity freedoms of directors, and performers that engage this work.

Enjoy Your Reading, and Lead By Creation.

A Place To Land

a play by, Floyd Smith

Act 1.

A young black man enters a prison group yard for the 1st time. He goes to the recreation shack and checks out a Basketball, which he hasn't felt in over 4 years of going through The towns County Jail Court Journey, and State Prison Reception Center.

With the need to lighten the laces on his shoes before heading towards the basketball court, he looks around the yard to find a place to adjust his laces, a place to land.

With darting eyes to survey the yard, he notices how the prison yard is racially segregated. Asians in one area, Whites in another, Native Americans, Pacific Islanders, Transgender, Gamers, and several Black subcultural groups like Gangs and clicks.

Walking toward what the young man viewed as close to his natural social habitat, which is an area near a Domino table of well aged black men, he sits down next to a neatly dressed black man that appeared to be whistling an on going 3 on 3 basket ball game, a pick up game.

Youngster - Anybody right here?
need to lace up real quick

Elder - You're about to try to play
ball while saggin wit some
skinny pants on? Skinny jeans?

Crowd of black inmates LOL

Y - So, now I'm supposed to respect
whatever it is you plan to say next?

E - What? Respect? You Youngster got
the hair going nowadays, but you
call yourself a homosexual too huh?
You see, you wouldn't understand
respect, because the white man got
you saying that you are something
that he made up.

Y - So, let me get this straight,
I never said I was a "homosexual",
but now I am saying it, I am a
homosexual, so what are you
heterosexual? is that what you
call yourself?

E - One hummit percent heterosexual,

Y - Anybody else heterosexual? or just
the O.G.?, anymore black heterosexuals?

Crowd of black inmates - Heterosexual fo sho, Y'er

Domino game stops, vacuum silence, all eyes on
the Youngster, and the entire crowd of others
around and on the side of the Elder, as the
Youngster stands with Basketball under arm says;

Y - I do know my history enough to tell you that you are right, in 1968, just 3 years after the abolishment of slavery in America, a white man named Karl-Marx Kertbeny did coin the word, homosexual, but that same white man also coined the word heterosexual, so, you, and all of the rest of y'all just called yourselves something that a white man made up, it was simply looking for a place to land.

crowd gasp -

Y - This ain't about respect, this is about disrespect, so like I said earlier, after you got at me real disrespectfully, "So, now I'm supposed to respect whatever it is you plan to do next?". I'll fly away now.

E - I've been in prison and walking these yards for most of my life, and I ain't never heard about no Karl Marx-Kertbeny, or where that word came from, (Pause) So I can respect that.

Y - Cool, you coming out tomorrow?

E - I don't see why we need to wait for tomorrow to start over, right now, I'm Eric, that's Peanut, Chally Boy, SWERV, Bam, Richard, Ham, Bando.....

End scene. Y - Parallelboi.

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Act 2.

Parallexboi, walking away from group of black inmates onto an empty half court to shoot around.

Swervo, the youngest of the group also joins Parallexboi to shoot around.

SWERVO - That was crazy, (smiling) they aint never heard nothing like that before, they want to know why you asked if they was coming back out tomorrow, and why you aint over there with the punks?

P - I didnt see no punks, fags, or none of that, I did see some transgender looking people tho, and Im not with them for the same reason youre not over there with the Crips, so, I was just asking to figure out if I wanted to be around all of that again tomorrow thats all.

S - They respect you, and it was me with the extra Qz, anyway, so youre into older dudes? or why didnt you come over to where the younger homies are?

P- So now we are going into age discrimination? Broh, I was just tying up my shoes man, aint nobody out here tryna choose, sup wit all the QI man?

S- I aint trippin, You see this yard? Look at all of these heads, yeah, thats my work, I cut hair, old heads, young heads, all heads thats why they call me Swerve because I Swerve heads you feel me? All Thats Me.
(both LOL, soul handshake)

P- aawh, thats whats up, you got me? what do Swerve hit for?

S- This aint no hustle, I been doing this all of my life, no charge, everybody get they own thing, cutting hair is mine, you sound like you got something to say, so, come sit and speak, thats how we do, and you pretty much created a crowd with that 1868 shit, Karl-Marx?...

P- I get it, Im there

S- Parallax, gotta look that up.