

Rage Incarnate 2.0 (Three Characters)

By: Dr. M. Shane Heard

Note about script:

1. A young woman awaits her final moments on death row for a crime she did not commit.
2. Correction, she did commit the crime, but it was not really her. Correction, it was really her that committed the crime, but another part of her—another part of her personality. It's complicated. Just read...

Note about the Characters:

1. Accents are suggestions. You need to have distinct voices for each character that suit the character.
2. If you have other suggestions, offer them up in a revision that you send to me for approval and publishing.

Note about the Languages:

I try, as I always do, to make the character as real as possible. Sadly, foul language seems to make most characters more “believable.” If, however, you want to cut or slightly change the language to be more “audience-friendly” (depending on your venue), go for it! Offer the alterations back to me in the form of a revision for approval and publication. Doc. H.

The Family:

Miranda: The philosopher of life. Poet. Always pondering. Always thinking. Accent: Your normal voice.

Margaret: Nasty. Angry. Rage incarnate. Chain smoker. Foul Mouth. Accent: Brooklyn

Mae: Girl next door. Sweet. Innocent. Would never harm a fly. Accent: Midwestern

In a cell, awaiting the electric chair... a character is alone, but not completely alone. She is never completely alone.

We Begin:

Miranda: *Who am I?
What a strange question to ask yourself...isn't it?
A strange pondering into a mind which is...well...mine
But is it
Mine alone?
Do I know who I am?*

[REDACTED]
*I want to know about the other voices.
The ones who stay offstage in the dark.*
[REDACTED]
*I want to know them, but I am afraid of some of them, in part
One in particular is [REDACTED] So...full of...Rage.*

Margaret: So yuh tink I killed 'im. Well, I did. No two ways 'bout it. Ya' dig? I killed de piece of shit. Did he need tuh die, or what? Ya, he did. [REDACTED] Should I have waited fawh God tuh take care of 'im, [REDACTED] Maybe, but duh was no time. Okay? No time. [REDACTED] He needed tuh die, and he needed tuh die [REDACTED] now! [REDACTED]

Mae: Margs, nobody "needs" to die. You just say that as an excuse.

Margaret: Shut up the hell up [REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED] You need to stop talking. You are so full of hate, so angry...all the time..and that is precisely why we are here, moments before...

Margaret: (*Slyly*) Befo' what?

Mae: [REDACTED]

Margaret: Yuh can say ya Goddamn baby! [REDACTED] Ya so weak...ALL DA TIME...

Mae: [REDACTED]

Margaret: And if it weren't for me...

Mae: What?

Miranda: [REDACTED]

Margaret: [REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED] What? What were you about to say? If it "weren't fer you" what?

Margaret: (Takes another drag from her cigarette.) [REDACTED] NEVER MINDDDDD!

[REDACTED]

Miranda: Margaret, stop!

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: [REDACTED] (To Mary/the actor/you) Now you [REDACTED]...

[REDACTED]

Margaret: [REDACTED] Stop [REDACTED] and tell the [REDACTED] people in the audience today what is going on. [REDACTED] they are [REDACTED] confused. [REDACTED] Go ahead [REDACTED]

Today, we're following a girl... or, multiple girls... Three girls. But only one girl. It's very complicated. She suffers from Dissociative Identity Disorder, or DID. [REDACTED] DID, in its simplest form, is a disorder where multiple identities live in the body of one person, and can speak up for themselves at any moment.

Now, here's the funny part. There's three girls, two bodies. One alive, and one dead. The women in this body have committed an atrocity, and are now sitting on death row awaiting execution. What could have possibly happened to these girls? We'll find out, as we wait sitting, seething with Rage Incarnate, by Dr. M. Shane Heard.

Miranda: *Who am I?*

Margaret: Oh Gawd, here she goes again.

[REDACTED]

Margaret: Quit askin' ya dumbass queshshuns [REDACTED] Ya nevuuh gonna find de answuh. Ya' dig? Nevuh.

Mae: Margaret why are you so...

Margaret: What baby girl, [REDACTED] Mean.(drag) [REDACTED] Why am I so damn mean. [REDACTED]

Mae: *(meekly)* Yes.

Margaret: Becawze somewan has tuh. Somewan has tuh look aftuh yuh. [REDACTED] Okay? [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]...Yuh [REDACTED] so damn weak...so [REDACTED] fragile. [REDACTED] Anyone could hurtcha.

Miranda: She is fine. Margaret, leave her alone.

Margaret: *(to Miranda):* [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: [REDACTED] Any minute dat doawh
is gonna open. Okay? De jackass guards will come in and march us tuh our final perfawhmance. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Mae: *(shaking her head and rocking)* Please, you are all so loud. You are all scaring me. I hate when you fight.
Stop. Please, just..stop.

Miranda: *Why do we do what we do? Who am I?*

Margaret: I'll tell yuh who yuh are, who all of ya are. [REDACTED] Cowards [REDACTED] who do nuttin' but
tawhk. Nuttin' but cry and hope de wawhld nevuh looks at ya. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I by m'self does what it takes tuh survive. Me. Okay? ME. [REDACTED]
AND NOW, [REDACTED] I had tuh do what needed tuh be done and...

Mae: What are you talking about, [REDACTED]

Miranda: Margret, no! You promised.

Margaret: Don't *Margaret* me, yuh [REDACTED] little bitch. Yuh know what I had tuh do and yuh know why. Yuh got me so
fahr?.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED], what is she talking about?

[REDACTED]

Mae: What is Margs talking about, what did I do?

Margaret: It's not whatcha did, baby girl, it is whatcha did not do. Okay?

Mae: What, I do not understand.

[REDACTED]

Miranda: Margaret, please don't. I forbid you to.

Margaret: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: Are you ashamed of me? Of what I did?

Miranda: No, it had to be done, I know that, it's just that...

Margaret: [REDACTED]

SAY IT.

(Long pause)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

(Long pause)

Miranda: [REDACTED] I will never understand. Yes, he needed to be killed for what he did, but to do what you did after...

Margaret: What I did aftuh? [REDACTED] What I did was leave a message. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: [REDACTED] I sent a message tuh all those others, all those who would dare do what he did tuh huh, *(slowly)* [REDACTED] And I displayed dat message in his blood all ovuh de side of his house...

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: All over the side of his yard.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Margaret: A message in Rage and blood all ovuh de sidewawhk, de street, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Mae: STOP!

(long pause)

Mae: *(slowly)* What? What happened after? You all will never tell me why we are even in here. You will never tell me what happened. WHAT HAPPENED. I deserve to know.

Miranda: [REDACTED] baby girl. Mae, please. Go to sleep. Please. Go lie down and sleep.

[REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED]? Sleep. No. I know we do not have much time left. So, *(crying)* please tell me what happened.

(long pause)

Miranda: [REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED], I think I hear the guards coming, please!

[REDACTED]

(long pause)

[REDACTED]

Mae: Tell me Margaret, [REDACTED] We are about to die and I have no idea why? What did you do?

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I don't understand.

Margaret: Miles. Yuh did not stop Miles.

[REDACTED]

Mae: Miles, the man who lived down the street? I didn't do what?

[REDACTED]

Margaret: Yes. Miles, de man down de street who always waved atcha and gave yuh candy when yuh

wawhked past his house, evuh since yuh were a little girl, butcha did not stop him...

Mae: Stop him from what?

Margaret: From being....

[REDACTED]

Miranda: From being “friendly.” That’s what the Prosecutor called it. Being “Friendly”

Mae: So what? He was nice. He always gave me candy. So, what if I was “friendly.”

Miranda: That was all fine and good until “friendly,” at least in Mile’s mind, turned into something else? Some more. Something twisted, something sexual, like a beast hunting a young girl to...to..

Mae: To what?

[REDACTED]

Mae: To what? What did he do? What didn’t I do? (*pause*) [REDACTED]? What?

Margaret: Oh hell. Miles, the filthy animal, decided you “friendly” was a reason to take you.

[REDACTED]

Margaret: Yuh were so young. Right? SO young. SO sweet, so innocent, our baby girl. And he.....

Mae: He what. Margs tell me. He what?

Miranda: Raped you.

Margaret: Raped you.

Mae: *Gasps*

Miranda: He took you into his house one day and no body could find you for over two weeks. All the time he raped you over, and over, and over, and over again.

Mae: No. He was so nice to me, no. I do not remember any of it, how...

Miranda: Margaret

Mae: Margaret?

Miranda: Yes, Margaret took to the stage and kept all of us, especially you, in the dark. She took over for us the entire time he...repeatedly.... [REDACTED]

Miranda: [REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED]

Miranda [REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED] (*pause*) Raped me...but then how did we get away? Why are we here?

Miranda: Because of...Margaret

Mae: Margaret? What did you do? (*pause*) You were so ready to tell me earlier, what did you do?

(*long pause*)

Mae: [REDACTED], the guards are coming. I can hear them down the hall! Margaret, we have no time left. Margaret!

Margaret: I took care of yuh, baby girl. Okay? I did what needed tuh be done. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] He was so tired after he did his "business" after he did what he had done to us
[REDACTED], he fell asleep. [REDACTED] I staggered into the kitchen, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I found a knife he had forgotten to lock away, and I...I used it. [REDACTED] ? (*building in intensity*) His eyes popped open just as I swung it down in his chest. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I brought it down again and again and again until I could not raise my arm anymore.
[REDACTED], covered in his filthy blood, I decided to leave a message. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. I needed to

Miranda: Leave a message.

Miranda: The guards are here. It is time.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Mae: [REDACTED] So you left a message with his blood all over...

[REDACTED]

Margaret: Yes. All ovuh fawh all tuh see. What comes from dirty men doin' bad deeds is. Rage. Ya' dig? [REDACTED]

Mae: : Rage.

[REDACTED]

+++++