John F Kennedy University

From the SelectedWorks of Joel M. Drotts Esq.

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Annoying People the Play: Screen Play Act One, Scene One

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Available at: https://works.bepress.com/joel_drotts/11/
Week one is our first installment, of the many ever continuing line of stories, from our author Joel Drotts. Based in no way off his real life (Yeah right), Joel brings humor to the sad state and pathetic state his love life often is in. Not for the timid or easily offended the author cracks open heart and humor, with the first installment of “Annoying People from the Top Down.”

Joel: How the fuck did I get here? I swear if I did laugh about the shit, I'd cry!"

Voice from the back

Mike: Hey Joel, are you talking to me?

Joel: Nope, just thinking out loud again. You know how I am.

Mike: You mean a pillow biter?
Joel: Yup, you know it. I'm sitting up here Philistinizing with myself about all the cock I could be sucking, if I just wasn't for the fact that another man’s hairy ass just doesn't fucking do it for me. Ya' prick!" Says smiling and swigging his beer.

Mike: Don't worry bro', you'll get there. You'll be choking down nigger dicks before you know it.

Joel: I can't fucking wait for that one bro, me gobbling down on some radiator hoses and giving up some brown eye to the niggers on sixth street. All because some bitch broke my heart.

Mike: Are you still thinking about that bitch, dude? Fuck her bro! You can find plenty of chicks who will treat you like shit, and fuck everyone in town behind your back. Hell, just check your cell phone, 10 to 1 you already know 20 to 30 bitches like that. Just tell them you're looking for a chick with no class, who is willing to treat you like a human trashcan, while you play the captain save a hoe role! Hell, if I was a chick, I'd date you just
because you act like a pride less fuck always after love and looking in the wrong sewers.

Joel: Thanks for the words of moral support cock-sucker!

Mike: Any time bro, don't mention it.

Joel: Looking into the crowd (out the window). Holy-shit is that guy in for a surprise!

Mike: What the fuck are you talking about dude?

Joel: This poor sucker walking down the street with one of the he-she hookers from “The Page Club," up on Leavenworth and Turk.

Mike: What do you care? What are jealous because the guy stole your girl?
Joel: Fuck you... Fucking Rhode-smoker. I am pretty sure the he-she is that girl you took out last Friday, and gave you head but no pussy. She didn't give you any pussy because she didn't have any pussy to give you, you fucking faggot, All HE had to offer you was a large Adams-apple, hair knuckles, and a cock twice as bitch as yours... You mushroom dick having bastard! You're just jealous that the tranny had a bigger cock then you is all! (Swigging beer again, satisfied he wins the joking exchange.).

Mike: Jenny O' never seemed to mind my dick.

Joel: Shut-up! You fucked her too?

Mike: No dude, ya psycho! I wouldn't do that shit to you man. Besides... I wouldn't fuck that dirty bitch with my worst enemies’ dick! How the fuck did you ever get hooked up with Jenny O' anyway? That's the last chick I would ever expect a guy like you to fall for.

Joel: What do you mean a guy like me?
Mike: You know... Normal. Or at least what the world thinks normal is.

Joel: What are you getting high in there again without me, you bastard? From the way you're talking, sounds like you must have got a hold of some killer shit. What is normal? (Said sarcastically.).

Fucking hippy!

Mike: You know what I mean dude, a fucking square. Well, as I said at least the appearance of a square. You know, the whole law school graduate, neighborhood watch, Mr. White-guy routine, you got going. On paper you look like an up-standing member of the community, but you can't fool me, live with you bro, I have witnessed the Grottiness Monster come out of you many a-time my friend. You're as fucked up as the rest of us.

Joel: Shit... Motherfucker I am twenty times crazier than half these crack=heads walking around like zombies talking to themselves. I just hide it better.
Mike: I know, right. I was actually about to say that, but you beat me to it.

Joel: It's funny you mention my psycho-ness, because I actually met Jenny O' in the middle of one of my episodes.

Mike: Wait... Wait... I have to hear this one. (Mike the roommate appears from out of the back holding two beers. Hands Joel a beer, and sits down on the couch in the living room in audience view.) You may begin good sir. (Said taking a swig.).

Joel: Any way, like I was saying I met Jenny O' about two years ago, when shit was really bad here on the block, down on 8th and Market, literally while I was trying to kill myself. The bitch weirdly saved my life.

Mike: What the fuck are you talking about trying to kill yourself on 8th and Market? What did you try to jump in front of a car or something?
Joel: Please Mike... Do you think your roommate would ever allow himself to be killed by something as quick, painless, or conventional as merely getting hit by a car? Fuck no that's be too easy. No, my barite idea was to commit suicide by racism!

Mike: Spitting his beer out laughing. What the fuck? What do you mean death by racism?

Joel: Well, you know how on 8th and Market there used to be all those brothers selling swag and shit like that?

Mike: Yeah....

Joel: Well, I got piss drunk, and in mid-day traffic walked up to about fifteen to twenty of them and yelled "Hey, how you niggers doing? Any of you coons feel like getting your nigger asses beat by a real Irishman today?"

Mike: (Laughing even harder.) So what happened? Did they beat you down?
Joel: No! Apparently I scared the living hell out of them, because they figured no white-man in his right mind who doesn't have a death wish is going to walk up on 15-20 brothers, street niggards at that, and start calling the whole lot of them niggers, coons and challenging all of them to fight at once unless he had a gun or was a cop trying to get them arrested or some other shit. They just didn't know what the fuck to make of me.

Mike: What the fuck dude, were you trying to get killed?

Joel: Weren't you listening dummy? Yes! I was exactly trying to get killed. I was hoping I'd get beat to death or shot. Go out savage warrior style.

Mike: What the fuck does Jenny O' have to do with anything you're talking about ya' psycho?

Joel: Well, after unsuccessfully meeting my demise at the hands of a mob of angry niggers, who thought I was some weird Neo-Nazi skin head. I got pissed off, and they kept telling me "Just get out of here crazy ass white boy. Don't
come down here with that mess." But I was determined to have my death, so I sat down on the concrete wall right there and started drinking my forty oz. Then all of a sudden, and I swear she appeared out of nowhere like some crazy ass angle... Or at least that's what I thought at the time, I looked to my left, and sitting next to me was Jenny O'. But this was Jenny O' from two years ago, Mike. I mean banging! She's still super-hot now, but you remember how she was. Long red curly hair, a few pounds heavier but in the right places, better skin, and sane. I was instantly just on her. Like holy-shit, who the fuck is this hot Braun? So I start talking to her, right. Mind you there's now 15 to 20 niggers that are Bella pissed off at me and talking mad shit right. But I was so drunk and wanting to die, and Jenny O' was G'day out or something. Anyway, for the next couple of minutes the world was not there. It was just me and her, and I'm talking about having an angry mob of brothers pissed and yelling at me and eventually her. But she was oblivious as hell too, right. Cause she is fucked up or something. But eventually she asks me to go to the library with her, and I agreed. Only we didn't make it to the library. Instead we went back to my pad, and spent the next week locked up in my pad drunk as shit, fucking like bunny rabbits, while I tried to convince her I am not a cop. At any rate, whatever fear I initially injected into those niggers was
slowly wearing off, and the brothas were going to see if I really was packing like they thought or not. I just might had got my death by racism, but instead I walked away with Jenny O'. We went back to my pad, and after a week of non-stop drinking, pills, and fucking, pretty much conceived me there are some things in life worth living for. Feel me?

Mike: Holy shit my friend. I knew my roommate was sick, but I never realized just how fucked up you truly are. Does your mother know her son is half a wack-job?

Joel: Go fuck yourself, cocksucker.

Mike: She saved my life. (Said in a high pitched mocking tone).

Joel: Your mother saved my life, you bastard! (Laughing at his own situation).

Mike: Any way... So what's on the agenda today?
Just then the buzzer rings

Joel: Looks like the usual.

Mike: Why who is that?

Joel: Don't know, check the security camera.

Mike: It's Boo, buzz him up.

Joel: For sure.

Joel goes and pushes a button to buzz someone in. A few seconds later a large black guy, dressed in sports gear and jean shorts, pushing a large 10 speed bike enters the apartment.

Joel: Booooooooooo!

Boo: Hello gentlemen, what's do you guys have cooking in the frat house today?
Mike: Well Joel's over there belly aching about Jenny O' again, and I was trying to get some girls over here to get his mind right.

Boo: Joel what did I tell you about her. I know her since she first came to SF, and as long as you continue to try to make a hoe into a house wife you're going to have days like yesterday.

Mike: What happened yesterday?

Boo: Joel didn't tell you?

Joel: Not yet.

Boo: This silly bitch tried to set captain save a hoe here up for an ass whooping that her want to be gangster friends were either unable or unwilling to deliver to my boy here.
Joel: Her so called gangster friends figured three suckers wasn't enough muscle to try to take on one real motherfucker.

Mike: Whooo whooo whooo, what the fuck happened?

Boo: Apparently, June's sister just won't let the debt she think Joel owes June go, so she got the bright idea to give Jenny O' some meth if she could somehow get Joel alone out around the corner so some niggas could jump him.

Joel: How did you hear about that shit, the only person who we hang out with who saw that shit was Wilson and I know you didn't hear about it from him?

Mike: What makes you say that?

Joel: Well, I doubt Wilson is going to be bragging about how he was going to let me get jumped by three motherfuckers, and was chilling with the motherfucker’s right after they tried to jump me.
Mike: How do you know?

Joel: Well, when these three doosh-bag, want to be gangster, tough guys Nikki recruited for this so called jack move tried to get tough, as tough as three slap-dicks can possibly seem who fail to jump one guy with three to one odds, Wilson was standing ten yards behind them in front of his front door! Then I saw Wilson talking to the tall white one, when I went back outside with that present you gave me the other night.

Mike: What the baton?

Joel: Yup.

Boo: What baton?

At which point Joel picks up off the table a police issue retractable metal baton, and snaps it open.

Joel: This baton.

Boo: Damn Mike where did you get that?
Mike: At the smoke shop, up the street.

Boo: You should be careful with that, carrying one of those is a felony.

Mike: Not this one. That's why I got it for his crazy-ass.

Boo: How's that possible?

Joel: Look at the length of it. It's not a true police issue baton, it's modified for civilian self-defense. It's street legal because it doesn't conceal as small as the police issue batons do when it is retracted. In other words it's not a concealed weapon, which is how the other true police issue batons are made illegal. So as long as you refer to it as a pointer, paint stirring tool, or anything except a billy club or self-defense device they can't arrest you. Hell, they can't even take it from you. It's better than carrying a knife, and as long as you swing for knee-caps you can't get charged with attempted murder. However, you know how it goes, if you are being attacked, especially by three dumb-ass motherfuckers who most likely been promised a
gang bang with Jenny O' for jumping one guy alone, then you can legally start cracking skulls open. Self-defense where you believe your life is at risk, so you may respond with deadly force to defend yourself. Granted, these peasants were the most pathetic crew of want to be muscle ever sent to get a guy, but a jury, the DA, and the cops don't know you never really viewed the three fags as a life threatening force, and had they been able to scrape together three real motherfuckers from their entire shitty little pool of dope peons, crack-heads, and other assorted losers it stands to reason that three men could kill another man if he was alone. That's if they were actually real men, and they didn't try to step to a demi-god like myself that is.

Mike: Wait a minute their Thor, what exactly fucking happened last night, and where was I?

Joel: You were at work, and how this motherfucker heard about what happened is as impressive as it is disturbing.

Mike: Boo, how did you find out anyway?
Boo: I can't give up that sort of information, it's classified, and above your pay-grade.

Joel: What's that some secret black-guy shit?

Boo: Exactly, and if I dispel the secrets, they'll cancel my subscription to the bi-weekly newsletter.

Mike: Really, I'm half Mexican.

Boo: Sorry Mike, unfortunately for you you get to be blue eyed devil be default, because your roommates with this racist bastard who keeps pissing the brothers off.

Joel: They only get mad, because one bad tempered white-boy keeps pulling their hood-passes and not letting them beat me.

Boo: True, but none the less, they'll still cancel my subscription and I can be having that. Besides, I only caught the highlights through hearsay. I'd kind of like to hear the details myself.
Joel: Well any way, I was out in front of the building here, talking on the phone to my friend Charisa.

Mike: Who is Charisa?

Joel: The girl I should be dating instead of telling yet another story about how Jenny O' tried to set me up, stole from me, fucked yet another set of dudes, embarrassed me, or made me look stupid. She's my buddy from back in the days. I grew up with her. I mean I knew her since I was eighteen years old, and I just found her on Facebook last night after hella long. I hadn't talked to her in about a year or so, and I haven't seen her since 2009. I and Charisa were hella tight.

Boo: How’s the pussy.

Joel: I wouldn't know. I never fucked her.

DOOR BELL RINGS
Mike: Who is it?

Joel: (Looking at security camera.) Looks like Elisa and Precious.

Boo: What are those two doing hanging out together?

Mike: Elise said she was coming over, but how those two ended up hanging out is one for the ages. Let them up.

Joel: (Pushing button) on it.

Shortly after two women appear in the apartment. One Latina and one with red hair of Irish decent. White girl has an apparent black eye.

Mike: How' did you two end up together?

Elise: We didn't come here together, we just ran into each other at your gate.

Boo: Got them coming in pairs.
Joel: You know how we do... (Noticing Precious eye) What the fuck happened to you?

Mike: Well, I told her once, and said if she doesn't finish our dishes she gets another.

Elise: (Shoves Mike who she had stood next to immediately entering the apartment.) You're hella wrong Mike. That shit ain't cool!

Precious: No, it's OK. I know how it looks.

Joel: So trick, pimp, or ex-boyfriend?

Precious: None of that shit. You know those fuckers couldn't pull some shit like this and live. Some black girls from the neighborhood jumped me. Twice.

Joel: Usual mad that you're prettier than them shit, or did you sleep with another one of their boyfriends?
Precious: None of that shit. These crazy bitches ran up on me saying I stole their pills.

Boo: Wait one episode of drama at a time. Ladies Joel was about to tell us about how Jenny O’ set him up last night.

Precious: You're still messing with that bitch?

Joel: No, Not really.

Elise: Not really?

Joel: You know what I mean... So any way, last night as I am coming home Jenny O' meets me out in front of the building. At first she wants in, but I told her to kick rocks and that for the millionth time we were through. Then she says "But some guy I was hanging out with just stole my phone." Being the nice guy I am, I ask her who and when. She replies "Just now." So I ask where he is. She tells me he's right up on the corner, and points at this goofy
looking white dude looking like a cracked out Larry Byrd or some shit. So I figure this is easy, and even though we were done that doesn't mean people should steal from her.

So I walk up the street with her to the guy who crossed the street, and was around the corner. I walk up, and I ask Jen who stole your phone, but she starts talking to the white guy and not angry like he just stole her phone. Then all of a sudden these brothers that were standing there say "Is that him?" I look over and here is Junes sister out of know where saying, "I told you we'd get you! Get him!" All of a sudden two of the group of brother’s steps off the curb with cracked out Larry Byrd. I instantly back up, and put up my fists. At the same time, I tell them I am not fighting three motherfuckers. I stepped back a bit more, but facing them all cause fuck that! The one dude in front acted like he was going to square up, but when he realized he had got ahead of the pack of three he backed back into the line. They started talking shit, and all I heard was "Bla bla bla we're coward ass motherfuckers who have to try to jump a motherfucker three on one.” I made them realize that I wasn't part of the slap-dick crew they're used to dealing with, and was cut from a different cloth. Long enough for me to walk off hella mad, and untouched. But
see what these shitbags didn't get was what they meant to scare me, only infuriated me.

So I run upstairs, lace up my boots, grab my baton, and head back out to at least give a little stick time to these bastards. But when I go back out, apparently whatever courage juice they were drinking prior had faded, because as I started walking up on them to knee cap a few of them, they ran like a bunch of Tenderloin bitches. You know the sort, billy bad-ass when there’s three of them, but one angry white boy with heart can own them all.

Precious: Joel, you are stupid! One day you’re going to meet a motherfucker who can beat you, and when you do I’m going to laugh!

Joel: Damn girl… What the fuck? You’re going to laugh? What the hell kind of shit is that to say to a guy?

Boo: Yeah, girl…. We all know Joel isn’t the most charming motherfucker around, but saying you plan to laugh if the man ever catches a beat down is just plain
ruthless. You OK, girl? Where’s your man? (Boo says to Precious.).

Precious: Sorry Joel. I’m just tired, and got recently jumped so I am being sensitive. You know I love you, right Joel?”

Joel: “Sure….”

Mike: Ahhh, what the hell is this bullshit. No one is ever going to beat him, he is the Drottsnessmonster. I’m sure the man has crapped out pieces of shit that are harder than some of these soft ass bitches. Besides, we’re all lovers not fighters. This is where drama goes to die.”

Joel: I heard that!

Mike: So, any ways who is this Charisa chick, and can we safely assume we’ll never have to see Jenny O’s lovely face around here again? I swear that chick is giving you high blood pressure dude.”
Boo: Has any man ever dated any woman who didn’t give him high blood pressure? Why do you think men die earlier, ½ do it to escape their wives bitching, and the other half die early because their wife’s bitching causes their early death due to stress.

Lisa: Like chicks don’t have it hard, having to deal with all the shit men put us through?

Joel, Mike, Boo (Simultaneously): Girl please/ Shit/ what the fuck!

Joel: You are hella tripping, chicks have it way easier. Only a chick ever gets shit just given to them, done for them, or handed to them simply for being pretty, and having a twat. Do you know how often women just buy me shit, if it’s not a holiday or a family member? That’d be a big zero. If a guy wants something he has to go out and earn it, but a woman can always get what she wants by just sleeping with the right guy. Free shit and you get laid?? Have a set of tits must be real nice.

Mike: But not as nice as it is to play with a set of tits though, wouldn’t you agree Joel?
Joel: Most definitely.

Lisa: That’s bullshit. That’s only for scandalous women. Only a hoe would degrade herself like that. No offenses to anyone in the room.

Precious: None taken. Shit I wish I could find a rich ass dude, date him a few times, and then steal his shit.

Boo: I believe you can, and the name of that particular con is called marriage.

Mike: Yup, I’ve been a victim of that con myself. I know Boo has as well. How about you Joel?”

Joel: Dodged that bullet one, as I was only engaged. The thing is, I wanted to catch that bullet real bad. She left me, but somehow got to take half my shit any way. I mean shit that was mine before we met, and this bitch just packed that shit up in a U-Haul van like she had owned it her whole life.
Precious: Why didn’t you stop the bitch? You saw her taking your shit!!

Joel: You know… I don’t know exactly. Somehow she convinced me I should feel sorry for her cheating on me, or some weird shit. I mean, honestly I didn’t realize the bitch actually took half my shit until about two weeks after she left.

Lisa: Why?

Joel: I don’t know. Just a weird pity fog of bullshit, Jedi mind trick shit!

Boo: EXACTLY!!! That’s exactly how they do it. A bitch will be sucking another man’s dick, in the back seat of your car, and if she’s slick enough somehow be able to convince you that her acting like a disloyal hoe is your fault.
Mike: The sad part is, these poor saps actually buy into that shit. What the fuck you think couples counseling is?

Joel: But if I had only just catered more to her emotional needs as a woman, then she wouldn’t have HAD to cheat, right Boo? (said in a sarcastic voice, after which all three men laugh out loud.)

Mike: Yeah her “emotional needs.” You know she needs a diamond ring, a fur coat, and for you to pay her bills… Or else she’s going to get emotional! (All three men laugh again.)

Elise: Wait hold on… You three got me fucked up! Do you mean to tell me you three view all women as money hungry, disloyal, sluts, who are only with men to get their hands on their cash, screw his friends, and run him into the ground? Cause I am no ratchet-ass hoe, like these Tenderloin hoes ya’ll be fucking with…. No offense Precious.

Precious: None taken.
Joel: Well that can’t be entirely true, because I hardly if ever have any cash any damned way, but these brauds still come around.

Mike: It’s the pad dude! They dig our pad!

Precious: Don’t listen to him Joel. The girls come around you, because you actually don’t judge them and they feel safe with you. Plus, you have a law degree. You’re not like the rest of these want to be pimps out here trying to break a bitch for the money she earned by having sex with some sweaty, smelly, nasty-ass dude, because she can’t find any other way to make rent!

Boo: Yeah Joel’s different all right. He actually falls in love with these hoes. It may be a new chick every other week, but God bless him… I think Joel really thinks he is in love with whatever braud happens to be Joel’s wife of the week that week.

Joel: Wait a minute… How the fuck did this become all about me all of a sudden?
Mike: It’s always all about you Joel. You’re the Vanilla Gorilla! It’s your world baby, and the rest of us are just living in it!

Joel: Well, somehow I don’t think Jenny O’ got that memo.

(The entire room starts laughing, and trying to give advice of “Forget that bitch!” “Are you serious?” “Dude let that bitch go.”)

Boo: Joel, I know you’re kidding right? That bitch tried to set you up last night, for a bag of dope! The only time you say that bitches name from now on, is if you’re trying to hire some chicks to whip her ass for you! That chick is bad news man.”

Mike: Seriously, Joel. Listen to the black Dr. Phil, Dr. Boo, on this one. The bitch literally tried to have three chumps jump you. I mean if a dude did that to you, this place would be in straight battle mode, and we’d have to tie you down to prevent you from killing the guy if a dude did that to you. So why the fuck are you going to take that
shit from a bitch? She put you in harms-way soldier! Don’t let that shit just go, and still fucking try to date that bitch still. There is no excuse for trying to get you possibly killed!

Joel: Killed???? Please!!! Those three slap-dicks. They’re lucky they split, when I came back with my act-right baton!

Boo: You know that, and Jenny might have even known that. But sure as shit, those guys thought they were going to mop you up, when they hatched the plan… And don’t get it twisted they planned that shit out!”

Joel: Fuck that! Those pussies didn’t even bust a grape, and they had me three on one! And with no weapon or friends on the street with me… Shit. They didn’t want none.

Mike: That’s not the point! We’re saying what if Nikki or Jen got some real motherfuckers instead? Then what?
Joel: Who are they going to get? Any one real, knows me or of me, and most likely likes me way more than those stupid cunts!

Precious: The point is Joel, is you deserve a woman that will fight for you or at least with you! Not some skank that tries to get you jumped, and fight against you in the streets. I swear… Wait till I see that bitch! I am going to fuck her up!!!

Elise: For real! That bitch is out of pocket!

Bell rings, cutting Elise off.

Mike: Who is it?

Joel: Check the camera.

Boo: It’s Kadeem’s midnight dark African ass.

Mike: Should we let him up?
Joel: Fuck it. Let him up. Hey Boo, why don’t you get along with Kadeem man?

Boo: Don’t get me wrong, we get along. However, sometimes that NIGGA acts or thinks he is better than us American black folk… Talking about my family were never slaves and speaking three languages, but we’re cool.

Joel: Good. Then buzz him up.

Boo: Already on it. (From near the doorbell buzzer).

A few seconds later a well dressed in Abercrombie black man enters the room.

Joel: Kadeeeeeem…

Kadeem: Mr. Joel, the Street Commander. (African accent).
Joel: What are you talking about?

Kadeem: Well, I was smoking in the Fairfax with Mike Martinez and that crew, and they started talking about how you tried to rob him for his cell phone and came at them with a baton. They were talking about what they were going to do about it, and how they plan to kill you. So I sat there and listened to their plot. I didn’t say shit. I just listened to them run their mouths, and when the pipe was empty. I stood up, I put on my bag, and said to them “Gentlemen you are a stupid bunch as you speak about violent affairs in mixed company, Joel is my good friend, and you cowards have no idea what you’re going up against if you try to get Joel. He has more friends than almost anyone I know, and even if you get through his friends, you still have to deal with Joel himself and me as well!” Then I walked out, but not before I grabbed their pipe and said “This is for the insult of speaking about my friend in front of me!” Then I walked out.

The entire apartment laughs.
Joel: So that’s how they’re spinning it ey? And a death threat. Mike, what number is that this month?

Mike: I believe that’s number three.

Kadeem: Well, when I heard WE were going to war, I didn’t want Boo saying that my “Midnight Dark Black African Ass was nowhere to be found, or on the wrong side.”

The apartment laughs again.

Joel: We’re not going to war dude.

Kadeem: That much is obvious. I thought I’d come in here and see the usual goon-squad, getting ready to go demolish the entire Tenderloin.

Mike: Yeah… But it wasn’t that crew. They were just pawns in Jenny O’s game.
Kadeem: What?? You’re still talking to that bitch? She was just there in the hotel room with Mike and his crew. Joel, you need to let that slut go…. So the plot thickens? Well, I am not getting caught up in some lover’s quarrel!

Joel: Oh hell no. So the bitch really did set me up?

Boo: Of course she did. I didn’t even realize that was even still up for debate. No Joel, your precious Jenny O’ set you up, and is getting gang-banged by Mike and them other niggas as we speak. You need to accept that as your reality my friend.

Mike: Fuck the dumb shit, Joel we got Mike M and his crew out there running their mouths and plotting on us. What’s the plan?

Joel: Well, Boo, in your estimation how big of a threat is this? I mean I squared off with three of these pussies last night, and walked without even a punch being thrown. In my mind, these are just the toughest suckers these bitches could scrape up who would work for pussy, and felt they had no loyalty to me. In my mind, there is no threat, but if
Mike will feel better about it we can go over to that hotel room right now and put the fear of God in them. What’s your take?

Kadeem: Why do you ask this black asshole? I tell you Joel, they are scared shitless of me, let alone who they think you are. This is a non-issue for all of us!

Boo: I’d have to agree with my African brotha’ here. I mean if three of them can’t jump one guy, even if it’s you, then you ain’t got shit to worry about. They’ll talk big in front of Jenny O’ so they can fuck her, but when they get tired of her and her pussy, they’ll get tired of the idea of getting beat up for a beat of that pussy.

Mike: Agreed.

Joel: Oh you feel better now that the two brothas in the room weighed in on the subject do you?

(Apartment laughs)

Well, that being the case, what’s on the docket for today people?
Mike: What’s always on the docket? Bullshit, drama, drugs, scandalous hoes, and if we’re lucky earn a buck or two and maybe get laid by one of these skanks who recently got her shots so we don’t catch anything incurable.

Joel: Let’s get it started with some head?

Mike: Let’s get it started with some motherfucking head nigga!

Joel and Mike: Let’s get it started with some head. Let’s get it started with some motherfucking head nigga! (To the beat of Started from the Bottom; By Drake).

Elise: You guys are stupid.

Precious: For real… Who fucking sings songs like song dooshbag frat-boys after almost getting jumped and knowing there’s someone out there plotting to kill you two? You guys need to grow up?
Joel: Well Precious if I die today, then I guess I better get my day started with some head… (Returns to singing.)

Boo: See Precious, if Joel or Mike or I or even this midnight dark ass nigga Kadeem stopped to actually think about what was stacked up against us on any given day, and didn’t tell jokes to cope, then any of us could end up losing our minds or getting super paranoid. Besides… Do you know any man that doesn’t want to start their day off by getting some head??? Shit….

Mike: That’s right Boo; you tell her “Let’s get it started with some head!” (Singing)

Boo: No thank you Mike, I’ll leave the goofy behavior to the whiter amongst us. You guys seem to be acting goofy enough for all of us here.

Mike: Smiles and gives Boo five. Still singing the song.

End Scene.