

Bust a Cap

By

Will Hightower

24-Hour Theatre Project

Will Hightower (c) 2015

Will Hightower
602-363-8384
WillBHightower@Gmail.com

ACT I

Tyler is alone on stage alone,
using his foam finger as a mic,
beat boxing, getting hyped up.

TYLER

Unnnhh, Yeah, T-Money in the house. Yo, yo, yo! This beat is like your panties cuz they about to drop! Rollin' up in the Royce, rollin' blunts with my boys. All these bitches are just itchin' for a deep and doggie dickin'. Killin' snitches, popping po-po, getting money buying da hoes.

Bea enters, unnoticed.

TYLER

Selling rock in the streets, given cock in the sheets,
killing cops on the beat. Cuz I'm a cop killa! Cop, Cop
Killa! Cop Killa! Cop, Cop--

BEA

I'm home.

TYLER

Oh, welcome home Bea! I was just--

BEA

I know what you were doing. I thought we agreed that you weren't going to perform that at the policeman's ball.

TYLER

But I've been working so hard on it! I even bought a rhyming dictionary, rapper's edition!

BEA

Tyler, you can't sing a song--

TYLER

Rap. I'm rapping. Hip hop?

BEA

You can't perform a song about killing cops at the policeman's ball!

TYLER

I could get discovered! A-Listed!

BEA

More like blacklisted.

Bea pulls out her gun, an orange
squirt gun, and sets it on the
table.

TYLER

What happened to your gun? Budget cuts in the department?

BEA

No, this is all they give us now since Ferguson.

TYLER

Ah, I see. To Squirt and Protect! If it's cold enough, you can squirt them then yell, Freeze! You'd be one bad mother soaker! Get it? Soaker instead of--

BEA

Don't do this. You'll embarrass yourself again. Like when you tried to write that patriotic anthem!

TYLER

Hey, that was a YouTube hit!

Tyler sings the song to the tune of
"Proud to Be an American"

TYLER

I'm proud to be a republican,
Cause we hate minorities!
Let's over-tax, the little guys,
While they blow us on their knees!
And I'd gladly stand up, next to you and persecute the gays.
Cause there ain't no doubt I love my cash, Bush bless the
USA!

BEA

Tyler. You're a republican.

TYLER

Yeah, I know. It's a pro-republican song.

BEA

I can't take another embarrassment. If the guys hear about this at the force--

SAMMY

Did you say FORCE?

Sammy enters in her Darth Vader mask, singing the imperial march. She does a dance around the stage, using the stick as a light saber and dancing baton. She is very serious. Her parents watch.

TYLER

Mommy and Daddy are talking Sammy, go practice in the other room.

SAMMY

But I want you to see! It's for the ball!

TYLER

I know. You can show us later, okay honey?

SAMMY

But--

BEA

Go!

SAMMY

...Okay

Sammy exits while singing and dancing.

BEA

Just what I need. Another embarrassment.

TYLER

Hey! That's our daughter! She's my embarrassment too!

BEA

This is why you can't go. I need something in my life I can be proud of. I need you not to do this.

TYLER

You can be proud of your job. You're great at it! You always meet your quotas every month! You see people breaking laws where others wouldn't. Like when that woman was waiting for the bus and you wrote her a ticket for loitering. Or when that man spilled a little of his soda on the sidewalk and you wrote him a ticket for littering. Or when that woman tossed a cigarette butt outside the post office and you arrested her for attempted arson of a government building!

BEA

I guess you're right. It would take a lot to bring me down. Maybe you can do your slam poetry, just this once.

TYLER

I'm a rapper. Not a slam poet.

BEA

What's the difference?

TYLER

Watch.

TYLER

(Like a serious spoken word poet)

I'm doin' a hundred on the highway. So if you do the speed limit, get the fuck outta my way. I'm DUI, hardly ever caught sober, And you're about to get ran the fuck over. Move bitch, get out the way. Get out the way bitch, get out the way.

Thank you.

He snaps his fingers in poetry
applause.

BEA

Elegant.

TYLER

Okay, now listen to my sick beat.

BEA

Oh no.

Tyler starts beat boxing. He gestures to Bea for her to beat box for him. Reluctantly, she does.

TYLER

Kicking back at the club, getting bottles with a chub. Homie got a big dick, but I tell ya mine's bigger. And I always pull the trigger when I'm hanging with my Ni--

BEA

TYLER MONTGOMERY!

TYLER

Sorry, sorry. But could you call me T-Money?

BEA

Absolutely not. Great. I'm going to be laughed off the force.

SAMMY

Did you say FORCE?

Sammy enters and begins singing and dancing again.

TYLER

Not now, honey.

BEA

Not now, Sammy.

Tyler grabs the stick and tosses it off-stage.

Fetch! TYLER

Hey! SAMMY

Sammy exits in pursuit of the stick.

You know. Sometimes. I think I hate her. TYLER

Oh my God, Tyler! Me too! BEA

It feels so good to say it out loud. I hate her! TYLER

Yeah! I hate my daughter! BEA

I hate her stupid face! She looks like a very tired version of your mother! TYLER

I hate the way she's always asking questions! Are we there yet? Where is everyone? Why are you leaving me alone in this field? BEA

I hate that she doesn't think farts are funny! TYLER

They are so funny! BEA

The funniest! Like Jay Leno funny! TYLER

Totally! BEA

Remember that Christmas she was born? TYLER

Yeah? BEA

Worst day of my life! TYLER

BEA

You know what I wanted for Christmas that year?

TYLER

What?

BEA

A abortion!

TYLER

She's probably not even mine.

BEA

Oh she's yours alright, look at her. You have so much in common. No looks, no talent, no job, and you both read at a third grade level.

TYLER

Hey, I read! I read Twilight!

BEA

I rest my case.

TYLER

Look, just because she ruined our lives doesn't mean she has to ruin our relationship.

BEA

Then don't ruin my reputation at the for--

They look around for Sammy.

BEA

...The police station.

TYLER

I have to. I have to prove to everyone that I'm hard, a straight up G. That I can bus' a cap, yo.

BEA

No, you don't. Why don't you prove to everyone that you're baller accountant or something?

TYLER

An accountant?

BEA

Yeah! Count that money, get them honeys, you so fuckable with the deductibles.

TYLER

Yeah, straight up G! 1099-G!

BEA

Now can you stop this rapping business?

TYLER

I have to at least try to follow my dreams! I need to do what feels right and pursue my passion! I may not be a good father, or a good husband, or a good lover, but I'm going to be a damn good rapper! You can't squash my love for hip-hop and you should never stomp on the child-like joy that comes from performing! You can't force me!

SAMMY

Did you say FORCE?

Sammy enters to dance/sing.

BOTH

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Sammy slinks away.

TYLER

Jesus.

BEA

What a cunt.

TYLER

I love you.

BEA

I love you too.

Alright, I'll make you a deal. Prove to me you can be a gangster. I'm on the street everyday, risking my life out there, to keep people safe from your rapping role models. I know what it means to be a G. So prove it to me. Take my gun. If you can bust a cap convincingly, one cap, You can perform at the ball. How about it?

TYLER

What?

BEA

Take my gun. Show me how you would use it.

TYLER

I've never held a gun before.

BEA

It's a squirt gun!

TYLER
That's still a gun!

BEA
Come on Cop Killa, bust a cap. Bust it.

TYLER
I...I...

BEA
Sammy! Come in here and watch Daddy bust a cap in my ass.

Sammy enters with the mask on but
face revealed.

TYLER
You should go into the other room, honey.

BEA
No. Stay. She needs to see her father be a man for once.
Come on, take it. Light me up. Mow me down. Bust a cap.

TYLER
I can't.

BEA
TAKE IT!!

TYLER
I CAN'T!!!

Tyler breaks down crying.

TYLER
You're right! I'm not a gansta, I'm not a G, I can't even
hold a toy gun!

He cries. Bea walks over to comfort
him.

BEA
It's okay, we still love you, honey. Sammy, come give daddy
a hug.

Sammy looks at the two of them then
grabs the gun.

SAMMY
Pussy.

Sammy squirts Tyler in the face
then dances/sings off stage. Black
out. End of play.