

Sides from *Chicken & Biscuits* by Douglas Lyons

LA'TRICE

And a father. (beat) I mean like, I have a father, but he ain't raising me. Ma and him don't vibe, so he's just a check. But a check ain't a father. Like, keep your check, I want your time. Sometimes I wonder, like, who would I be if he was here. But he ain't. (beat) Sorry, my bad. How did I get there-

KENNY

For the record, I *have* dated Black men, just not long enough for you to meet one. (beat)

Growing up in our house everybody clung to their bibles, but *I* clung to the closet. I was terrified of the truth. Like, how do you find yourself while trying to hide yourself? And from my closet door all I could hear was "It's a sin!" "*You're* a sin." Every Sunday morning it rang out like a hymn. So, when the church let me down, the closet kept me alive.

Logan was the first man to knock on my closet door and hug me instead of shame me. It wasn't his skin, it was his love. Yea, he's super white and weird, but he makes your brother real happy. For the first time in my life I don't feel like a sin. My love for him is not a sin. So, *please* find a way to be happy for me. Just, this, once.

LOGAN

Yea, you were *right* Mom, I should've sent the bunt cake.

*(listening beat)* Of course I'm the only white person here, and half the church stares at me like I took a *shit* on the cross. *(listen beat)*.

THIS IS CALM!

*Logan takes another hit. He doesn't realize that La' Trice has emerged and is watching him from the top of the stairs.*

Mom, this was supposed to be the day. I was going to ask his father if I could propose, but from the moment we got off the train, I just lost my cool. She shipoopeed off-stage! Like, bye girl. Have a good trip, I'll miss you.

*Logan takes another hit.*

I wanted to be his crutch today, but instead we've been bickering. It's his mother. She's like a wedge between us. *(beat)* She'll never accept me. No matter what I do. No matter how much I love him.