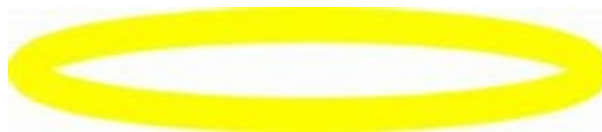


The



*Saintly*

Beggar

By

Gregory Marlow

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Acting Drama Editor EZRA HEIGHBORS writes...Normally, this will be the spot where you (the reader) may listen to me (bodacious, brass, caucasian homosexual on internet) blab on (sometimes nonsensically) about why I liked this certain piece. Instead, for The Saintly Beggar by Gregory Marlow, I am leaving space for myself and you (the reader) to merely listen to the story of some beautiful, Black, Trans Lives of Past, Present, and Future. An ambitiously successful triad of stories that is beautifully painted in a singularity of its own...(Spacing playwright's own.)*

*Five stars*

# The Saintly Beggar

A Short Play

By

Gregory Marlow

## CHARACTERS

Son- 30-40s, Black He/Him

Mom- 50-60s, Black She/Her

Performer- 30s, open ethnicity/gender

Jay- 20-30s, open ethnicity/gender

Marsha P Johnson - 40s, Black, open gender.

Randy- 40s, White, He/Him

Mafia/Cop One -30s-50s, White, He/Him

Mafia/Cop Two -30s-50s, White, He/Him

Mom's Friend- 50-60s, Black. She/Her

## TIME/PLACE

NYC's Greenwich Village, a kitchen in Chicago. Summer. 1969-2024.

## PROLOGUE

(Yesterday. A kitchen in the homes of Moms with gay sons.)

SON

I'm your son first. Then black. Then gay.

MOM

Your lifestyle is an abomination.

JAY

You don't know anything about me do you?

JAY'S MOM

I know what the bible says about homosexuals.

JAY

You're the first one to demand equal rights, but then you turn around and oppress another marginalized community. A black community??

MOMS

In life, we all have to make choices- decisions-

SON

I hear that-

MOMS

We love you but you have to go on away from here with that lifestyle. That's my decision. No texts, emails, nothing.

#### SCENE ONE

(NYC. June 28, 2024. 1:20 am. Hot and sticky. Christopher Park Entrance. A banner reads: "NY PRIDE 55". Performer, ageless, activist and artist, at podium.)

PERFORMER

The straights are tired of hearing us talk about homelessness, murder, suicide, violence, transgender laws, legislation, comedy specials, and equality. Well boo fucking hoo- we're tired of having the same conversations. What's so hard about equal rights for all?

(Cheers heard)

PERFORMER

Fifty five years ago, today, our gay brothers and sisters decided to fight back and the fight for equality rages on. Last year, there were no leading transgendered characters in a major motion film. Hey Hollywood- that's fucking disgusting!

(Boo/hiss heard)

PERFORMER

It is still our job to make queerness and trans-ness something people see in all of its fabulousness. Why- because Black Trans women are still being murdered at an alarmingly high rate-

**TODAY. Kitchen. Mom** boxing son items. A DVD falls.

PERFORMER

Life is full of challenges, many of which we feel we have to tolerate as LGBTQIA+ individuals. But tolerance is just bullshit that we create ourselves, and then we question ourselves- wondering why we are always the one tolerating things. As pride week begins, think about the things you don't have to tolerate as LGBTQIA+ individual in the world.

**TODAY. Christopher Street Park. Son** in park near statue flirting with **Jay**- 20-30s, non-binary, passionate performer. The sounds of a rally.

JAY

Where's my purse- ? Where's my purse- ? No- oh no-

SON

You okay?

JAY

No I'm not sir- my purse is gone! Everything's in there- help me sir-

SON

Can you track your cell- ?

JAY

It's in my purse! Money, id, G-string for the second show- dial my number. It's 646-555/1213- dial it.

SON

Its dialing-

(Jay's front pocket lights up)

JAY

Fuck- fuck-

SON

Your pocket is-

JAY

Oh- I'm sorry sir.

SON

Haha- it was in your pocket- whew! I thought you was trying to rob me-

JAY

What the-

SON

At least you got my number. Use it.

JAY

I'm Jay- my purse- (G-string/purse) slash outfit for my second show.

SON

What kind of show?

JAY

"The Men After Ten" revue- across the street at The Duplex- I can get you a discount.

SON

I'm not looking to buy fish tonight.

JAY

Muthafucka- I'm not selling!

SON

Whoa- joke-

JAY

You some kind of cop?

SON

No- just trying to get with you- and failing.

JAY

You live around here?

SON

Harlem.

JAY

You're a long way from home.

(A statue appears)

SON

Will you take a picture of me and her- (statue)?

JAY

Ugh, a tourist.

SON

New Yorker, by way of Chicago.

JAY

Say pride!

SON

Pride- another for the gram?

JAY

For the gram- (statue) "...Marsha P Johnson was a gay activist and humanitarian who lived her life at the intersection of racism and homophobia....long before the stonewall riots-"

SON

I think it was an uprising.

JAY

Handsome and smart- I came running to this very park- to pray to Saint Marsha when I was kicked out of the only home I ever knew for being me. That was six months ago.

SON

I came last week- I'm sleeping on friend's couch-

JAY

Floor- she said I can stay as long as it takes to get back on my feet. Living my own dream-

SON

Living the dream, Marsh P Johnson style-

JAY

Poor?

SON

Black and gay.

JAY

I love her necklace.

(Protest sounds)

SON

Come on- it's quieter over here-

JAY

What did you say your name was?

PERFORMER

(Heard) And so, tomorrow, as you go to work, school, or the bars take your full authentic selves with you! Hell, we stand on the shoulders of Sylvia Rivera and Marsha P Johnson!

**(TODAY.** Mom plays **DVD: NYC, 1992**, Randy setting up equipment in an empty apartment above the Stonewall Inn.)

MOM

"NYC. Summer of 1992. A conversation with Marsha." Who is Marsha? Do I even have a DVD player?

RANDY

(Heard) Marsha?

MARSHA

(Heard) Get in the bag Sylvester this isn't our home-

RANDY

Marsha, are you almost ready?

(Marsha enters and slowly wraps herself in the chair to style her wig. Randy sets up equipment.)

MARSHA

Why are you wearing a suit? We're not on Wall Street you know. How long will this take?

RANDY

Test- test- about an hour.

MARSHA

I'll give you thirty minutes- some of us have plans.

RANDY

The piers? The Anvil?

MARSHA

Bitch- would you look at this view? How many inches is this TV Randy? Talk about gentrification.

RANDY

Let's talk about that- actually talk about what's going on today.

MARSHA

1992 so far? Well I saw that awful film, 'The Silence of the Lambs'. I told you about it right?

RANDY

How did it win the Oscar for best picture?

MARSHA

I have no idea. Natalie Cole's 'Unforgettable' should win a Grammy.

RANDY

It's the best song of the year, hands down.

MARSHA

(Window) Oh who's he? Hello sir- I love your tie. I said I love your tie- you're a tourist aren't you? From where? Oh you are-

RANDY

Marsha- what does this area mean to you?

MARSHA

Before the riots this entire area was a welcoming mat for the beat-nicks like me and my crew. We weren't safe in a lot of places back then. The pigs- po-po- the police- they would arrest us for just about anything- wearing dresses- a little eye makeup-

RANDY

A little?

MARSHA

They were always bullshit charges, even today- (twitch)

RANDY

Are you ok?

MARSHA

My back- ugh- I need to stand a moment- that's better- (Protest sounds.)

RANDY

We can stop if you need a break.

MARSHA

We can keep going. Drag queens are still the black sheep of the 'gay community'. It's been twenty three years since the riots and except for the AIDS stuff, not much has changed.



RANDY

Talk about the riot.

MARSHA

Well- there was a full moon out that night-

RANDY

I don't remember-

MARSHA

The moon was fully out for the sudden loss of Miss Judy Garland. I was mourning her at a gathering way uptown so by the time I got back to the village, it was already a warzone-

RANDY

The queen bees were stinging mad-

MARSHA

So were the nellies, femmes, queens, gay boys, anyone who flaunt their gayness.

RANDY

GAY POWER! GAY POWER! Remember that?

MARSHA

They pushed us too far. (Twitch) Randy, be a dear and hand me my bag. It's by the door- I'm coming Sylvester-

RANDY

Is this yours- ouch! Fuck!

(Crash and cat screech. Randy stumbles on cord, remote falls and TV clicks on. **TV: 1969. NYC.** Entry way. Mafia guys pack a suitcase.)

MAFIA GUY TWO

What took you long?

MAFIA GUY ONE

We had to go back to the Motel.

TWO

Why?

ONE

For his um- machine.

TWO

His what?

ONE

He can't get it up- can't get hard without his machine.

TWO

A penis pump?

ONE

Yeah that's it.

TWO

Did you whack him?

ONE

No- the guy's in hell. He has to use that thing the rest of his life- imagine the hooker's face when she sees him using it- ick-

TWO

What the fuck are you talking about?

(Phone rings.)

TWO

It's Boss. He's going to want an answer.

ONE

Stall- you know how this works.

TWO

Hello- ? What riot- where? Christopher Park- We're on our way.

(1992. NYC. Marsha rummages through bag for sunflowers. Randy picks up fallen items and lowers the TV volume to record.)

MARSHA

(Sunflowers) They're beautiful aren't they?

RANDY

They are.

MARSHA

I'm going to make a necklace.

RANDY

Where'd you get them?

MARSHA

Mr. Jung gave them to me this morning.

RANDY

Mr. Jung?

MARSHA

He owns a shop in the flower district- I used to sleep there. He always leaves the wilted sunflowers for me. They're my favorite.

RANDY

Ok- I think- I'm ready to record-

MARSHA

What the hell have you been doing all this time?

RANDY

Setting up.

MARSHA

I'm fresh out of ideas- I thought you were recording.

RANDY

Tell me who Marsha P Johnson really is?

MARSHA

Oh Randy- you know exactly who I am.

RANDY

They don't.

MARSHA

Hello world, it's me again. Marsha P Johnson. The P stand for pay it no fucking mind. I was born in New Jersey a long time ago.

RANDY

When?

MARSHA

August twenty-fourth, nineteen- (garble-) it was during the Eisenhower years. Ick.

RANDY

What does that mean?

MARSHA

My father worked for General Motors and my mother was a housekeeper.

RANDY

Eisenhower?

MARSHA

That prick declared war on the homosexuals- he tried to get the rest of the world to join in with him. Can you imagine killing off all the homosexuals around the world? My parents loved him.

RANDY

How many brothers and sisters do you have?

MARSHA

Six.

RANDY

Did you grow up in a religious home?

MARSHA

Oh yeah- I'm married to Jesus Christ.

RANDY

Do you have a favorite religious moment?

MARSHA

The first time I put on a dress.

(Protest sounds, a rally)

RANDY

When did you come to NY?

MARSHA

Thirty years ago today. I had about fifteen dollars and a small bag of clothes. Free at last, free at last, thank God almighty!

RANDY

Weren't you scared?

MARSHA

No.

RANDY

Not even a little?

MARSHA

I didn't care how hard it would be- eighteen years was a long time. By the time I finally got to NYC, I didn't know if I should get a slice of pizza or check myself into Bellevue.

RANDY

How did you survive that?

MARSHA

I learned real fast how to dish out my joy- especially in the hard times.

RANDY

It's always better to give than receive.

MARSHA

I have my mama to thank for that- even though I said all of that stuff before. Thank you mama.

RANDY

How did you make money?

MARSHA

Sex work, hustling- all the queens did it- that's how I met- well that's another story-

RANDY

Did you make a lot of money?

MARSHA

Oh honey yes! Of course I did! I would easily make \$125 an hour at the hotel on 42<sup>nd</sup> street-

RANDY

What about the- rough guys?

MARSHA

It's a dangerous, dangerous life- I would always tell the girls to get out if they can- and when you're like me- you have to be extra careful. I would always tell the Johns- I'm a boy - but they never believed me- until we would get back to the hotel and I'd undress.

RANDY

Do you want to talk about the assault- ?

MARSHA

Oh that! That- I was shot in my back- inches away from my spine- some fragment is still in there- here- ouch- I'm a tough old broad- a taxi cab driver shot me- (to camera) I was running, trying to get away from him- I thought he was going to kill me- but yes honey, I was good at sex work- I was really good at it- I was really good at it- I was really good at it-

**(TODAY. Mom and Friend** (50-60s, faithful, realistic) pause skipping DVD.)

MOM

What you think?

FRIEND

Marsha, Marsha, Marsha- well she's um-

MOM

He-

FRIEND

My older sister's boy is the same. He's smart and funny but he says- he says that he feels oppressed in his body- a boy's body and decided- it's called gender reassignment surgery- we all support him- except for my sister-

MOM

I don't understand it.

FRIEND

I don't either.

MOM

You just wake up one morning and decide to be a girl??

FRIEND

Oppression is real- it shows up in the way you talk, the way you move- I guess he needed to break out of that-

MOM

This the best way to do it?

FRIEND

He said he felt trapped-

MOM

What God gave you is enough- you shouldn't have to change it.

FRIEND

You think Big Mama was in touch with her sexuality?

MOM

Big Mama?

FRIEND

Don't tell me you don't remember who Big Mama is?

MOM

See you don't lost your mind-

FRIEND

Think about it- Big mama unpacking all of her shit- all of the mistrust- the doubts- the generational stuff- regrets and stories- the fallacies about herself and her beliefs- her God and bible-

MOM

My own son- he's the spitting image of his daddy- you should see him in uniform- so handsome- smart- and I don't understand him.

**(TODAY. NYC Christopher Park. Son and Jay, close enough to kiss and explore. Faintly hear a bullhorn/crowd.)**

SON

No one should struggle with their sexuality.

JAY

Sex gives me life!

SON

Sex is an act of procreation and-

JAY

Sex is good enough to enhance my life-

SON

So underrated- do you identify with your blackness or sexual orientation?

JAY

It changes depending on the situation.

SON

Either way you're forced to deny a part of yourself. I'm not accepted-

JAY

We're not accepted in the Black community for (being gay) and we're not accepted in the gay community (for being Black.)

SON

You know what's really sad?

JAY

That Tammy Faye Baker movie?

SON

That and the fact that we're oppressed by our own people.

JAY

Homophobia is encouraged in the black community.

SON

In the name of saving their precious black masculinity?

JAY

Hold up- since when do we care about what the straights say?

SON

Judging an entire group of people based on something they cannot control confuses the hell out of me.

JAY

They need to unpack their shit first and then maybe we can talk-as if!

SON

Would you like to get some fries or take a walk later?

**(TODAY. Kitchen. Mom and Friend.)**

FRIEND

Do you want to understand your son?

MOM

I don't know if I can.

FRIEND

He's your son.

MOM

My bible say it's wrong- his lifestyle is an abomination.

FRIEND

My bible says all debt should be forgiven after seven years- so what does that tell you? (Mirror) Would you look at all these grey hairs?

MOM

You should see mine-

FRIEND

Don't you think the last decade just flew by?

MOM

We're going to be sixty-eight years old next month.

FRIEND

Everything just keep on changing.

MOM

Just press play.

MARSHA

(Heard) Are you ready Randy?

FRIEND

I'm trying-

RANDY

(Heard) am I ready for what?

MARSHA

(Heard) Oh Randy, don't be so fickle-

(DVD: 1992. Marsha takes off her microphone to pin on Randy.)

RANDY

What are you doing?

MARSHA

How does this recorder work?

RANDY

Press here to record- talk into here.

MARSHA

So, what's your name handsome? (Mic)

RANDY

Oh no-



MARSHA

Tell us your name Randy.

RANDY

My name's Randy.

MARSHA

Are you a homosexual?

RANDY

I am a proud homosexual who hates to be interviewed.

MARSHA

Everybody, this is my good friend and roommate Randy. He's a pre-Stonewall activist who doesn't like to give his opinion, well he likes to give his opinion but he won't admit it-

RANDY

I'm also a writer-

MARSHA

Yes- Randy has written for all the top newspapers in NY- wait a minute- why are you interviewing little ole me?

RANDY

The world needs to know you Marsha. (To camera) she came into my life years ago- I refuse to let her leave- that's the honest to God truth.

MARSHA

You little vixen- you're going to sell this tape and make a lot of money aren't you?

RANDY

No- no- I'm not Andy Warhol- I could never buy you out with a few t-shirts.

MARSHA

(To camera) Oh shit- he said it Andy, not me!

RANDY

Ouch! Fuck!

(Randy stumbles, remote fall and cat screeches. TV clicks on again. **TV: 1969. NYC. Mafia guys** in traffic on West Side Highway.)

TWO

What's with this traffic?!

ONE

Hey asshole I'm talking to you. We get back to the Motel room- and BAM! A gunshot blast through the front door. We both drop and roll under the bed- where the dick pump was-

TWO

Get to the point!

ONE

Someone kicks through the door and starts walking toward the bed. All of a sudden this little girl runs in-

TWO

His daughter- go on-

ONE

The mother comes charging through the door after her- she's screaming and hitting the guy- 'you bastard- how could you fucker?' Meanwhile, I'm under the bed trying to hold the target when the fucker kicks me and scrambles from under the bed. He got away-

TWO

He got away!

ONE

He left his pump!

(Protest ahead)

TWO

Would you look at all of those fags?

ONE

Why'd you stop?

TWO

We got to turn around.

ONE

Boss is expecting us-

TWO

I can't drive through a protest with stolen booze and cigarettes-

ONE

What- what?

TWO

What are you going to do about the target?

ONE

We'll go to the piers and get a replacement body-

TWO

We?

ONE

Don't you fucking bailout- I almost died under that bed trying to-

TWO

You should've whacked him when you had the chance- you went back for a dick pump- ! (Window/shout) Hey- lay off the horn asshole-

**(2024. NYC. Christopher Park. Performer** uses a bullhorn (MABA= make America the best again.)

PERFORMER

(Heard) Intersectionality doesn't exist in our community. Queer Blacks suffer from identity issues- struggling to find their place in- in- is that a MABA hat? Let's stay calm. It is ok everybody- let the police take care of this- the nuisance- (Bullhorn) Hi- Hello- hello MABA people- even though you spew hate you're guaranteed free speech-

COP

(Heard) Stop!

PERFORMER

(Heard) Hey, Mr. Officer?

COP

(Heard) Stop right there!

PERFORMER

(Heard) Mr. Officer, we need help here-

**(TODAY. NYC. Christopher Park. Son and Jay.** Cops chase a suspect nearby)

COP

I SAID STOP ASSHOLE!

SON

I smell bacon.

JAY

Bacon?

SON

Ugh- they change my whole mood.

JAY

How's my hair?

SON

They look like hippies.

JAY

Act normal but butch it up.

SON

Don't shame my femininity.

(Cops rush after a suspect)

JAY

I thought he was going to be like "get in the car drag queen."

SON

"Transvestite, put your hands behind your head."

JAY

Who the hell says 'transvestite'?

SON

Just say Trans if you don't know.

JAY

And please respect the pronouns-

SON

Gender inclusive language only-

(Cops body slam and beat a suspect with a baton- a crowd forms, sirens and bullhorn heard)

SON

What the hell officer??

JAY

Officer!! He's resisting-!!

SON

(Jay) Let's go now!!

JAY

Really officer?? REALLY??

PERFORMER

(Heard/bullhorn) Yes MABA FUCKERS! We see you shaking hands with the police. We can all see the Make America the Best Again hats and t-shirts- and flags!? Flags?? Are you shitting me??!

(**TODAY. Kitchen. Mom** gulps down water before making a call- she quickly hangs up. She rummages through son's boxed items. She plays DVD.)

(**DVD: 1992. Marsha** helps a struggling **Randy** with the window. Protest sounds louder.)

RANDY

Where are you running off to Marsha?

MARSHA

The riverfront.

RANDY

The Hudson?

MARSHA

No, The River Jordan- of course the Hudson. Come with me. Get in your cage Sylvester-

RANDY

It sounds like a warzone out there-

MARSHA

What else is new?

RANDY

I'll walk you to 7<sup>th</sup> Ave but I have to return the filming equipment.

MARSHA

(Window) Life is so funny you know. We used to have to hide, and knock on secret doors to get in places- but now-(to Performer below) that's right girl! Keep on knocking them doors down- here- use my heel-

**(2024. Pride Rally. Christopher Park. Performer** uses a bullhorn and gestures with her heel. MABA: 'You stole the election again', 'you're ruining our country'.)

PERFORMER

He lost the election! Again! He lost the election- we aren't the ones destroying society- your hatred toward us is doing a fine job. (Crowd) This is the reason we celebrate Pride! This is why we fight the good fight against the true enemies! Again! He lost the election! Again! He lost the election!!

**(TV: 1969, Mafia guys** count cash in entry way.)

MAFIA GUY TWO

Double check my count.

MAFIA GUY ONE

How much did the bar pull in last weekend?

TWO

Five thousand Friday, six on Saturday.

ONE

Forty eight, forty nine, fifty. It's all there.

(Phone rings.)

TWO

Yeah boss he's right here- it's for you-

ONE

Yeah boss? Yeah we got one. Where? Piers at midnight- yeah- we'll see you soon- yeah-

TWO

Well?

ONE

(Window) Fucking protestors.

TWO

What's the plan?

ONE

Meet him at the Hudson after midnight- we'll pick up a body on the way. You hungry- ?

(**1969, 1992, today, 2024** all converge at the intersection of 7<sup>th</sup> Ave South/Christopher Street. A moment.)

(**1992. Marsha's silhouette:** Marsha hugs Randy. She crosses 7<sup>th</sup> Ave, stopping to talk or drink with her people. She walks along a dark street to the piers. Headlights follow her.)

(1992. Randy watches **\*TV: 1969. Mafia Guys driving.**)

ONE

Drive faster!

TWO

Don't you fucking tell me how to drive!

ONE

Good- a red light- What are you doing- ?

TWO

What you should've done.

(**1992. West Side Highway. Marsha** dodges across. Headlights follow still. Footsteps close as she walks faster. Headlights brighter. The Piers.)

(**\*TV: 1969. Two** stops the car and grabs a crowbar from the trunk and runs after target. One drives off after him.)

ONE

What the fuck man?

(2024. **Pride Rally. Performer** is arrested. Cops surround the stage. Audience is in an uproar.)

PERFORMER

Hey- Hey you! Police! We're not talking about acceptance anymore! I don't have to tolerate this shit! No more! You hear me assholes! Let go of my microphone! It's call free speech! The new conversation is all about respect! You don't like my gay choices? I don't like yours fuckers! Let go of my hand-

EPILOUGE

(A memorial)

RANDY

Imagine being a black transgendered woman in 1960s, a time in which the daily fight for equality, inclusion, and safety was unheard of. Imagine being a minority within a minority group- having to turn to sex work for money because you're homeless. Now imagine holding on to cups of compassion with a genuine smile on your face- that's our girl Marsha, our very own gay rights legend. Our gay saint, Marsha P Johnson was a trailblazer who stood up for what's right and she changed the course of history by challenging the status quo.

( **IMAGES** )

That's her with the flowers around her neck- there she is again- spreading love and warmth. There she is- There she is again- there- there-

(Mom stops the DVD. She sits a moment. She grabs her cell and makes a call. Someone answers.)

THE END

**THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:** *I wanted to explore* two specific issues affecting the LGBTQIA+ community: equality and justice. I wanted to play with time- day and night, the past, present, and future in an effort to bring attention to issues still affecting the LGBTQIA+ community. I wanted to celebrate a NYC gay establishment and bring attention to the entire area surrounding the Stonewall Inn.

*I was inspired to write Saintly* after I was cast in an immersive show during the pandemic. *Voyeur, The Windows of Toulouse-Lautrec* was the only live NY theatrical show up and running in September, 2020. Due to the pandemic-friendly nature of the show, my dressing room was an apartment above the Stonewall Inn, overlooking the Christopher Street Park where Marsha's statue is. After working on the show for six month, I became super familiar with the history and the energies of the area- very magical, whimsical, dangerous even- the overbearing cops, the loud music, tourists galore, the homelessness, the gays, the gays, the gays!!

*I was inspired to submit Saintly* after President Biden signed the Respect for Marriage Act, codifying into law protections for same-sex and interracial couples in December of 2022. Now states must recognize same-sex marriages across state lines and that same-sex couples have the same federal benefits as any married couple. I think it's important to celebrate the small victories. Marsha P. Johnson would've love Biden's decision to support her gay rights!

**AUTHOR BIO:** Artist and writer Gregory Marlow is from Chicago, resides in Harlem. He is a staff writer, researcher, and content creator for You Matter Studios. In 2014, a curious Gregory began writing a series of plays in an effort to understand the grey areas in his life. Bayard Among Uswasa semi-finalist for NBTF's 2022 Sylvia Sprinkle-Hamlin Rolling World Premiere



Award and received a one-hour developmental session winter, 2022. His one-act play, *The Sainly Beggar* is a 2023 finalist for The Downtown Urban Arts Festival and a semi-finalist for the 2022 All Out Arts Series. His full-length play *PartiTime* received a virtual developmental reading with the Fresh Fruit Festival during the pandemic. Select NY acting: 2022 NQT Criminal Queerness Festival at Lincoln Center Theatre (David Kato/others), *VOYEUR*, *The Windows of Toulouse-Lautrec* (Alphonse), *FENCES* (Lyons, Bono), *HER TENNESSEE WALTZ* (Bellboy/Frederick Douglas), *SAWBONES* (Here ARTS), *ESCAPE* (American Theatre Company), Films: *Far From Heaven* (Reginald Carter) and *What Happened, Miss Simone* (Nina's father) Education: MFA, The Theatre School at DePaul University.