ARTHUR THE ANTIRACIST

V-LOG ENTRY #1

(ARTHUR's apartment is bare except for a table downstage right and a chair. ARTHUR speaks to the audience as if it is the camera.)

ARTHUR: Howdy-ho boys and girls! It's your buddy, Arthur. Arthur T. Antiracist. The date is December 11 and I am very excited to start this video log! It shall be called "Arthur's Video Log Against Hate." Yeah! Consider this my greetings to all you great people from around the world. For my Mexican speaking amigos, *(thick Spanish accent)* 'ello! For those of you that speak Asian, herro! And for my Jewish l'chaims, chello *(phlegm on the "ch")*! So, once again, my name is Arthur The Antiracist. I am 23 years old, unemployed, and human. In fact, we're all human here in America! Speaking of America, I started this v-log because of a very interesting incident. In America. I was at the local sandwich shop, Quizyes, the other day and...
SINGER: Arthur The Antiracist!

QUIZYES

(ARTHUR walks up to the counter of the Quizyes. TREY, wearing plastic gloves, enters and approaches ARTHUR from the opposite side of the counter. ARTHUR smiles largely.)

TREY: Welcome to Quizyes, what sandwich would you like today?
ARTHUR: Hello new African-American friend, my name is Arthur!
TREY: What sandwich would you-
ARTHUR: Arthur The Antiracist! It's very nice to meet you, sir.
TREY: Nice to meet you too. My name is Trey.
ARTHUR: I could have guessed that due to the excess melatonin in your skin.
TREY: Hey, what's that supposed to-
ARTHUR: I'll take a Spicy Italiana sandwiche please. *(Giggling)* Like Mario!
TREY: One Spicy Italian, coming right up...*(He prepares to make the sandwich)*
ARTHUR: *(Reaching out to stop TREY)* Whoa, whoa, whoa my friend. Let me get that, I don't believe in slavery.
TREY: Alright man, what have you got against black people?
ARTHUR: African-American people.
TREY: Aw, hell no!

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ARTHUR: The proper term is "African-American." I can't believe you could be so racist!
TREY: Me, racist? I'm the black one!

(MORTY enters from behind TREY)

ARTHUR: African-American one.
TREY: ARE YOU KIDDING ME??
MORTY: Trey, what is all this commotion about?
TREY: Morty, this cracka-jack comes in here all trying to drink MY kool-aid and-
MORTY: I don't wanna hear it! Customer! *(Shoving TREY aside, approaching ARTHUR)* Customer! I'm so, so, so, so, so, very, very, deeply, deeply, deeeeeply sorry.
ARTHUR: Oh, it happens at most of the Quizyes I go to. I forgive you, Trey!
MORTY: Trey, apologize to this nice man.
TREY: He called me racist because I called black
ARTHUR: African American
TREY: people black people! He's the racist one!
ARTHUR: Me! Racist? I voted for Obama, friend.
MORTY: You know the motto of our store Trey. "He who holds the cash is king."
ARTHUR: Oh, I read about this on the Internet, you must be an Israeli!
MORTY: Trey, apologize.
TREY: Y'all tryin' to keep a black man down. Morty, I hereby proclaim my emancipation from the previously esteemed institution known as Quizyes.
MORTY: What?
TREY: *(TREY walks to the side of the stage ARTHUR entered from)* Dang, learn some English, fool. *(He throws down the gloves)* I quit!
MORTY: Oh…how would you like a job, customer?
SINGER: Arthur The Antiracist!

V-LOG ENTRY #2

(ARTHUR walks back downstage to his apartment)

ARTHUR: Howdy-ho boys and girls! It's your friendo, Arthur The Antiracist. The date is December 12, and you know what that means? Comment day!! Just gonna...reach in this bag *(a bag is thrown to ARTHUR from off-stage)* for a random comment from one of you lovely listeners *(reaches into bag, gets a slip of paper)*...Okay! This one is from (Reading from slip) Politically Correct Pauly.

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