

**Killing Ourselves©**

By

Mariot Valcin Jr.

Concord, NC 28027  
[mvalcin@gmail.com](mailto:mvalcin@gmail.com)

## Cast & Crew

### **CAST**

Mariot

### **CREW**

Stage Manager

Sound/Music Producer (CPCC)

Light Technician (CPCC)

Make-Up Artist

Costume Coordinator

## SETTING

- Stage platform

## ACT I

### SCENE I

#### MARIOT

Black lives matter. But why does that only apply in certain situations?

Black lives matter is true. But in my own experience, Blacks' lives are what Blacks seems to be after!

The late and great Tupac Shakur, Rest in Peace, has a song entitled (singing) "To live and die in L.A. is the place to be" and in this song, he raps, "We might fight amongst each other, but I'll tell you this, we burn this bitch down get us pissed." "We might fight amongst each other, but I'll tell you this. We burn this bitch down, get us pissed. . . We might fight amongst each other" is the part that really stuck out to me. Black lives matter.

The Lost Boyz, the 90s hip-hop group out of Queens, New York, with such hits including (singing) "to The Jeeps, the Lex, Coup, Bimaz and the Benz, to all of my ladies and my mens, to all of my people in the pens, keep your head up."

In another song from The Lost Boyz, a song titled "Channel Zero," they rap the following: "The only time we get together is when the whites crush us." Again, "the only time we get together is when the whites crush us." Black Lives Matter.

So here's the irony: black lives matter seems to only come up when there is interracial crime, but what about intra-racial hostility?

The year was 1990 and I was 9 years old. I was with my family living in the first Black Republic. Mostly known to many as Haiti. A presidential election was happening in the country and as usual, the candidates were engaging with the public, trying to win endorsements. My father was targeted by one of those candidates with a special visitation to our house, and that event would eventually be the cause of some horrific events which I will share soon.

Back to this noble visitation. That day was something seen on television, on some news report or a film. You see, my pops was a pastor with a lil' clout in our Haitian town called Cap-Haitien. His church was one of the largest in our town. Pastor Mariot Valcin. I am a pastor's kid. And that's whole 'nother story altogether. We'll revisit that that another time. But back to that day. The Valcin's children, my sisters and I, were called on to be groomed and ready in our best attire. I was donned into a two-piece suit. It was one we got from one of my father's tailor connections. Probably from someone in his church.

Anyways, as my sisters and I waited on the inside, my father and mother waited outside for our guests to arrive. I looked outside of the house windows, and I saw a procession of cars making their way in our directions from afar. Minutes later, my father and mother led the eventual runner up to the election in through our front doors and dinner was served shortly.

The meal consisted of several popular Haitian dishes. Of course, there was griot, a staple the island is known for; friend pork chunks basically seasoned with epis, a Haitian blend of seasoning. We also had diri ak djon djon, black mushroom rice, poul ak nwa, chicken with cashews, and some pound cake for dessert. Well really, they had all of that and they ate it all up too. Me, I was satisfied eating imported Kellogg's Frosted Flakes in my special cereal bowl.

Now I have to sway away from the story to tell you why this cereal bowl was so special to me.

All sons look up to their father and try to emulate him in some part of their own lives. No matter how uncool, quirky, or unpopular fathers are with their ways, sons take on their fathers' weirdism in spite of. One of my father's oddities centered on his cereal bowl. He selected and deemed a specific bowl from a dinner set as his one and only reserved bowl in which he ate cereal from. No one was to use it but him. That cereal bowl was powerful, and I wanted to encompass this power, so I declared a certain dinnerware set as my very own cereal bowl. I was becoming my father's son. My cereal bowl was nothing like my father's prize possession. His bowl was made of tin, cylindrically shaped for its purpose. Mine was a mere cylindrical porcelain creation made for the same purpose, incomparable to my father's king-like goblet.

The times were special when the opportunity presented itself where I would eat from my cereal bowl alongside my father while he ate from his.

The visitation of that presidential candidate into our home was the catalyst to my separation from my cereal bowl. That visitation was supposed to be secretive, reserved for only those on a need-to-know basis. Nevertheless, our city, most likely the entire island, knew which presidential candidate my family was backing and that did not sit well with many. Life was never the same after that visit.

Tension flared in the island after the election and we were vilified by many. We left our home and lived in hotels and my parent's friends' home, fearing for our lives. We lived like fugitives on the run and we practiced discretion of our location, only allowing some to know our whereabouts, some who I assume we could trust with our lives.

My family was persecuted during this time, including death threats through letters, phone calls, and a close encounter where I witnessed my father's proximity with death. One particular night, my entire family including myself had brush with death. We sneakily returned to our home to pack some more of our belongings for wherever we were staying. The constant moving we had been doing for the last couple of days overwhelmed us and we decided to spend the night in our home.

I was awakened by my father's stern voice, "Leve. Nou bezwen kite kounye a." There was urgency in his voice as he spoke to my sisters and I. My father continued, "Ou tout konnen ki sa ou bezween fè." My entire family along with others who were staying with us dashed out the back entrance of our home and

into the backyard. We dashed and made a few turns after passing the outer homes and we headed towards the chicken coops. After clearing the chicken coops, we crossed a medium but manageable creek. We inclined a small hill which brought us on a road in another neighborhood where we ran left, bustling in search for safety and shelter. While we were forced to exit our very own home, Haitian rebels stormed our home. They ransacked the very places my family and I used to eat, sleep, weep, laugh, story tell during blackouts, spend holidays, live. Our home was being expropriated similar to Nazi's invasion on Jewish properties. They then torched our home, setting it ablaze. Meanwhile, our family gathered in a neighbor's home, which sat on a hill, watching the nightmarish spectacle from an elevated view. Through our neighbor's windows, we watched the yellow and reddish flames send clouds of smoke into the air. What once was our place of comfort and solace was being burnt to ashes. Needless to say, if my family was captured in the home during their insurrection, we would have also been incinerated. My family was not attacked or hunted by foreigners. In actuality, my family was nearly murdered by those who look similar to us, those who shared the same skin color as us, those we considered Haitian brothers and sisters."

I was not necessarily thinking about intra-racial hostility at the time when I was 9 years old. Honestly, while watching my family's home being scorched, these were my only thoughts: "Man, now I have to get a new cereal bowl."

Donnie Weathersby. Davon McNeal. Malcolm X. Though we easily recognize one name out of this group, these African Americans all share a commonality when it comes to their demise.

Kendrick Lamar in his song “The Blacker The Berry” raps:

“So don't matter how much I say I like to preach with the Panthers  
Or tell Georgia State "Marcus Garvey got all the answers"  
Or try to celebrate February like it's my B-Day  
Or eat watermelon, chicken, and Kool-Aid on weekdays  
Or jump high enough to get Michael Jordan endorsements  
Or watch BET cause urban support is important  
So why did I weep when Trayvon Martin was in the street?  
When gang banging make me kill a nigga blacker than me?  
Hypocrite!”

In the end, we really have to stop doing it to ourselves. Black Lives Matter.

(Monologue ends)