

SLAM POETRY

ADEPOJU

2/26/2025 - Version #1

CAST

CONNIE - she so fly, she so cool, she so poet

LIZ - really into this for like no reason

MEGAN - lowkey a party pooper

MATT - "Facts" is the only word in his vocabulary, but oh boy, does he use it

MATTIE - and she's also here being enthused cuz why not

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Smooth jazz underscores MEGAN and LIZ as they sit at a table. Two other attendees, MATT and MATTIE, sit nearby.

LIZ

You're gonna love it. She always just has a certain oomph to her. The words, the emotion— it's so raw, so real.

MEGAN

Well, I'm excited to hear it. I've always wanted to go to one of these slam poetry things.

The atmosphere is dripping with nonchalance as CONNIE swaggers her way up to the stage.

LIZ

Here she comes!

CONNIE

This is a modern-day anthem about loneliness and longing.

Various snaps and mmm's from audience members should break up CONNIE's lines as she says:

CONNIE

(with various pauses and elongated words sprinkled about)
You used to call me on my cell phone. Late night when you need my love.

MATT

Facts.

CONNIE

Call me on my cell phone. Late night when you
need my love. And I know when that—

MEGAN

Wait, aren't those the lyrics to—

CONNIE

Hotline bling. That can only mean one thing. I
know when that hotline bling.

LIZ

Isn't she amazing?

MEGAN

Liz, this is—

CONNIE

Ever since I left the city... YOU!

CONNIE points at MATTIE.

CONNIE (CON.T)

Got a reputation for yourself now.

MATTIE

(as if she just got hit with the truth)

Damn.

CONNIE

Everybody knows and I feel left out. Girl, you
got me down, you got me stressed out.

MATT

Facts.

MEGAN

Those are Drake lyrics? She's not even changing
the words.

CONNIE

I came in like a wrecking ball. I never hit so hard in love.

MEGAN

Wait, what?

CONNIE

All I wanted was to break your walls. All you ever did was wreck me. Yeah, YOU.

CONNIE aggressively points at LIZ.

LIZ

(deeply, spiritually moved)

Me?

CONNIE

You wre - eh - eh - eCKED... me.

Ferociously aggressive snaps and mmm's around the board, especially from LIZ—not especially from MEGAN, but instead, confusion.

LIZ

Chills.

MEGAN

She's doing Miley Cyrus's post-Disney breakdown??????

CONNIE

Old MacDonald had a farm. E-I-E-I (*loooong beat*) O

LIZ

Speak it!

CONNIE

And on that farm, he had a cow, E-I-E-I-O!

MATT

Facts.

MATTIE

I feel that in my soul.

CONNIE

With a moo-moo here. And a moo-moo there.
Here a moo.

She points at MEGAN.

LIZ

(repeating, in awe)

Here a moo.

CONNIE

There a moo.

She points at MATT.

LIZ

(louder, more passionate)

There a moo!

CONNIE

Everywhere a moo-moo!

She points all around. LIZ snaps and mmm's so much, like an annoying amount for a good few seconds, and then silence for MATT to drop his signature...

MATT

Facts.

MEGAN

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM????

While doing the Macarena dance, but in a thoughtful slam poet manner.

CONNIE

Dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena. Que tu
cuerpo es pa' darle alegría y cosa buena. Dale a
tu cuerpo alegría, Macarena.

MATTIE

The emotion she's showing through her body!

CONNIE

(extremely profound)

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She strikes a dramatic pose at the end, hands raised to the sky, soaking in the deep significance of the moment. The crowd erupts into an unexpected standing ovation.

LIZ

I feel reborn, like every part of me is awakening from a deep slumber. It's as though my soul is completely renewed, like I've been touched by the divine energy of the universe itself! Anew, truly.

MATTIE

That was transformative. I feel like I've just been elevated to another plane of existence. It's like I saw the light, the truth, the essence of the human experience—right here, right now! I'm spiritually awakened in ways I can't even explain!

MATT

Facts.

MEGAN

(screaming)

SHE. IS. JUST. SAYING. LYRICS!! This isn't art. It's nonsense!

LIZ

"This isn't art. It's nonsense." What a statement on society!

MEGAN

Okay, I'm gonna head out.

MEGAN begins to leave.

LIZ

Wait, what? You're gonna miss the next poet?

MEGAN

Are you serious? Is this the real life? Is this just
fantasy? Caught in a landslide, no escape from
reality?

LIZ

Wait ...that was kinda good. You should so do
slam poetry.

BLACKOUT.