

ENTER THROUGH THE ALLEYWAY

BY
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By

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Cast of Characters

- OZ: 15, overly confident, likes to think towards the future
- TEDDY: 15, lighthearted, the type to give a homeless person his extra dollar
- FOX: 17, a bully, controlling and manipulative, always needs to be ahead of others, aggressive exterior to mask his crippling insecurities
- MAGNUS: 17, a classic hypeman
- BANKSY: an older woman who knows what she wants, the type to talk politics at a family dinner

Scene 2

A new alleyway. This time a cement wall with a few spurts of graffiti art. A hooded figure, sitting upright in a wheelchair, is busy spray painting over a large stencil.

Teddy and Oz enter stage right, their tails tucked between their legs.

OZ

We got so fucked! We don't have anymore paint. Dude, I took that paint from my brother. He's gonna kick my ass! And I'm gonna be high for no fuckin reason now!

TEDDY

Well... You'll be happy to know... I snagged a can before we left.

Teddy pulls out a single spray paint can.

OZ

(Sarcastically)
Dope! One fucking can. Sick dude.

TEDDY

You're welcome. It's magenta.

Oz notices the hooded figure.

OZ

(Whispering)
Hold up... look.

TEDDY

Never mind it's just red... Oh shit we do have red!

OZ

Shut your mouth. Check that guy out.

TEDDY

Wheelchair dude?

OZ

(Sarcastic)
No, the other guy.

Oz squints at Teddy, disappointed by his question. Oz tip-toes towards the hooded figure, gesturing for Teddy to Follow.

Teddy and Oz creep closer and closer to the hooded figure who is busy painting. Inches before they reach the hooded figure, Teddy bumps into Oz and drops his can of paint.

The hooded figure quickly wheels away, pulling the stencil down to reveal a large detailed phallic symbol, bellow it's boldly labeled "DEMOCRACY".

OZ

Hey yo, guy! Wait up!

The hooded figure zips away stage left.

Teddy stands, mesmerized by the recently made graphic.

TEDDY

Yo...

Oz takes a long look at the graphic.

OZ

It's a DICK!

TEDDY

So much for our narrative.

Teddy points to a fire icon hiding in the corner of the wall.

OZ

Fox is gonna be so pissed.

Teddy observes the painting.

TEDDY

Hey... Doesn't it kinda look familiar?

OZ

The dick?

TEDDY

Yea. Well... The style, doesn't it kinda look familiar?

OZ

It looks uninspired, if you ask me! There's no self-expression. I feel *nothing* when looking at this dick.

TEDDY

I just... Feel like I know this guy for some reason.

OZ
Wheelchair dude?

TEDDY
(Sarcastically)
No, the other guy.

Teddy makes the same disappointed face Oz made to him.

TEDDY
Doesn't that look so familiar to you? The way the stencil is cut. The whole "democracy" bellow the balls.

OZ
Whatever, we have real issues on our hand.

TEDDY
Other than democracy?

OZ
Gimme the can!

Teddy passes Oz the spray paint can. Just before he defaces the phallic symbol, the hooded figure rushes in stage left, and whacks Oz in the back of the legs. Oz falls to the ground. The hooded figure wheels off stage right.

Teddy turns to Oz, confused.

TEDDY
Yo, what's wrong?

OZ
I don't know... What?

Oz stands up, looking around. He shakes the spray paint can and raises it to the phallic symbol. Again, the hooded figure comes zooming back in stage right, whacks him in the back of the legs and wheels away stage left. Oz falls to the ground.

OZ
Are you KIDDING?

TEDDY
Bro! That brownie kickin in already?

OZ
No!

Fox and Magnus enter stage right.

TEDDY
SHIT!

FOX
Y'all got to be jokin!

Magnus crosses his arms.

MAGNUS
(With no joy)
Ha. Ha. Ha!

OZ
It's not what it looks like.

FOX
It looks like *you two* ruined another Instagram post with one of your classless dicks! God damn!

FOX
I'm gonna post this anyway, cause it is kinda funny, but we're still gonna stomp your ass out.

OZ
There was this dude in a wheelchair and he was out here spraying and then he ran off.

TEDDY
He wheeled off.

FOX
(Condescending)
A dude in a wheelchair... Of course.

Fox gets in Oz's face.

FOX
Ya know who else is going to be in a wheelchair?

MAGNUS
You tell em!

FOX
You, if you don't get the fuck out of my studio.

MAGNUS
Shit.

OZ
Fox, for real? You can't just take every wall in the city? There's plenty of space here for the both of us.

FOX

Sorry buddy... I need a little more space than you to get out what's in my mind.

Magnus passes Fox a can of spray paint. He shakes it and sprays a small mark close to the phallic symbol.

TEDDY

Yo! I wouldn't.

The hooded figure comes zooming in stage left, knocking over Fox. The rest move out of the way as the hooded figure disappears off stage right.

TEDDY

Shit! That's the guy.

MAGNUS

The fuck?

FOX

What was that?

OZ

See! I told you.

FOX

Whoever that was, I ain't playin! Grab a can, Magnus!

Magnus and Fox grab cans of spray paint and mark up the wall. The hooded figure rolls in stage left, knocking Magnus and Fox down, then disappears stage right.

Oz looks down at Fox and Magnus, writhing around on the floor. Teddy grabs a can of spray paint, shakes it, and paints a smiley face over the phallic symbol.

The hooded figure rolls back in, knocking Teddy over.

Fox chases after the hooded figure, attempting to escape. He grabs the wheelchair. Oz turns the wheelchair towards them. Magnus lowers the figure's hood to reveal an older woman.

FOX

The fuck? An old lady.

OZ

Who are you?

They all let go of her. The older woman brushes herself off.

BANKSY

Banksy.

OZ

Banksy?

BANKSY

My name is Banksy.

TEDDY

Like the British dude who's all secret and political and shit?

BANKSY

(Sarcastic)
Quite a testimonial. Bravo.

FOX

But... You can't be *the* Banksy.

BANKSY

And why's that?

Banksy rolls closer to Fox. Fox backs up, intimidated by her.

FOX

Because... I don't know, you're...

BANKSY

I'm WHAT?

An answer is forced out of Fox's mouth.

FOX

Much older than I thought you would be.

OZ

Can you prove you're Banksy?

TEDDY

How could she prove herself?

BANKSY

The question is... *Why* do I need to prove myself to you little shits?

OZ

How about this... If you are really Banksy... Paint us something.

Oz grabs a can of spray paint from off the floor and hands it to Banksy. Banksy is hesitant, but snatches the can out of Oz's hand.

BANKSY

Okay, sure... Sure.

Banksy shakes the spray paint can. They all watch in awe as she paints a rat. She stares at her masterpiece for a moment and then paints a small phallus onto the rat.

MAGNUS

(In absolute amazement)
Shit! You really are Banksy.

Banksy turns around to face them, confidently.