

Lights dim on Karen and rise downstage. WARREN enters rapping the Eminem song 'Remember Me'.

WARREN

Remember me? ("Step in, execution")

Remember me? ("I have no remorse")

Remember me? ("I'm 'High Powered'")

Remember me? ("I drop bombs like Hiroshima")

Without no rehearsal, I leak words that's controversial

Loco-is-the-motion, we comin through

Hollow tips is the lead, the .45 threw

Lights rise on a picnic table. WARREN sits on the edge of it, peeling an apple with his pocket knife. He carves off a slice, pops it in his mouth and drives his knife into the old wood.

WARREN

I wasn't too keen on living in my parent's basement in Nowhere, Ass-achusetts, you know? At 18, a steady paycheck and free tuition sounded pretty good. So I signed up. (*puts one hand over his eyes and pretends to sign his name with the other hand*) And you know what I found? A whole bunch of guys who were exactly like me. None of us knew what the fuck else to do with our lives so we ended up in Fort Jackson, South Carolina. In July (*holds his shirt out at the bottom to emphasize the effect of being overheated*). Perfect training ground for a two year tour of sunny, beautiful Baghdad.

Pulls a small bottle in a brown paper bag out of his inside jacket pocket and takes a swig.

(*laughs*) It was so fuckin' hot in Iraq I think guys got into fights just because they were so uncomfortable and on edge all of the time. It was a buck ten easy on an average day and, let me tell ya, that kind of heat makes people do some nasty shit. Oh yeah, and then there was the boredom— not to be underestimated. You have no idea how much sitting around we did—hours, days at a time, cooking like chickens with our blood boiling. So you got heat, boredom, and fear-- sheer, undiluted fear that your number's gonna be up in some horrific kinda way any second now. Try living that way for two years and see what it does to your mental state.