



Bryan-Keyth Wilson

THE LITERARY PRINCE

Author | Playwright | Comic Book Creator | Director/
Choreographer

Contact Details:

www.creativeco-lab.org

literaryprince@gmail.com



www.facebook.com/bryankeyth.wilson

@literaryprince

ABOUT THE ARTIST

"I write because I have to"



Bryan-Keyth Wilson (*Author, Playwright/ Director/ Producer/ Choreographer*) Dubbed the Literary Prince by his colleagues, Bryan-Keyth Wilson is a trailblazer in theatre, screenwriting and directing. A native of La Marque, Texas, he studied Musical Theatre & Dance at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, Texas and Hunter College in NYC

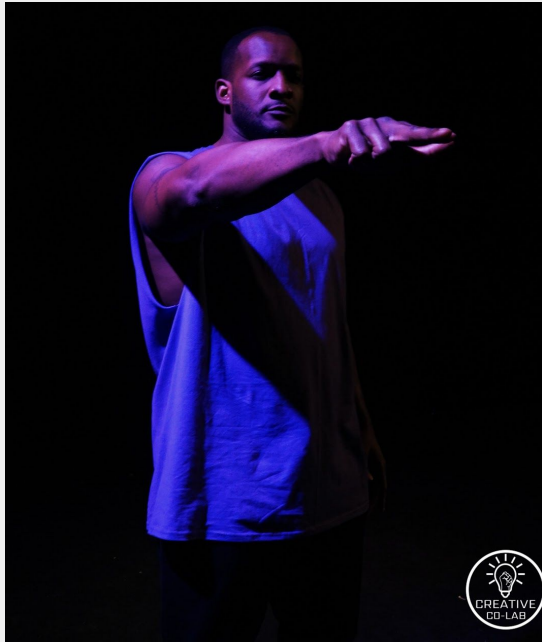
under the tutelage of Penelope Hasekoester, Dana Nicolay, Dr. Cindy Gratz and the late Jonathan Charles and Dr. James Miller. In the fall of his first year as a Musical Theatre Major at Sam Houston State University, Wilson released his first play, *No Ways Tired*, during Experimental Theatre Night and received rave reviews from his peers and instructors. The success of *No Ways Tired* reinforced Wilson's belief that God called him to be a writer. He has studied dance at The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre and The Martha Graham School of Dance while living in New York.

Bryan-Keyth has choreographed a number of shows such as *Mame*, *Once on This Island*, *Dreamgirls* and *Suessical* the musical, off-Broadway and in Regional Theatres across the United States. He has written, produced and directed two plays Off-Broadway, *Pamlet* and *The Subway Series Pt 1*.

Bryan-Keyth is a classically trained actor, singer, and dancer who has traveled abroad, perfecting his craft over the years. He has published two novels, *Hood Boy Chronicles* and *Track Changes & White Lies* under his pseudonym, Brendan Gotti, a choreopoem titled *FOR COLORED BOYZ on the verge of a nervous breakdown/ when freedom ain't enuff* and 8 plays. Wilson served as a Teaching Artist in the Houston and La Marque Independent School Districts. Currently, Wilson serves as a contributing editor for *Broadway World* and is the Founding Artistic Director of Artists In Motion Performing & Visual Arts Academy and The Creative Co-Lab, located in Houston, Texas. Not only a Theatre guru, Bryan-Keyth has developed and molded the careers of many young musical theatre and commercial music artists.

Excerpt from *FOR COLORED BOYZ*

Dancers enter and begin to dance. "I'll Miss You Most" by Gordon Chambers play.



man in purple

ive loved you 6 years 4 months and
5 and a half hours

and i want you to know that
you can take your damn stuff back

you see i gave begrudgingly
you took without reciprocation

i thought i found love on a
two-way street

but that shit was a dead end to
heartbreak

you got comfortable and cold with

your stuff

you got stingy with your stuff

and no matter how much you dogged me out

i still missed your stuff

i ain't gon lie

you had the best stuff a niggah tasted

sweet to the taste

like a cherry snow cone on a summer day

and that stuff was soft to the touch/ when I got in

made me feel like a snotty-nosed kid and again

i loved you and your stuff from hair follicle to toenail

but your stuff got in the way of how you loved me

the cancerous stuff you hold within your mind and heart
has caused me to question my manhood
am i capable of taking care of a woman
am i the man who professed vows in that church
it wasn't my stuff that was getting in the way
i try to get my intoxicated mind on track
but you can take your damn stuff back
nights i lay in bed listening to you scream and moan
in darkness i sit helpless with you and these screams
i try to hold you but you push me away
when you wake up you put on a mask
the performance begins
a masquerade of love and family/ for the kids
the look in your eyes has lost its spirit
the smile in your voice is dissonant
and your touch is empty
you come in this house every day like a tornado
looking for a fight and i realized the fight is within you
you are so fixated on holding on to this damn stuff
its ruining you and ruining us
our relationship/ that stuff is gone
i want to stand with you/
but you've gotta look in the mirror
i am done with the performance we put on
sunday/ church folk
walking in with your big hat and j renees
the picture of a perfect family

scattered thoughts and ambivalence

if you arent willing to deal with your stuff
i want you to pack that shit up in a box
and let me deal with my stuff alone
you are hoarding this stuff
letting it take up space in your mind
heart and entire being
the smell of your stuff fills the room
when you make an entrance it grabs me by the throat
suffocating the love outta me
pushing me away from you and this holy bond
i am at my breaking point and it is so rough
but enuff is enuff

Excerpt from *The Rose of Sharon*



Lights come up and Sharon is sitting on the couch drinking whiskey holding a pistol. She has been crying and the house has been torn to shreds. Jonathan enters.

JONATHAN

Hey honey! How was the doctor's appointment? What has happened? Are you alright?

SHARON

I played it over and over in my head. I even thought to myself this has to be a nightmare. How could I be so damn stupid and blind at the same time.

JONATHAN

Baby, what's...

SHARON

Don't baby me! And don't look confused either. Jonathan I gave you everything. From the moment I saw you and that first date we went on, I knew you were the one. I knew that you were my best friend, my husband. I knew you were going to be the man that I would spend the rest of my life with. I told the

doctor that he had the wrong person, maybe they pulled the wrong lab results, probably the name was on the wrong sample. That was only my mind trying to trick me into believing that this wasn't happening to me. I never knew that you would be the man to give me HIV.

JONATHAN

HIV! You must be...

SHARON

I must be what? Sleeping around? Going to the gay bars on Saturday nights and fucking anything that was hot? I must have what Jonathan? Must have been the backbone of this family and supported you on every occasion. I must have what, trusted your sorry ass? My routine was very simple and predictable. In the morning I brushed my teeth, took a shower and headed to the university, I took my lunch, went to voice lessons, and back home. One wednesday I went to bible study and Tuesday and Thursday I went to choir rehearsal. That has been my life in a nutshell. But when I began to look at all of your extracurricular activities that's when it clicked. You were living a double life. You were in the studio more than Beyonce! But that was you go to lie because you knew I would never get in the way of your art. You traveled for gigs, and recorded for long hours at night. Even slept at the studio remember that lie? I believed in you, in us! Was I not beautiful enough for you? What did I do to make you defile our bed with some street trash. My mama always said that if you lay down with trash it will get in your eye. I came home, I made love to you, I made sure that I held up to my end of

the bargain in this marriage. But you just couldn't be honest.

JONATHAN

Baby, let me explain. (he goes to grab her arm)

SHARON

Don't touch me! Your touch used to mean the world to me, now it makes me sick. Had me down at that damn church looking like a plum fool. Everybody knows Jonathan. I was just the dumb one who looked beyond your faults. Women of the church gossiping about you, and those other musicians from other churches. I just chalked it up to the game because I know how bitter jealous women can be, but I never gave it two thoughts. Nanny always thought you were a little different, but she never fed into the talk around the church. She knew I loved you and she held back. I know she did. But-- you! You are good. You fooled the hell outta me. When you fucked me was that just a way to save face and hide behind your true desires Jonathan? Using that moment of ecstasy to cloud my mind from seeing your truth.

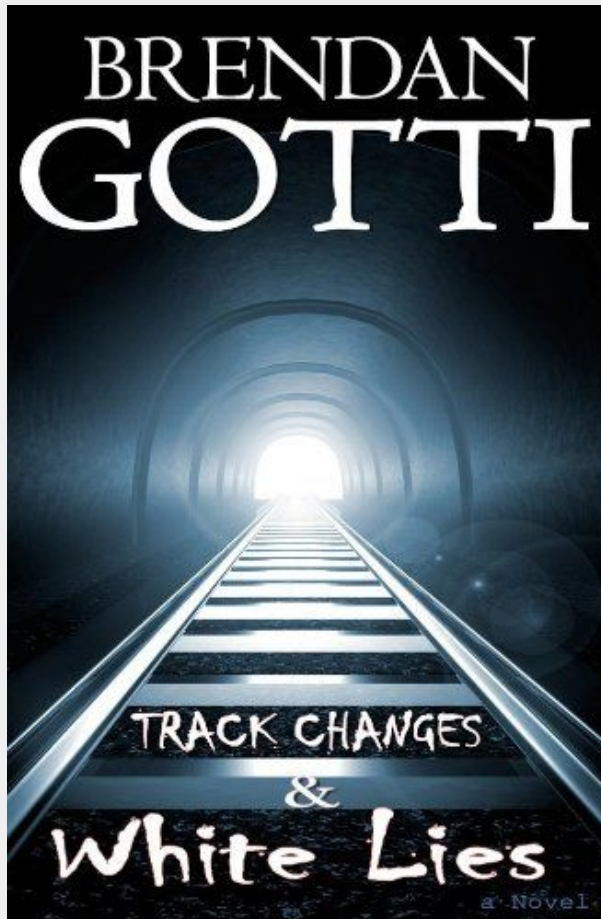
JONATHAN

I just want to come clean with you.

SHARON

I ain't clean no more!

Excerpt from the novel *White Lies*



Prologue

Moving back to Houston was a brilliant idea. I liked the down-to-earth ambiance, and the metropolitan atmosphere of downtown. The people had southern hospitality, and weren't dry and one-dimensional as New Yorkers. After a long day like this, I normally headed to the gym, but I could afford to take the day off and relax. I was proud of my body and the work I put into it. This morning I packed my ho-bag and put it in the backseat of my Beamer. I

might get into some trouble, and I want to be prepared. You never know when you're going to be in a compromising position and need to freshen up before going home. I learned this from my sissy Tamela. We weren't blood relatives, but we had a brother-sister relationship. I was her Bubba, and she was my Sissy. The toils of the day were over, and I walked to my favorite drinking spot. From the loosened neckties and cigarette butt-filled ashtrays, this was a place where the businessmen of the area came to relax.

The Brass Monkey was on 5th Avenue and Leeland, in walking distance from my office. The Brass Monkey was one of those places that attracted a wide array of subjects. The room was filled with businessmen that wanted a cocktail after work. The street hustlers from 5th Ward came by, and even the around-the-way girl would stop by for the drink specials. Who can beat two-dollar wells and one-dollar drafts in Downtown Houston? I loved to gaze upon big-legged, plump-booty, juicy-lipped Nubian queens sucking down a Green-Apple Martini.

I was one of those white men with an animal attraction to the sistahs. When a black woman walked into the room there was no denying the sovereign ancestry, from her noble pace and mannerisms. A sistah could make any man's head turn if she knew how to make a proper entrance. I sat in the corner smoking a cigarette and drinking a Heineken. I wasn't in the mood for anything but people-watching, but there was no denying the elevation of my manliness. I hadn't busted a nut in two days, and I was ready to relieve some stress from the long day at the office. I needed some loving, and I wanted to see what young thing was going to be my love slave for the evening.

I gestured for the bartender to send me another Heineken. I noticed this beautiful Nubian goddess sitting at the end of the bar. She looked to be in deep thought. I wondered if she received terrible news. My intention was just to have a drink, but this was an easy target. I got my thoughts out of the gutter so I could throw the charm. She looked to be in a vulnerable

state, and I was ready to ease my way into her mind. I hadn't fucked a sistah in about a month, and my manhood had an itch that only she could scratch.

"Such a pretty lady like you shouldn't look like that. What are you drinking?" I said as I beckoned for the bartender. "A Jack on the rocks with a splash of Coke," she said as she took a sip out of her straw. "Wow! What a drink for such a pretty young lady." "I'm a country girl, and I like my drinks like my men, hard and easy to take down the throat."

I almost spit out my Heineken, but I had to keep my composure. By her tone, this was going to be a night to remember. She had the body of Nicki Minaj and the attitude to match. I glanced at her hand and noticed she was wearing a wedding band. I tried to conceal mine, but she saw it. "How's married life treating you?" I asked. That question must have struck a nerve because her grimace returned.

"Hey, I am sorry for even going there," I said. "Any man that makes you feel like that doesn't appreciate you." Was this going to be counseling or fuck secession? I didn't take the time to sit here and listen to her problems; I just wanted to scratch my itch and go home to the wife. We continued our conversation for an hour or so and my first thought was to come up with an excuse to leave, but there had to be a way to get this woman in bed. I made sure that I hung on to every one of her words, and looked deeply into her eyes. This was a woman that was emotionally and physically neglected. She mentioned that her life was worry

free; her husband was in the oil business in Saudi Arabia and spent most of her time alone. This let me know that the mileage on that pussy was low. She needed some and I was the right one to give it to her. I think we have struck oil here this time.

"Why don't we get out of here, the smoke is driving me crazy, and I want to get to know more about you," she said.