

SALT ON A BLEEDING WOUND

By Reese

SCENE 1

RD: A flame, flame, Reese. Boy, wake up!

Flame: Yeah, yeah, what?

RD: I am sorry, bra.

Flame: Sorry? Sorry for what?

RD: Your dad just died early this morning.

Flame: Damn, for real; that's messed up!

RD: That's crazy! You act like you don't giva...

Flame: I don't. I don't know him. He don't know me. He dead, so know I am posta giva...

RD: Damn. At least show some respect for your grandma and help her get through it, ya mean.

Flame: You right; it's still some drunk left.

RD: Here, wake ya game up. Want me to give you a ride to her house?

Flame: Na, I am smoothies. Imma have Kaylee pick me up. I'll come back and get my car later.

It's goen to be a long day.

SCENE 2

RD: Who got em faded?

Mo: I got him.

RD: Bet you don't 9 to 5.

Keese: Bet it.

RD: Y'all didn't hear what happened to Flame?

Mo: Hell yeah, that's messed up.

Keese: Give me that!

Mezz: I bet you he don't care.

RD: He really don't. He didn't even cry when I told him.

Mezz: I know my little brother very well; trust me both our dad's wasn't there so he don't giva flyin' fu...

Big Mike: Ohh wee, damn; who is that pollen op. Let me get my pose right.

Lethia: The chicken and macaroni done; y'all betta come get it before the girls do.

(Sidney enters)

RD: I see you got your can't miss outfit.

Sidney: What's that?

RD: The one I can't miss you in.

Sidney: Boy, you is crazy hi ra ra...

RD: Hold on, Sidney.

Sidney: What you want, boy?

RD: Ya dude in the house.

Sidney: I don't know, I just got here, why?

RD: I am just sayin' though...

Sidney: What you sayin'?

RD: (couldn't read bottom of page)

Sidney: And what's that?

RD: You know, you know, you know very well what I'm talkin' bout.

Sydney: That was a long time ago. Boy, you go get me in trouble; you better stop.

Knine: What the hell is this, Romeo and Juliet? What I tell you about talkin' to them next door?

Sidney: Knine baby, I was just answering a question. Let's go in the house. It's nothing.

Knine: I don't care what you was doen. What I tell you?

RD: Ain't nothen goen on. It's all good, bra. Nobody tryen to take your broad.

Knine: O, I know that for a fact you suckas ain't go take nothen from me.

RD: Yeah, okay. You betta take that in the house, bra; on every thang.

Knine: You ain't runnin nothen round here but your mouth, homie.

RD: Man, what you sayen, bra?

Sidney: Come on, baby, let's just go in the house please.

Knine: Na, forget that.

Sidney: Baby, please.

RD: Look here, bra, you ain't finna come around here.

Knine: What you standen there for? Get him off me! Tell June June to get my gun!

Sidney: June June, grab your brother's gun; hurry!

Knine: Shoot this, sucka!

Sidney: No, don't shoot him; Ra Ra, stop!

Knine: Both yall get in the car now!

Sidney: O my god, o my god, o my god!

Mo: Damn, somebody hit Ra!

Mezz: Auntie, call the ambulance!

Big Mike: That's Knine speeden off; let's take my car!

Keese: Come on, hold on; damn it, I got you!

Lethia: We need an ambulance; 223 Shasta Street; hurry!

Keese: I got you, just hold on; just hold on. You goen make it; ain't nobody dien today!

SCENE 3

Flame: Hey grandma.

Margret: How my grand baby doen?

Flame: I am good. You remember my girl Kaylee, don't you?

Kaylee: Hi, grandma Margret.

Margret: How can I forget that beautiful smile? Come here, chile; give grandma some suga.

All look at my babies; y'all so cute!

Flame: I know, I can't help it. It's not easy looken this good.

Kaylee: Knock it off.

Margret: Boy, you are somethen else. You want somethen to drink or somethen to eat, baby?

You look so thin.

Flame: Naw, I am good.

Kaylee: No, thank you.

Margret: I am not talken to you, boy. Where's your manners? Walken in my house,
not offeren her nothen to eat!

Flame: Sorry, Grandma. I thought you said you was hungry?

Kaylee: Shut up!

Margret: You act just like your daddy.

Flame: Here we go.

Kaylee: Don't even go there.

Margret: Look just like him, too. Umm, umm, umm; my baby didn't deserve to die.

First your grandpa, then my husband. My second born, now my first;

Lord Jesus, I am tired, I can't loose you to these streets. I can't take no more.

Flame: You ain't got to worry bout me, grandma. I always keep that.

Kaylee: You better not.

Flame: Myself out of trouble.

Kaylee: Do somethen.

Flame: What you go do is stop elbowen me in my rib; that's what you go do.

Kaylee: Do somethen, then she won't stop cryen.

Flame: How he die, grandma?

Margret: Poe baby was shot in front of his house.

Kaylee: Somebody knocken at the door.

Flame: Who is it? Come in. What's sup with the boy? Boy, what's wrong with you?

Mezz: Man, nobody didn't want to come tell you right now.

Flame: Tell me what?

Mezz: Knine killed Ra Ra in front of ya house.

Margret: Lord Jesus, have mercy!

Flame: What? Hell, naw; hell, naw; you serious? He just woke me up this morning at his house!

Mezz: Shot him with (couldn't read top of page)

Kaylee: Baby, I am sorry!

Flame: See you later, grandma. Come on, y'all.

Margret: Maurice. Maurice Dupree, don't yo go out there and hurt noboby. Jesus, help me!

SCENE 4

Pastor: From dust we came, to the dust we shall go. My Father in heaven, bless this young man's soul.

Does anyone wish to speak before we lay this young soul to rest?

Mo: I see you when I get there. Chill in peace.

Big Mike: This ain't over by a long shot. Sleep tight, my dude.

Mezz: This just the beginning. Iamma finish what we started. V.I.P.

Keese: Damn, I can't believe you died in my arms.

I see now why you kept asken us what we do when your gone. I don't know. I just don't know.

Pastor: Any final words?

(Insert Reese's final spoken word piece here – we need to get this).