

WHY CALL ME?

The scene opens.

A male is standing with his back to the camera.

His reddish hair covers his neck and meets his white shirt collar.

He is standing in front of a window looking outward. There appears to be a breeze that causes the white billowy curtain to slightly move.

The man with the short reddish hair and beard is talking but his words are not audible.

The camera picks up his conversation.

The man "Yes, I am here. Yes, I hear you."

The scene changes to a young black American woman. She looks terrible. Her hair is matted and nappy. Her face is dirty and swollen. Her eyes are runny.

She has on a black tee-shirt, and is lying down on dirty, filthy blankets.

The sound of people voices passing by, vehicles screeching to a stop and car engines starting and stopping with horns blowing.

She chose this spot so she could feel next to people. So she could feel alive. So she can feel life, as she died.

Every few minutes, the young woman would say "OH" or "HUH", she did not have enough strength to say much more or the consciousness of mind to think or defend herself as sounds of thumps are heard along with her groans of pain.

The man in the window appears as if he is looking directly at her.

The conversation picks up between the two of them.

The young woman is lying on her side and says "Can you hear me?" Groaning in such pain, while she is trying to hold her stomach.

The camera goes to the man.

He says "Yes, I can hear you. I have not heard from you in a while. Why call me? "

The woman scrubbing her face onto her dirty blanket and cry pitifully. She cries her soul out. Then another rock hits her in her right eye and she just sobs.

The camera spans out and there is a group of five boys, they are standing on the sidewalk next to their bikes. The boys appeared to be between the ages of ten and twelve, and they scattered

around looking more rocks and pieces of broken glass to continue throwing at the young woman.

The young woman is lying under the overpass of the highway.

The boys saw her there a few days before, while they were riding their bikes across the heavy and dangerous rush hour traffic.

After the boys saw her, they would rush home from school and get their bikes, meet up and ride that long and dangerous way just to hurt the young woman.

One boy would go, because he was pressured, but he would not throw at the young woman. He just stood and watch as the class bully and his boys took delight in hurting this woman.

One day a man was exiting from the highway. He looked to his right, as if to see the young woman, and saw the boys pelting her with rocks and broken pieces of glass and he smiled.

Another day a man was exiting the highway and saw the boys' bikes on the sidewalk and throwing rocks. The man smiled and thought- "Boys being boys."

Thinking they were just boys out having a fun time after school, then he looked where they were throwing and saw a person. The man brought his old beat up red pick- up truck to screeching halt and pulled over to the sidewalk, putting his flashing lights on.

The boy who did not throw the rocks turned and saw the man get out of the truck. The boy ran grabbed his bike off the sidewalk and jumped on it and ran away.

Another one of the boys was bending down picking up some glass and rocks when he turned around saw the man and he could see the other boy on his bike riding away. He ran pass the other boys and the man. He did not say anything to the other boys but grabbed his bike and ran with his bike down the street.

The man watched the boys run.

The man was about six feet tall, thirtyish, wearing work boots, jeans and a jean shirt.

The man ran around his truck and picking up rocks he began to hit the boys very hard with his rocks.

The boys turning saw their fellows running and saw the man who was hitting them with the rocks.

The boys picked up rocks and tried to throw at the man. Some of their rocks hit the man, but he threw faster and with his strength the rocks really hurt.

The boys began to yell "Stop!"

They began to cry as they jumped on their bikes.

The man said "You stop. That's a person." Pointing back towards the young woman.

The man did not know whether it was a man or woman who was covered up but he knew it was not a dog.

The young woman laid still with her face covered. She recognized the voice.

People driving by saw the scene some were angered at the boys and the man and some people kept going like nothing was happening. No one called the police.

The man yelled after the boys "You better get", as he turned and walked back to the pick-up truck watching the boys pedal fast away across the busy street.

The man said "Those fools would get themselves killed just to pick at someone else."

As he stood watching the boys, he could hear the sobbing and groaning of the person who was covered up, lying on the cement under the bridge to the expressway. He could not tell if it was a woman or a man, but he sure could smell them.

He twisted his from from the stench. Not looking back at the person, he gets into the red pick up truck and pulls off into traffic and continues down the street.

The person sobs bitterly, hoping someone would show kindness to her.

She lies there with flies landing on her and flying about her. She thought about the boys hitting with rocks and glass. She began to torment herself by hoping for death.

The young woman said "I didn't know if you would hear me. If you would talk to me."

Man with his back to the camera looking out the window said "Yes I hear you."

The young woman sobbing bitterly says "Please, please let me come home."

The man said "Why?" He slightly turns and looks to his right, listening to the other person in the room.

While the other person spoke, the young woman slightly smiles as she recognizes the voice.

The other person's voice is not audible to the audience only to the man and the young woman.

The young woman begin vomiting blood onto her already filthy blankets and coverings.

The man standing in the window, is waiting for her response, as he is listening to her vomiting

and coughing.

The other person, in the room, is speaking and the man turns from the window and looks at the person who is speaking.

The man said "She wants to come home."

The other person speaks.

The man replies "I know she went away. She went away from me."

The man began to think back over the young woman's life with him. From the moment she was born until now and all the times in between.

The young woman composed herself enough, as she lay in the filth and foam from her body, with a weak and almost non-audible voice, her eyes closing she could feel the heat and the sun beating on her face. She began to remember the same scenes of her life with the man.

She remembered how He would always be around when she was a baby. He would always smile at her.

She remembered He would be there when she was saying her prayers or grace. He always smiled at her.

She remembered how He helped her to ride her tricycle (after falling many times and her parents threaten to take it away from her). She cried so hard and went running to the man and asked Him to teach her to ride the tricycle.

He did. Her parents were so shocked and stood on the porch with their mouths as they looked at her, pedaled past them grinning and smiling all the way down the sidewalk.

Her parents knew their daughter could not have learned to ride by herself.

The young woman remembered how the man would sit next to her on her porch (especially during the summer). Her parents would sit on the porch sometimes, but enjoyed the time the man spent talking to her. Loved that time, especially blowing and shaking the pussy willows or blowing soap bubbles. She would play with her hula hoop, as the man watched and smiled at her.

She would sit with the man for hours or play in the dirt or with her toys for hours, as the man sit and watch. Her parents would sometimes come and sit on the porch, or her father would watch her as he was doing his outside chores. They would come to the screen door and peep out to keep a watch on her, but they knew she was safe.

The young woman then remembered "him". And such pain flooded her soul and showed on her

swollen face.

"Him", the boy that started passing by her house when she was twelve. At first she did not pay attention to the "boy", but he continued to passby and he started to wave. The boy had watched her and he knew she loved to ride her bike and he knew the man had taught.

The boy began to ride his bike passed her house. For over a year, he would look at her and the man, thinking the young woman would jump off the porch, leaving the man and follow him.

Then the boy began to slow up in front of the girls house, and smiling would say "Come on and go riding with me."

The girl would look at the man, who was looking at the boy and then he would turn and look at the girl. The girl would shyly shrug her shoulders and turn her shake her head for "No." The boy would flash a big grin and continued to walk his bike down the sidewalk.

Sometimes, the boy would look to she if the girl was looking at him, but she was not but the man was watching him. The boy would gasp from fear and turn his head back quickly.

The girl resisted the boy until she was fifteen. She began to spend less time with the man and began to watch for the boy with his bike.

She could not resist the boy anymore.

She would run all the way from school, passing the man, who was standing by her front porch steps.

The girl would open the door just wide enough to throw her books inside and grab her bike from the front porch or inside the front door and run down the front porch steps to the boy, who was waiting for her in the yard. She passed the man and chose the boy. The boy would be in yard leaning against his bike, with his arms folded.

Sometimes her parents would run out of the house and grab her to make her come back into he house, but the girl would resist and it would turn into a fight. While the girl would be fighting her parents, the boy would be standing in the yard laughing his heart out.

The neighbors hated to see him coming, because they knew he was coming for no good.

The neighbors would call the police. When the police arrived and found out what was wrong, they would find the parents in tears over their daughter.

The parents took the girl's bike and gave it away. The boy at first would let her ride his just to make her come with him and make her parents angry.

The girl then would not come home from school, but would go to the boy's shack. Her parfents

hardly saw her. She would come home to get clothes or steal food and money.

The girl's parents would bitterly fight over their daughter.

The school would call nearly everyday saying the daughter's behaviour was not acceptable. The school sent social workers to the house, but to no avail. Especially when they saw the parents dismay and hurt over their daughter. A social worker was about to leave the house, as she looked at the parents holding each other, the social worker looked out and saw the neighbors watching. One neighbor waved at the social worker and the social worker knew her from their sorority. The social worker turned back to the parents and said to them "How do you manage? How do you keep your sanity and lives together?"

The mother was so heart broken she laid her head onto her husband's chest, with quivering lips, the father holding onto his wife and rubbing her head, answered the social worker and said "Only by Grace of the Lord JESUS Christ."

The social worker turned and walked off the porch and the neighbor she knew, met her in the street. They began to talk and the social worker looked back at the grieving parents. The husband of the came out of his house and stood in his yard, he spoke to social worker and waved across the street to the parents, who nodded and returned inside the house.

The neighbor thought to himself what he would do to that so and so boy if he tried that with his daughter, who was running around her daddy's legs with her ball. The social worker got into her car as the wife approached her husband. Almost reading his mind as she saw how he was looking at their daughter. She touched her husband's arm and said "Come on baby, we can't do anything for them but pray."

The husband mumbled and the wife grabbed his arm and called their daughter. The three walked into the house and locked the door.

While the girl's mother sat in the sofa chair, in the front of the window with her head and arm slightly hanging off the arm of the sofa chair. The father walked away into the kitchen, not to see his wife's face and for her not to see his pain. His pain of a father who failed to protect his child from the evil of the world. He was awoken out of his thoughts when his wife called after him.

She said "You know you are not to blame yourself for this. For any of this. JESUS has had his say." The father shook his head, because he was thinking his wife had a nervous breakdown and she didn't know what she was talking about."

The more the girl was with the boy she grew more disobedient and unruly. She would pass the man on the street and would not acknowledge him, like he was a stranger to her.

The girl was becoming more brazen and rebellious.

The day came, when the girl was sixteen she stormed out of her parents with a backpack of her

belongings. The mother running down the front porch steps behind, begging the girl not to leave.

The boy, standing on the sidewalk, was laughing.

The girl had a furious look on her face.

The mother ran behind the girl, to the "dirt" bike, as she was getting on the bike pleading for her not to go.

The father walked to the door, looked at them and turning walked back into the house. He sat at the kitchen table with his shirt sleeves rolled up (not to fight this time) and began to read his bible.

Two neighbors from across the street saw what was happening. The neighbor with the little girl dropped his water hose, as his girl was playing with her dog on their front porch. The neighbor began to walk across the yard, when his wife saw her as she drove pass the girl and her mother.

The woman pulled her car in front of her husband and said with a harsh voice "Get your butt back home. " The husband shook his head and looked at his wife.

The other male neighbor looking on, the wife saw the neighbor looking and knew he heard what she said to her husband. She smiled and waved at the neighbor, whose wife was looking out the kitchen window at the scene.

The wife turned and looked at her husband with a fake smile and said in a low voice "There is nothing you are going to do. Understand me? Now get back to the house."

The husband looked at the scene with the girl and her mother then he saw his neighbors watching him and his wife and he knew they heard what and she said to him and how she said it. He lean forward and looked deep and hard at his wife and said "I know you don't have feelings for that child over there and you show don't have feelings for mine's that over there" pointing to the little girl playing back at there house, the wife looking at the girl but he continued and said "make another move and you are out for good you hear me whore?"

The wife leaning her head back from her husband, as she held onto the car door, pondered what he said.

Her husband never blinked and he said "You got me?"

The wife shook her head for yes. The husband turned to walked back into his yard and he stared across the street and back at his shocked wife, who was still parked in the street.

A car horn blew to pass. The wife jumping tried to fake a smile at the car and got into her car and drive into driveway, where her husband was holding the daughter who was smiling and

waving at the woman. But the woman was still in shock at her husband she did not wave at the little girl, but getting out of the car, she meet her husband's disapproving and disdainful eyes.

The other male neighbor looked back at the kitchen window, where his wife was peeping out. They said nothing, but the neighbor that blew the car horn, got out of his car and looking at the neighbor and his wife said "How do you'll do?" as he walked to mailbox.

The neighbor and his wife spoke and said "Hello." The wife nearly ran into the house, the neighbors looked on.

The wife ran up the stairs and slammed the bedroom door leaning on it after she locked it. The little girl was laughing with her father who was distracing her so she didn't hear the wife slamming the door.

The father said to the little girl, "Let's go and get some dinner."

The little girl said "Mommy!"

The father said "Sweetie, mommy has eaten already."

The little girl said "But we always eat together."

The father "Not today." Leaned over and said "Where you want to eat?"

The little girl was so surprised and said "Daddy, mommie always picks the place to eat."

The father said "Not any more, you decide."

As they walked out the house, the father looked up the stairs at the bedroom door, because he knew his wife was listening. The wife began to cry. The husband closed the door and walked out the house and looked across the street and saw the girl was gone and the mother just standing looking down the street in the direction the girl had gone. Her husband was coming out of the door, when the neighbor,with his daughter in hand, walked over and shook the husband's hand. The neighbor looked at the mother and said "Take care of your self. It's about you."

The husband smiled and nodded his head for yes.

The neighbor said "Want us to bring you some dinner back?"

The father shook his head for no.

At that time the neighbor, from the kitchen window walked up carrying a dish. She looked at the neighbor and his daughter and spoke to them.

They spoke and went across the street to get in their car, and he looked up and saw his wife looking at him from the upstairs bedroom, with her arms folded.

He looked at her and put the child in the car. He backed out the driveway and passed the other two neighbors who were watching. The two men looked at each other and the one with the mail in his hand said "Whoa."

The other man nodded his head for yes. And watched as his wife walked with the couple up their stairs into the house. She stayed only a few minutes and came across the street to her house. Walking across the freshly cut grass, her husband met her as he was pulling the lawn mower to the house.

He said "You had to go into the house?"

The wife not looking at her husband said "I just gave them your dinner. Keep on talking."

The man was so shocked, he jerked his head back in disbelief and heard his door slammed in his face.

He tried to smile and looked around to see if anyone saw it and he looked directly into the eyes of his neighbor with the mail, who was getting packages out of his car.

The man walked around the side of his house with the lawnmower and wondered why his wife wanted to have anything to do with those kind of people.

The girl's life for five years was a living hell.

She thought her life was going to be easy, because the boy promised her, once she left her parents and the man, he would make everything great.

The boy caused her to forget her parents and the man, he would tell the girl how bad her parents and the man were. They did not know her but he did. How they did not want her to have friends and fun. The boy told her, her parents would not let her take a break from homework or house chores, they would not buy her clothes that the "hot girls" wore. The boy kept feeding her with his words until she began to hate her parents and the man. He told the girl, the man was not as nice as she thought he was, just because he taught her to ride the bike. The boy told the girl, he used his bike to draw her attention away from the bike the man taught her to ride. The boy kept telling the girl the man wanted her to be home with her parents, so he could spend time talking to her.

The girl loved sitting next to the man on her front porch. She loved closing her eyes and feeling the soft fall breezes on her face or the warmth of the June sun or the the spring rain showers on her head.

The man was the girl's friend.

The girl's parents would be sitting on the porch or working in the yard or walking back and forth

looking at her from the screened front door or windows.

The girl's parent knew the man, and as long as their daughter said she was outside with him they knew she was safe.

SCENE TWO

The young woman was lying with her eyes closed. The sounds of the rush hour traffic were faint and sounded afar off.

Her mouth was closed but her lips parted.

In her mind she was remembering the looks on her parents faces, when she would curse and say awful things to them. She was remembering the pain that clearly shown on their faces. How she would purposefully embarrass them at school in the principal's office.

She was remembering how her parents would grab her and began to pray and call on JESUS for help. Sometimes the girl would stop her fit and listen and stop being disobedient and unruly.

During those five years she lived with the boy (who was much older than she) her father died.

The young woman was so stoned with drugs and alcohol, that when the boy told her, her father had died, he could not contain his laughter. He falling on the floor, rolling over and kicking up his heels.

The drugs wore off several days later and the young woman began to re-call something about death. She sat upon the ragged mattress that was on the floor. That's what she slept on. AS she sat up, swinging her legs off the mattress with her feet hitting the floor, she sat on the mattress. Then the words of the boy began to float through her head. She held her head trying to catch the words in her head.

The boy was watching her trying to figure out what she was doing.

The young woman looked a mess. She was unclean, unkept, her hair was notted and matted on her head. She looked so aged. So much older than she was.

The boy smirked at her ugliness. He took so much joy at her appearance.

The boy said "You are a ugly thang."

The girl heard him, but the words came floating back into her head "Your daddy is dead."

She was hoping it was the drugs and not her precious daddy.

The boy, as if he was reading her mind, smirked and said "Yeah your daddy is dead. I always hated that bastard. He thought you were so grand. I had to show him and I did. I hope he could see you now." The boy slapped his hands together and said "He probably did see you. Yeah he probably did see you out there on the streets and that's what killed him."

The boy hit the girl with his fist in the temple.

The girl rolled over and slumped against the wall.

Lifeless. Knowing her father was dead and she could never see him. Just knowing he was alive was good enough for her, but now he is gone away forever. She would never have the feeling that he was just around the corner. That he was at home with mom. The pain from the boy's lick did not hurt as bad as in her heart that her daddy was gone for ever.

She thought I should join him.

The boy let out a hideous laugh.

The girl's mother would sit in her sofa chair with the door open late into the night hoping that one of them would come back to her.

She would sit in the dark with her head hanging over the arm of the sofa chair and her arm stretched out.

She was in such a state of loneliness and despair.

Many tried to help.

The male neighbors would look after her house and did work around their her husband used to do.

They did not ask if they could. The neighbor across the street (with the little girl) would make a lawn day. We would mow both their yards and the hedges.

The neighbor who took them dinner, would stand by often and pulled the door open, announcing her entrance. She would find the mother lifeless sitting in chair.

The neighbor saw his wife go in the house. He looked and saw the neighbor with the little trimming her hedges. So he walked across and greeted the neighbor. He never really talked with him, only spoke. The male neighbor was looking at him, trying to figure out what he wanted. The man kept trying to peep in the house and see what his wife was upto.

The male neighbor said "What the hell are you doing?" Ashis wife watched from across the street.

The neighbor sort of jumped and saw the neighbor and his wife (from across the street) looking at him.

Then he swallowed hard and said "I don't like these people."

The neighbor said, "What people?"

He said "You know what I mean. They are hoodlums. That bad ass girl, the police over here all the time and every state agency. They gave this neighborhood a bad name."

The neighbor "You got to be crazy!"

The man said "What? You lived here and saw the same thing I did."

The door opened and the man's wife walking out the door looked at here husband and said "What are you doing here?" as she walked off the porch.

He turned and said "I saw you stopping by here and I wanted to know if you needed any help." And he grinned at her.

The woman walking down the steps looked at her husband and then at the neighbor, she said "You are a liar."

The neighbor laughed. The husband turned and looked at the neighbor and said in a nasty tone, "What's funny."

The neighbor said "This hedge trimmer I got in my hands."

The wife said "That wont be necessary." Turning to her husband she said "Let's go home."

The neighbor, with mail was jogging by and saw them standing in the parents yard. He runs into the yard as the couple is walking out. The neighbor is still looking at the husband who is walking looking back at the man with the hedge trimmer. The jogger cathces on quickly, he said "Is everything ok."

The neighbor said "Yeap. You better go and finish jogging."

The neighbor said "I'll finish jogging in a minute." He peeps around the neighbor and began to walk around the back of the house. He would see the father out in the back working on some old cars. The jogger loved old cars. He turned to the neighbor who was still holding his hedge trimmer. The jogger looked at the hedge trimmer and said "You can put that down. Do you think she would mind if I worked on these cars. I love these things my uncle and dad would spend the whole Saturday afternoon working on classics, to take to shows."

The neighbor "You have to ask her."

The jogger looked at him and walked around , and went up the steps, he knocked on the door and stucked his head in the door.

The neighbor heard him say something to the mother, but he continued to clean up outside. The jogger closed the door and continued jogging down the street.

Church members would come by and get the names of sick people the husband would vist.

Some of the people got together to finish painting the outside of the house, that's what the father was doing when he fell of the ladder and died of a heart attack. People passing by saw it and rushed to him. They called the wife outside and told her. The ambulance was quick. But was too late, she only saw him take his last breath.

Family and friends would take turns to come and sit with the wife, trying to get her to talk. They tried making her laugh, all she would do is sit in quietness and rock.

The mother was too devastated to be shaken out of her state of sadness and grief.

An older neighbor from the parents' old neighborhood, wandered into the neighbor, there was a porch full of people sitting and talking and kids running through the yard. The older woman, saw the man standing in the yard, called on the porched and spoke saying "How yall do?" Everyone looked at the older woman and said "We're ok. How about yourself?"

The older woman said "Fine but its just hot." as she fan herself with newspaper. She had on a straw hat, that you find in the flee market and a checkered apron. She looked at the mother and "Honey, The LORD sent me to tell you, it will be alright in a little while. The devil stole your child and your husband. But it will be alright after a short while." The older woman looked at the man and continued walking down the sidewalk.

Everyone, including the children, turned and looked at the mother.

The mother said nothing, but slightly looked at the older woman, because she knew the woman meant her daughter would die soon. The mother fall onto the lap of a friend who was sitting on the arm of the chair.

The friend rubbed the mother's arm and patted her on the head, as she was looking at the other people on the porch.

The other people on the porch just noded at the older woman and said nothing.

SCENE THREE

The young woman's mind could barely recognize the fading sounds of the world outside.

Her memories of the hellish past five years began to catch on fire and burn in her mind's eye.

The man, whom the young woman was speaking with, was standing sideways and looking backwards, as the other person in the room was talking to him.

The man turned slightly and said to the young woman.

"You may come home, if you repent."

The young woman could no longer hear the sounds outside: the boy's laughter, the sounds of the rocks hitting and hurting her, the screeching wheels of cars and trucks. She could no longer hear the birds and flies, nor could she smell her own stench of her rotting flesh.

But the voice of the man was no longer faint, but it was now clear, distinct and very audible. She could recognize his voice over all the images in her head of all the evil things she had done.

That was now her reality.

She began to moan within herself of how evil she treated her parents. She could see and feel their love for her. She could feel their pain as she rebelled and became disobedient.

That was now her reality.

The young woman began to feel the sadness of her family and could also feel their hearts longing for her to return to them and the pain her absence would cause them.

She felt her father's spirit and his truth towards her.

That was now her reality.

As the young woman looked at all the scenes in her head, her remorse of her deeds was beginning to build in her heart.

Inside her heart she began to cry and sob.

She thought about the "boy", how he was sent to destroy her and her family. He succeeded.

She could feel every blow to her head and body landed on her by the "boy". She felt his boots against her face and his heel marks on her stomach, the broken legs, ribs and arms she suffered when she did not make him enough money selling every part of her body to men and women.

The "boy" made her terrified of him. She did not have enough of her mind to run away from him. The "boy" knew she could not run away, he planned it perfectly.

She remembered the delight the "boy" took telling her, her beloved father was dead.

The young woman could see the "boy" walking upon her porch and ringing the doorbell to tell her mother she was dead, as he adjusted his clothes (as an actor getting his curtain call). The young woman could see his dark heart which was full of evil, as he smiled on the inside with much pleasure at his destruction of her life and the destruction of her family.

She saw her mother's blank face as she looked at the "boy".

The mother said to him "You got what you came for. Now go back to hell."

The boy looked stung. He stood on the porch and looked blankly at the mother.

The mother's words cut him to his being.

Then he tried to smile his hellish smile, but the mother did not say another word but starred him down.

The mother yelled "Get off my porch. Go back to hell. No one else's child will you kill!"

The "boy" became extremely angry at the mother and hissed at her as he stomped off the porch.

Across the street was three teenage girls standing and giggling, in their own conversation.

The "boy" looked over at the girls and adjusted his coat, the girls saw him looking at them and they recognize him as the "boy". The one who got Mrs. James' daughter into the street life.

The girls said "Yuck!" As, he flashed his smile at them.

One of the male parent was sitting on the sofa with the window up (so he could keep an eye and ear on his daughter), as he read the newspaper. He looked up from his newspaper and saw the "boy" crossing the street and approaching the teenage girls, he yelled out of the window and said "Get the hell away from here now!" The man, pushing his round self off the sofa, with his eyes still on the "boy" and the newspaper in his hands as he was pushing off the sofa.

The "boy" snatched his head quickly around, like a serpent, and looked at the man that was in the window and smirked.

The girls were beginning to squirm.

A new male neighbor was cutting his grass, when he saw whom must have been the "boy". He remembered Mr. James story of his beautiful baby girl and how he died of a broken heart.

The man cut off his lawn mower and began to walk down the sidewalk towards the "boy". He looked over at Mrs. James's house and saw her standing in the doorway watching the "boy". The man realized her daughter must be dead. That's why the "boy" came back to kill the mother off by telling her, her baby was dead.

The new male neighbor was the new minister at Mrs. James' church. And he was not going to let the devil destroy any more children.

The "boy", looking at the neighbor who moved from the sofa and window and now was coming out of the front door with his wife and sons behind him. The "boy" caught a glimpse of the new neighbor walking fast towards him.

The "boy" snarled and said "All ya'll go to hell!"

The minister said "No that's where you are headed."

The "boy" turns and walked down the sidewalk. Angry and full of hate mumbling to himself all the way.

The minister said to the teenage girls, "Come on and I'll walk you home."

The girls crossed the street with the minister and the male neighbor and his family. They went to Mrs. James' house, and the neighbor's wife passed her husband and children and began walking up the steps to Mrs. James's house. But Mrs. James kept her eyes on the "boy", as she opened the screen door and walked out onto the porch.

The neighbor and Mrs. James embraced each other.

The female neighbor looked at Mrs. James, as they still held onto each other, and said "What did he want?"

Mrs. James said "To tell me my baby is dead."

They all gasped.

Mrs. James said "I told him to go back to hell and he won't kill no one's else child. That's been my prayer to JESUS for all these years."

The minister said "Mrs. James' are you okay?"

Mrs. James replied to the minister- "Minister, I sure am. Because I now know my baby girl is with JESUS and that evil creature (nodding towards the distant figure of the "boy") can't kill anyone else child nor destroy another family."

Off in the distant as the "boy" was crossing the highway to get back to the girl's body, he was hit by a truck (knocking him into the next lane of traffic) then instantly hit by a car. The "boy" lay dying in the street.

As the "boy" lay dying in the street, he could see the little boys on their bikes and the fire trucks flashing red lights and the fire fighters covering their mouths and noses with mask and putting on their gloves. They began walking up the sloping side of the overpass to get to the young woman's body.

The police blue lights began to flash, as they tried to re-direct on-looking traffic from the area.

Then the "boy" saw his red truck behind him.

Suddenly, the "boy" was looking in the young woman's big beautiful ~~brow~~ eyes, as she flew above him. She was covered in a beautiful white light and she was beautiful.

The "boy" looked at the young woman and smirked for the last time.

His head falling slightly to the left and his eyes opened and blood flowing from his eyes and opened mouth.

The police directing the traffic saw the "boy" laying in traffic.

The drivers got out of the truck and car and stood horrified.

The little boys heard the commotion and turning they saw the "boy's red truck first and then the man lying on the ground.

SCENE THREE

The young woman's mind could barely recognize the fading sounds of the world outside.

Her memories of the hellish past five years began to catch on fire and burn in her mind's eye.

The man, whom the young woman was speaking with, was standing sideways and looking backwards, as the other person in the room was talking to him.

The man turned slightly and said to the young woman.

"You may come home, if you repent."

The young woman could no longer hear the sounds outside: the boy's laughter, the sounds of the rocks hitting and hurting her, the screeching wheels of cars and trucks. She could no longer hear the birds and flies, nor could she smell her own stench of her rotting flesh.

But the voice of the man was no longer faint, but it was now clear, distinct and very audible. She could recognize his voice over all the images in her head of all the evil things she had done.

That was now her reality.

She began to moan within herself of how evil she treated her parents. She could see and feel their love for her. She could feel their pain as she rebelled and became disobedient.

That was now her reality.

The young woman began to feel the sadness of her family and could also feel their hearts longing for her to return to them and the pain her absence would cause them.

She felt her father's spirit and his truth towards her.

That was now her reality.

As the young woman looked at all the scenes in her head, her remorse of her deeds was beginning to build in her heart.

Inside her heart she began to cry and sob.

She thought about the "boy", how he was sent to destroy her and her family. He succeeded.

She could feel every blow to her head and body landed on her by the "boy". She felt his boots against her face and his heel marks on her stomach, the broken legs, ribs and arms she suffered when she did not make him enough money selling every part of her body to men and women.

The "boy" made her terrified of him. She did not have enough of her mind to run away from him. The "boy" knew she could not run away, he planned it perfectly.

She remembered the delight the "boy" took telling her, her beloved father was dead.

The young woman could see the "boy" walking upon her porch and ringing the doorbell to tell her mother she was dead, as he adjusted his clothes (as an actor getting his curtain call). The young woman could see his dark heart which was full of evil, as he smiled on the inside with much pleasure at his destruction of her life and the destruction of her family.

She saw her mother's blank face as she looked at the "boy".

The mother said to him "You got what you came for. Now go back to hell."

The boy looked stung. He stood on the porch and looked blankly at the mother.

The mother's words cut him to his being.

Then he tried to smile his hellish smile, but the mother did not say another word but starred him down.

The mother yelled "Get off my porch. Go back to hell. No one else's child will you kill!"

The "boy" became extremely angry at the mother and hissed at her as he stomped off the porch.

Across the street was three teenage girls standing and giggling, in their own conversation.

The "boy" looked over at the girls and adjusted his coat, the girls saw him looking at them and they recognize him as the "boy". The one who got Mrs. James' daughter into the street life.

The girls said "Yuck!" As, he flashed his smile at them.

One of the male parent was sitting on the sofa with the window up (so he could keep an eye and ear on his daughter), as he read the newspaper. He looked up from his newspaper and saw the "boy" crossing the street and approaching the teenage girls, he yelled out of the window and said "Get the hell away from here now!" The man, pushing his round self off the sofa, with his eyes still on the "boy" and the newspaper in his hands as he was pushing off the sofa.

The "boy" snatched his head quickly around, like a serpent, and looked at the man that was in the window and smirked.

The girls were beginning to squirm.

A new male neighbor was cutting his grass, when he saw whom must have been the "boy". He remembered Mr. James story of his beautiful baby girl and how he died of a broken heart.

The man cut off his lawn mower and began to walk down the sidewalk towards the "boy". He looked over at Mrs. James's house and saw her standing in the doorway watching the "boy". The man realized her daughter must be dead. That's why the "boy" came back to kill the mother off by telling her, her baby was dead.

The new male neighbor was the new minister at Mrs. James' church. And he was not going to let the devil destroy any more children.

The "boy", looking at the neighbor who moved from the sofa and window and now was coming out of the front door with his wife and sons behind him. The "boy" caught a glimpse of the new neighbor walking fast towards him.

The "boy" snarled and said "All ya'll go to hell!"

The minister said "No that's where you are headed."

The "boy" turns and walked down the sidewalk. Angry and full of hate mumbling to himself all the way.

The minister said to the teenage girls, "Come on and I'll walk you home."

The girls crossed the street with the minister and the male neighbor and his family. They went to Mrs. James' house, and the neighbor's wife passed her husband and children and began walking up the steps to Mrs. James's house. But Mrs. James kept her eyes on the "boy", as she opened the screen door and walked out onto the porch.

The neighbor and Mrs. James embraced each other.

The female neighbor looked at Mrs. James, as they still held onto each other, and said "What did he want?"

Mrs. James said "To tell me my baby is dead."

They all gasped.

Mrs. James said "I told him to go back to hell and he won't kill no one's else child. That's been my prayer to JESUS for all these years."

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The little boys heard the commotion and turning they saw the "boy's red truck first and then the man lying on the ground.

One of the boys got on his bike and began to ride fast for home. The other boys were getting on their bikes and saying they were going to see.

The police officer yelled at the boys saying "Take your butts home, Now!"

Some of the boys stopped, but the bully of the group said "I'm going!" and he proceeded to cross the street in the traffic. Not watching he barely escaped a noisy driver, that hit her brakes a quarter of an inch from the boy. The boy heard the screeching of the brakes but had his eyes on the bleeding man laying on the cement.

The boys were yelling and the police officer's heart skipped a beat and he frown up and said to himself, "If I e v e r see that little----- I'm gonna beat his butt."

One of the other boys hearing the police office threat jumped back on his bike and pedal fast away to his home.

When the ambulance arrived the fire fighters came from the overpass and the other police officer met them. While the other police office continued to re-direct traffic.

The fire fighters told the police officer the body was of a very young woman who apparently died from AIDS.

One of the fire fighter held, in his gloved hand, an envelope. He told the police officer on it was the young woman's name, social security number, date of birth and her mother's name and address. He told the police officer inside the envelope was a sealed note the young woman's mother name. The firefighter put the envelope in a plastic bag and sealed it, he gave it to the police officer.

When additional police back up came, the police officer who was re-directing traffic, ran across the highway and grabbed the unsuspecting bully pulling him off his bike. Some of the drivers began to yell and blow their horns at the police officer. Some of them hang out of their car windows with their phones recording the scene. The police officer didn't care. He was dragging the boy with one hand and

his bike with the other and his mind was full of images of his younger brother laying in the street dying from being hit by a car, as he stood on his bike and watch him being hit.

The other police officers were watching him with confusion. The drivers male and female were yelling at the police officer, that caused the other police officers to be jerked back to the situation, especially when they saw the people believed it was a "white and black" thing. The police officer brought the little boy and his bike back to the overpass where some of the other boys were and he slung the boy and bike onto the sidewalk. He began to latch out at them about their callous behavior and putting their lives at risk riding over the highway. Some drivers were getting out of their cars, the other police officers kept their eyes on the drivers and looking at each other concerning the growing discontent of the public. One of the officers called for her sergeant, just in case things escalated.

The police officer asked the boys how they knew the woman was up there. The boys told him they were riding their bikes and saw her. He was trying to determine if they had any physical contact with the woman .

The boys jumped on their bikes and ran away.

The police officers gathered around him to find out what he was doing, as they were watching the crowd. The fire fighters were looking at the officer and the little kids and they told the police officer to calm down. The firefighters and the ambulance attendants were waiting for a special crew to come to the scene.

The police officer turned away and went to the car to write his report, by that time the sergeant pulled up and was looking at the crowd before he got out of his car. When he got out of the car went to the police officer who called him. Then he turned and walked to the car where the police officer was writing the report, he told him to step out of the car and explained his actions. The police officer sighed deeply, held his note pad for a minute, putting it down he stepped out of the car and said "Sir?" The police officer who called the sergeant was standing behind the sergeant. The police officer told them he snapped because his younger brother was killed by a driver while he rode his bike.

The sergeant told him to complete his duties for the day and report to him on tomorrow. The female police officer who called the sergeant, looked at the police and followed him over the busy highway to the crowd of people who were recording the scene and shouting at the cops.

The mother of the girl sat on the front porch with her neighbors as the minister and the male neighbor walked two of the teenage girls home.

Night was beginning to fall, when the minister and the male neighbor were returning. They saw the police car had just passed them and stopped at Mrs. James' house. The men, without saying anything to each other put pace to their walk and reached Mrs. James' house while the police was getting out of the car.

Mrs. James, the wife of the male neighbor, her teenage daughter and her two sons were keeping Mrs. James' company. They all looked at the police officers . One of the police officers had the plastic bag

with the envelope in it. The minister and the male neighbor walked up, the police officers turned and looked at them. The men nodded at the police officers. The police officers turned around and looking at the people on the porch, the one with the envelope said, "Is there a Mrs. James here?"

Mrs. James, breathing heavy and sitting up straight said "Yes, I am, sir."

Police officer said "Do you have a daughter?"

Mrs. James, voice cracking, "Yes sir."

The police officer said "A young woman died today and we need you to come down and identify the body."

Mrs. James, thinking how cold the officer was, said "Yes sir."

The police officers were surprised at her calmness.

The police officer who had the plastic bag, with the envelope inside, held it up towards Mrs. James and said "Do you recognize the handwriting?"

Mrs. James swallowed hard and biting her lips said hoarsely "Yes." And reached out for it with shaking hands.

The police officers were watching her facial expression and the one with the envelope said "You can't have it now, but once you have positively identified the body you can have it."

The minister and the male neighbor looked at each other not believing the reason the police officer gave mumbling to each other. The police officers looked back at them.

The other police officer, without the envelope, looking at the people on Mrs. James' porch asked "Is there a problem? Who are you and why are you here?"

The minister had had it with the rudeness of the police officers and he stepped forward and told the police officers he was Mrs. James' minister and neighbor and relayed the earlier incident with the "boy". And the neighbors were there to give her support.

The police officer asked the minister to describe the man.

The minister described the "boy" physical makeup and what he was wearing.

The police officer, went back to the car and came back with a brown envelope which contained a note pad. He stood and was flipping through the pad he pulled a picture of the deceased from the note pad. He looked at the police officer who had the envelope, he said nothing.

The police officer showing the picture to the minister and the male neighbor and taking a cue from the men he knew it was the "boy". The police officer turned to Mrs. James showing her the picture, the male neighbor wife and children leaned forward to see the picture.

Mrs. James looked at the picture and said "Yes that was him."

The police officer with the envelope wrote his name on a card and gave it to Mrs. James and walked out of the yard to their car.

The police officer with the picture of the "boy" said to the other police officer "Well that's a mother who can be satisfied."

The police officer with the envelope looked up and saw the little bully boy riding his bike to the minister's house.

The minister was watching his son and saw him ride his bike into the yard and was taking it into the garage, as his daddy told him.

The minister smiled proudly, that he had a good son. He was turning his head to look back at Mrs. James, when the police put his flashing lights on and stopped in front of his house. The minister saw his son look at the police officers as they got out of car, he ran. The police officers ran after the boy. The minister ran home followed by the male neighbor.

They were followed by Mrs. James and the male neighbor family and one of the city prosecutors who lived across from the minister.

The minister yelling said "Officers that is my son!"

The boy ran into the house and locked the door. He ran to his secret hiding place.

The police officers stopped running, recognizing the city prosecutor who ran with the other neighbors into the minister's yard.

The police officers told the minister of his son's behavior and how he was endangering his life and bullying the other boys to endanger theirs.

The minister in shock could hardly grasped what the police officers were saying, as he looked towards his garage door.

All the minister could think about every since the boy's mother died , it has been the two of them and now this.

Flashes of "boy" began in his head, and he found himself saying "NO!" out loud.

The police officers thinking the minister was not believing them said "What!"

The minister mumbling said "Not you. Him. My son. I did not know. I have to stop it. I don't want another "boy".

The mal neighbor shook his head in agreement.

The police officers said "Well that you do." As they looked at he shocked father and male neighbor, they passed the city prosecutor as they left.

When the police officers got into the car and was pulling off, the officer with the "boy" picture said "I hope he can do something about him."

The porch lights and the street lights began to come on.

Mrs. James holding onto the male neighbor's wife, told them "I am going home. I will be fine. I will see ya'll tomorrow." Squeezing her neighbor's hands. She walked home. The neighbors watched her as she walked home.

Mrs. James went into her house locking the doors, letting down the windows and turning on lights in her house. Before that day she kept her house dark, like one without hope, without life.

She turned on lights. Her telephone began to ring, the news about her daughter began to travel. Mrs. James sat in her chair and talked late into the night.

Then Mrs. James, dressed for bed went into her bedroom falling on her knees cried mightily before GOD, JESUS and the HOLY SPIRIT. She cried so hard for her daughter, her husband and for the lives that had been destroyed.

She fell asleep on her knees. She slept there until the next morning was awoken by the telephone that was beginning to ring again. The first telephone call was from the minister. He asked how she was doing and if she had anyone going with her to identify the young woman's body.

The minister who also, was up all night because he was perplexed about his ten year old son's behavior. He was thinking about what could have gone wrong and how he must stop it because he could not and would not have another "boy" in society.

As Mrs. James was talking to the minister, another call came and Mrs. James asked the minister to hold on because she wanted to talk with him.

The minister could hear the sobbing and crackiness in her voice, Said "Sure I'll hold." As he was holding on, he could hear his ten year old son get up and move about in his room. After the beating the minister gave him last night, for being disobedient, lying, cursing and bullying the other boys, he wondered if his son was thinking about why he beat him.

The minister's thoughts were how to monitor his son more and be swift to recognize any change. He had been up all night praying and seeking JESUS for answers and direction.

Mrs. James, coming back on the telephone interrupted the minister's thoughts.

Mrs. James said "That was the funeral home."

The minister shaking his head said "That was quick. How could they have possibly known?"

Mrs. James said "The male neighbor owns it."

The minister was quiet for a moment, not knowing what to think, as his son cracked his bedroom door and peeped out at his father, who was sitting at the kitchen table talking to Mrs. James.

The minister beckon for his son and the little bully came out of his room and walked over to his father, with tears and swollen eyes not looking directly at his father.

His father looked at his son and took him by the waist and sat him on his lap. The father looking at his son, he says "This is Mrs. James on the phone, apologize for throwing rocks at her sick daughter."

Mrs. James heard what the minister said to his son.

The little boy took the phone his father was reaching to him with a quivering voice and sounding angelic he said as he was putting he phone to his ear "I apologize for throwing rocks at your sick daughter."

Mrs. James became angry for a minute.

There was silence.

The minister and his son listened and they both began to feel bad and thought Mrs. James would not forgive them.

Mrs. James began to see her daughter at ten, those thoughts began to flood her soul. Mrs. James said "I forgive both of you and thank you."

The minister and his son breathe a sigh of relief.

The minister put his son on his leg and kissed him on his temple. The minister said "Go and get dressed for school, I'll make you breakfast."

The minister had to learn to cook after his wife passed away three years ago. He looked at his son as he went to his room, closing the door to get dressed.

The minister mind drifted back to his dying wife, who told him to take their son and the leave the city they lived and move so their son could have a chance and meet new friends.

Mrs. James interrupted the minister's thoughts and said "I have to wait and call in another day, so I can ID her. I believe they handle AIDS differently.

The word "AIDS" hit the minister and he turned and looked at his son's door. And he thought "I sure hope he did not touch her or her stuff."

As his son emerged out of his bedroom the front door bell rang.

Mrs. James said "You got company early this morning. I believe I am going to bed and sleep."

The minister looking around the corner at the front door said to Mrs. James "Sleep tight."

The minister caught himself, when he said it, because he was thinking about his door bell ringing.

Mrs. James, pulled the telephone from her ear frowning, she shook her head and hung up the telephone.

Mrs. James, sat on the side of her bed rubbing her knees. She said "GOD you give me peace and sleep in JESUS' name. She laid on her husband's side of the bed. Smiling she went to sleep, for the first time in a very long time.

The minister hangs up the telephone. He looks at his son, who was standing in his bedroom door peeping around towards the front door.

The father sighs and get up out of the chair, passing his son goes to the front door. The son, following his father every movement. They both look at each other as the doorbell ring again.

The father sighs and opens the door.

Three boys were standing on the minister's porch with a bag of food for his son from a fast food chain.

One of the boy's mother dropped them off at the minister's house.

The mother sitting in her car was leaning and looking forward to see if the minister was a home. Because if he was not at home, then she had the boys to school.

When the minister opened the door, she was relieved. She waved and smiled at the minister.

The minister waves and smile back. Thinking if she only knew my son was bullying her sons into bringing him food. The minister quickly shuts the door. The mother looks at the door for a moment and pulling off he looks again.

The minister calls his son was already in the kitchen.

The minister says "You three, come into the kitchen and sit down with us."

The minister sits down and lean back in his chair and he began to talk to the boys about their actions and how wrong they were. The boys told him it was his son. The minister leaning forward with his hands folded and closed eyes (and his son looking at him). The minister said "I know. And it is my fault too. I want you all to apologize to the young woman's mother."

The boys said "We don't' know her".

The minister said "Yes you do. She is your Sunday School Teacher."

One of the boys began to cry and one boy said "I like Mrs. James and I did not know that was her daughter. I'm sorry."

They talked for a while. The minister got and cooked the boys breakfast.

The minister told the boys "No more spending you money on my son's breakfast. "OK?"

The boys, with mouthfuls of bacon and eggs said "OK",