

Take Yo Shit

by
Bianca Sams

Lost & Found Madness

Ohio University.

September 16, 2011

TAKE YO SHIT

MADNESS 2: LOST AND FOUND

EXT. PORCH - NOW

As the lights come up DORA stands holding a gun pointing it straight at the audience. She talks directly to different people through out the piece.

DORA

Stop! I said stop by gone it or by almighty I will shoot you dead. Just turn on back around now. You heard me?! You're transgressing! Ya hear! This store house is closed for good. So wipe your blasted feet on your way out and take all your shit with ya! Yo shit don't live here anymore, and tell all my so called friends I'm closed! They can come clear out all they shit too!

Everybody leaving they shit here for me to find and clean up. Well I'm tired. Ya hear?! I'm tired of being tired of being sick of being sick of being sick of choking back tears, broken dreams, failed relationships and disappointments that don't even belong to me. Finding yo shit every where I look. Take yo shit and leave it in yo own back yard. This store house here is closed. I'm retiring from the shit taking business. I gotta some soul cleaning to do too!

I'm suffocating in here for all ya'll shit. I can't even find my own shit for all of ya'll. By jove last week I found a wounded 16 year old me hiding in the cabinet clinging to the very woodwork to survive. Took me three days, count um, three days. One. Two. Three. To pry his ass off and throw his ass out in the street. I aint got no room in here anymore. And that's just the start I'm sure. Under Sarah's suicidal shit. Michael's am I gay shit. Kelly and khalil's baby shit. Jacob's my job sucks shit, Martin's broken heart shit and Neil's momma issue shit. Lies my shit. Mine.

Hell don't even know what they looks like I haven't seen 'em in so long. Can't even begin to tell ya. It's probably growing mold its so damn old. I've been fumbling and tripping over all ya'll shit for so long, I lost me. Covered over my needs, wants, cares, and dreams in mounds of yo shit I can't see through, can't grow through, can't stretch my wings cause I'm all saddled down with you through. Can't see the rug or furniture, hell the walls in my own house for all this shit.

I just. want. dew drop, lily, honey suckled scented dreams. Where I can dance barefoot in night blooming jasmine next to wild streams. With the echo of silence hanging delicately in the air as fireflies shatter the memories of despair.

Where endless purple starlight tinted skies shall be the only thing to bring tears to my eyes...

So excuse my french but, fuck you and what you going through! I got enough damn work to do. So Go on now! Wipe you feet at the door and go on your merry way. I got work to do. Got to shovel all these years of shit out my back door. And alls I know is there sure and the hell better be a beautiful fucking garden growing there at the end of this rainbow cause this shit storm can't help but be fertilizer.