

Drama . . . from: Backstabbers

By: Keith

"Ah, excuse you."

I was being scrutinized while given that sister-with-an-attitude reaction by a plumb full figured sister who probably thinks she is slim, young and gorgeous. She was snaking her neck in that sassy fashion sister's do when they just know they're right about every man they step on.

I mean, she actually bumped into me but claimed I was at fault. I apologized anyway because that was the way I was brought up, Apologize even when it is not my fault. That way, it scales down the stress and trouble in a persons life and I for one do not need anymore trouble nor stress in my little life and this sister clearly had something on her mind and I do not think it has anything to do with the play, either

The theater, the entire ensemble turned out exactly like I wanted it to, clean, crowded and loud, with the exception of the sister low key punking me. She did not care about my apology and she made that perfectly clear. It's cool because the sister has a right to speak her mind but what I don't like is the fact that other people are looking at me sideways.

"I don't care about how sorry you are. You're probably sorry in more ways than one but I know this, if you push me again, I'm going to buss your lip and you getting slapped."

I have to admit, for a big bone girl, she is cute with her caramel colored skin, short hair, nice two piece peach color skirt outfit and I'm willing to bet with that mouth, she is as single as a green one dollar bill; will probably stay that way because she has a skinny girl attitude. I did what I thought a gentleman should do. I threw up my hands, to show her I don't mean any harm, apologized again, offered to buy her a drink and give her a ticket, on me, to the next play that comes to town.

That didn't work. The woman slapped me across my face, cursed me then walked off, came back then cursed me some more and I actually stood there and took her shit but I had good reason.

"What your stupid broke ass need to do is to pay for my outfit. I aught to call the cops and have your ass kicked out."

Ooh, she has a fowl mouth. She wanted me to pay for her entire outfit when she only got a drop of water on her skirt. She was stabbing me in my chest with her finger as she told me off, like I was her son who cursed the babysitter. She called me broke but before I left the house, I thought I looked rather fly; I checked, looked in the full length mirror and everything.

I was wearing one of my Alonzo Garrette suits. Ok, I only own about three but it's clean, smooth and I hardly look broke in it. I would have checked myself again after the sister called me broke, slapped me and poked me in my left eye, which I can't get to stop watering now, but I'm confident I look cool.

I made sure I was careful not to bump into anymore unruly sister's, or anyone ease for that matter, as I made my way to the restroom to splash some water on my face to brighten up my red eye.

As soon as I pushed the door open, three brothers wearing their Alonzo Garrette designer suits took one look at me and started laughing.

"Brother man, you need to watch yourself around these sisters. You know they come out of character at a play. It happens every time," one of them said then slapped me on the shoulder with his heavy ass hand.

If I didn't know any better that was the second time I was low key punked and I haven't even seen the play yet. This is definitely not how I visioned my first visit would turn out.

As I made my way down the near dark isle in the theater to locate my seat, dabbing my watering eye with a wet napkin, I thought about calling the cops my damn self but I didn't grow up like that either. If I had a problem, I handled it. I didn't let other people in my business, cops or anybody else.

Before I could get to my seat, two heavy-set sisters came barreling their way toward me. In case they mean me some harm, I stepped back out of their way into an isle behind me. I stumbled backwards just as the man-eaters passed by, still managing to brush up against me. Unfortunately, I tripped over somebody's foot and that somebody kicked me right in my ass, too.

I spun around; hoping they would accept my apology but when I spun around and saw my female nemesis, I immediately checked whatever attitude I thought might develop within. I honestly wanted to turn and run out of the theater but decided to stand my ground instead. I hope that my watering eye will tug at her heartstrings and she'll go easy on me. I stuck out my hand.

"Carrol..."

"Look, I'm not one of your ho's, okay? My name aint no damn Carrol."

"No. You got me wrong..."

"No. You got me wrong. First, you spill shit on my outfit, crumple my new shoes with your big ass feet and now you callin me one of your ho's. I don't care if you are wearing an Alonzo Garrette or not, you do something else to me and watch what happens. You call me anything other than Banita and...just don't call me nothin, beat it and if you planning on watching this stupid play in which my sister drug me out of my apartment to see, sit down somewhere and not next to me. Find another isle!"

"Damn, you kind of mean." I thought I said that to myself but the sister heard me.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Then, sit your narrow ass down somewhere. The play is about to start. Un, Uh. Where do you think you're going?" she leaned forward to block my way when I tried to get by her. "Go sit somewhere else."

"Yeah but, there are plenty of empty seats in your isle."

"They are taken, I'm holding the seats for my sister and her man."

"I thought you said your sister brought you down here."

"Stay out of my business and go sit down. My sister is trying to get things right with her man and you don't need to be all up in the business. The girl found a used condom in her trashcan *in her house*, nasty dog. Now they need some space to talk now bug off and stop meddling."

That was a contradiction if ever I heard one. This sister has some serious issues. I can already see that. I just looked at her. For somebody who wants people to stay out of her business she sure put her sisters business out there like it's cool. I wouldn't be at all surprised if her sister is sitting somewhere else in the theater to get away from her. I

thought, when I first saw her, she was pretty cool and decent but I wouldn't repeat what I think of her now, other than to myself.

I gave up and threw my hands in the air again, surrendered. Obviously, this sister is way too much and need to be sitting way up in the balcony by herself somewhere. If I were her sister, I would leave her hanging too. As soon as I said, "I wouldn't call this a play," just to throw her off, hoping she would leave, I was being cussed out by another female behind me. I did not turn around for fear of getting poked in the eye again; which I finally got to stop watering.

"Excuse you. It just so happens that I am a huge fan of this playwrights work asshole. How dare you disrespect him like that? He is a damn good playwright. Furthermore, he is a friend of mine"

I could immediately tell the female behind me is sister's with the one sitting down. I believe this not only because of her foul mouth but also because she was poking me in the back of the head while she chastised me for dissing her friend, the playwright.

"Sorry. My name is Carrol B..."

"I don't give a damn what you think your name is. You think you're smart with your Alonzo Garrette suit on. You still aint shit."

I had to step away from my body, in my mind, and look at my suit because these women clearly have something against my suit.

"You are a stupid minded, lame brained asshole who don't know shit."

The woman was so close that I could feel her breath on my neck and if this really is the other female's sister and her man is standing behind me too, he aint shit for allowing his woman to act out like this in public.

"Furthermore, don't nobody even like your butt but your momma and crazy auntie and they probably can't stand to be around you for too long."

"Well, don't look at me. You done pissed that girl off something terrible and Gloria don't really foul mouth people like me. She didn't even curse her husband after she found that *used condom*. He knows she wanted to have a baby and what does he do? But go out in the street ho'ing."

"Banita, that is not true. Stop telling my business like that."

Yep. I was right. That's her sister behind me all right.

"It is too."

"It is not."

"Is too."

"Its not his business. He's a stranger."

"Well, to be totally honest, he is kind of cute. Turn around so my sister can see you."

"Uh. I'm standing right here," I finally heard a males voice, which has to be the other ones man. I didn't turn around just yet. I was already used to the one who poked me in the eye so, I might as well stay facing her for the time being.

"I have a question. This playwright, your friend, what is his name?"

"Nonya."

"Oh, he's an African playwright?"

"Yeah smart ass and his name is none of your damn business. You would be lucky to be half the man he is. What kind of job do you have anyway? You a janitor?"

At first, I smiled because of her lack of knowledge about her so-called friends then I decided, since she really doesn't know me, I'll just get out of their space. "I'm out."

"Good. Get. You shouldn't have brought your sorry ass down here anyway. You're outdated. Who paid your way in here anyway, your momma?"

Since she put it out there, I decided it was time I let her in on a little secret. I turned around. "No. Actually, I'm your good friend."

"You aint no friend of mine."

"Sure I am. You've been protecting me all this time."

"Uh, Gloria, I think he's saying he's the playwright."

I could tell the first girl, now behind me, is on her feet with a surprised look on her face, ready to apologize for assaulting the playwright. I nodded my head at her sister's response. I could barely see the husband because the woman now in front of me is so fine. I simply climbed over the empty seat in front of me, sat down and waited for the curtain to go up but I could hear them still behind me going at it.

"I can't believe you told my business to a stranger, Banita."

"You the one who said he was your friend."

"Say, why don't you girls sit down and get out of the way? I did not pay all my money I was going to use to get my hair done just to see the group of you act like buffoons putting your laundry out in the street. If I had known it was going to be people like you up in here, I would have just as well gotten my hair done instead."

"Buffoon, who you callin a buffoon you old crabby lady." Banita spun on the middle-aged woman but Gloria nudged her. "You lucky you old goat. You should have used that money on a facial."

Gloria sat down right behind Bojangles and stared at the back of his head. Bojangles could not concentrate on his own play because he was thinking of the very attractive woman behind him. He wanted to turn around and get another look at her as if it would be his last time seeing her and he did but she was gone. Her seat was empty. Bojangles smiled at Ms. Ella, the lady the girl got on about the facial two rows back. Ms. Ella was right, she should have used her money to get her hair done. It was looking wilder than the play Bojangles had prepared.

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