

Will Be Live

By

Micah Watson

We begin dark. The lights rise very slowly to reveal that there are two, maybe four, chairs in the center of a bare stage: Sharonda and Mia are in a car. Mia drives. We hear something nostalgic playing in the background, maybe 90's Hip Hop. Suddenly, the light stage goes dark. Red and blue lights encircle the two women. We hear sirens.

MIA

(Sucking her teeth)

Man.

SHARONDA

Crap.

MIA

Probably for someone else.

SHARONDA

Well ain't no one else out here so...

MIA

Always tryna kill my vibe.

SHARONDA

Is it your light?...you didn't get that fixed?

MIA

I was going to--

SHARONDA

Well you should probably pull over.

MIA

That light ain't bothering him.

SHARONDA

Pull over.

MIA

Relax.

SHARONDA

You know he's probably packing--

Mia finally succumbs. The two women sit anxiously for a moment.

(Whispering)

Be careful...

MIA

Okay.

SHARONDA
 ...hands on the wheel--

MIA
 Okay--

SHARONDA
 --yes, sir; no, m'am--

Then both of their heads turn sharply to face the driver's side window. While Sharonda remains stoic but troubled.

MIA
 (To the officer)
 Um yes. Yes, one second...

Mia fumbles to find licenses, insurance papers, etc. She is incredibly flustered.
 Let me just--No, everything's right here, I uh--

SHARONDA
 Check in there.

Mia looks inside another part of the car.

MIA
 Right. Okay...No! I don't have--no, I was just trying to find the uh, my uh...just papers, that's it...Yes, I can.

SHARONDA
 (Under her breath)
 Sit down.

MIA
 (Whispering)
 What else am I supposed to do?

SHARONDA
 Sit down.

MIA
 Okay, okay. I'm coming...ow, alright. I'm standing up, okay.

Mia gets pulled out of the car. Mia puts is shoved up against the imaginary car, her hands are cuffed.

SHARONDA
 Miaaaaa!

Sharonda gets out of the car.
Hey no, please...please. Just calm down.

Mia's body is being jerked around.
Hey!! Stop it! Stop right now!

MIA Sharonda get back in the car!

SHARONDA
Please. If you could just listen, we could get this all sorted out.

MIA
Ah!

SHARONDA
Hey! Hey! Get off of her. Get your hands off of her!!...excuse me...excuse me! Hey!

MIA
You're hurting me.

SHARONDA
Hello!!

MIA
Ah!

SHARONDA
Can we get an explanation?...something!!

Mia jerks again.
Hey! Get off of her, get your hands off of her!!

Mia is crying by this point.

MIA
What did I do? What did we do??

SHARONDA
Take those cuffs off of her.

Mia's body begins to flinch as if she's being pushed or hit.

MIAAAAAA! Get off of her, you bastard, leave her aloneeee!

MIA
We'll get it fixed, I promise I'll get it fixed!!
Please, just let me go home. Ahhh!

Up against the car, Mia flinches in pain.

Sharonda fiddles in her pockets until she pulls out...her phone! The phone flashlight turns on. Sharonda's hand shakes. Lights change when the flashlight turns on. Mia's body continues to jerk.

SHARONDA

Hey, y'all. This is Sharonda. It is 12:46am, we are...we're at 29th and....

She looks around for a street sign.
We're at 29th and Pine. We were pulled over by the police. His badge number is...his badge number is...

She looks for his badge number.
(Flustered)

Mia falls to the ground.
HEY!! STOP IT!! GET OFF OF HER! MIA!! GET YOUR HANDS OFF--GET OFF OF HER! MIAAAA!

No. No, I won't back up....don't touch my, Do NOT touch my phone.

Yes, this is still Sharonda. We are still at 29th & Pine. If you're watching, can y'all send up some good vibes, some prayers, somethin'...cuz...

Her tough exterior crumbles.
Help...Help! HELLLP!...

Phone still in hand, she suddenly places her hands up in the air.

(Trying to stay calm)

No. No. No, no, no. Please, just back up. No, no...okay. I don't have anything. All I have is my id--my identity and this phone. There's nothing else...Please.

She begins backing up as if she is being approached more closely.
Please, please, please, please...PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE...DON'T SHOOT. PLEASE DON'T SHOOT--

MIA

SHARONDA NOOOOOO!

We hear a gunshot. Wounded, Mia falls to the ground. Sharonda runs towards Mia.

SHARONDA

Oh my God. Oh my God. Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod.

(Looking upwards)

What did you do!?!

(Back to Mia)

Mia, Mia baby girl, look at me. Look at me right here. It's gonna be okay, okay? Just keep looking up.

(Looking Up)

Call for help, you bastard!...What are you looking at? GO!

(Back to Mia)

Mia is fading more quickly.

You're gonna be just fine, okay? Everything's gonna be just fine. We're gonna get outta here, okay? We're gonna get through this, alright? Just keep your eyes open. I gotchu, baby girl...I gotchu. We gon get out of here...mhm, we're gonna get outta here and drive away. Back to your granny's house. And she's gonna make you a big pot of greens, with turkey tails. And it's gonna warm you up on the inside...and you won't hurt no more. 'cause she got that recipe from her granny and all the grannies before that. 'Cause you ain't the first one to hurt...then we're gonna pull out your old boombox and dance 'til it don't hurt no more. Then we're gonna laugh 'til it don't hurt no more, and cry 'til it don't hurt no more...and when it's all over you 'gon feel free...real free, okay? I don't even know what that feels like. But you will. Real soon...You're gonna be fine, okay?

Mia struggles to take her last breaths.

Okay? Okay?...Okay!? Okay?! Okay....!

(Looking up)

Look what you did!!

She taps her phone screen (presumably to switch to a front-facing camera)

So I'm out here...on 29th and Pine...Mia...Mia has just been, she was...Did y'all just see what happened? DID YOU SEE THAT?? I don't even know what to say, man...

Still distraught, she takes a second to collect herself.

You are all witnesses. Y'all were here, too. You have the right to remain silent. Everything kept hidden can and will be used against us in courts of law. Everything kept in private can and will be used to lock our chains. To everyone who's seeing and liking--thank you. Please share. Tonight, tonight y'all are able to sit home while this...this, humiliation is televised. This body has provided you with your entertainment for the evening. I, uh...I hope you've enjoyed the show.

(MORE)

SHARONDA (cont'd)

It'll be airing on repeat. Night after night. A marathon of strange fruit reruns. Broadcasted. On your timelines as long as you are willing to tune in. Thanks for watching, y'all.

Fade.