

DNR

By
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Character: Male or female, older than 20.

You see me, sitting against the side of the Staples store, knees up, hoodie down.
My head hangs, one hand limp on the cold cement.
The other in my pocket gripping my next hit.
I'm not a dumb shit who you'll see wandering around looking at the ground
trying to remember where they walked, where they could have dropped the one thing
more important than food, or bathing, or their family's love.
Plan ahead that's what I do. My hand is a death grip on my shit.
Because...
Ahh. Soft. This wave of warmth. Drifting pain free, fear free, nothing matters.
Finally, nothing matters or hurts. I'm relaxing into nirvana.
(Pause)
And then I'm fucked!
Before I can open my eyes, I hear, "They're breathing again!"
I'm laid flat. People. Who are these people? What the hell? Get off me! I'm breathing.
I'm shaking and shouting, "Get away from me!"
You ruined my buzz, fucking fuckers!
What the hell is wrong with you all?
I hate this. Yea I know. You're thinking ungrateful piece of shit.
Who cares what you think. Fuck you
"Go away!"
They prop me up. My back is against the wall again
Talking to me. Offering me stuff. I don't even know what they're talking about.
Why don't they shut up and leave?
I shove my hand into my pocket searching. Yes! I got it.
Like a demon rager I punch my one free fist at anyone near me. Kicking and spitting.
Screaming, "I have AIDs, hepatitis, Ebola! You want to die fuckers?"
They back off.
I push myself up.
And hold my pants up.
Pull the hoodie over my head.
"Leave me the fuck alone!"
Where to go now?
The alley behind the Dollar store.
No assholes there.
Just let me be. I didn't ask for you to do this!
Living is hard.
You know what comes easy? Dying.
That comes easy if everyone would leave me the fuck alone.