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## *Before It Hits Home*

Cheryl L. West

Scene: Here and now

Dramatic

Reba: a woman who has just discovered that her son is dying of AIDS, 50s

*When Wendal comes home to fight his illness, Reba cannot accept him. She can't even bring herself to touch the things that he has touched. Here, Reba blames Wendal for the death of everything she ever loved.*

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REBA: Shut up. Just shut up. Don't say a word. I heard enough from you last night to last me a lifetime. I'm about to walk out that door and try and explain to that man out there why I don't have a home no more. I hate what you've done to my house, Wendal. Spent my life here, inside these walls, trying to stay safe, keep my family safe . . . didn't know any better, maybe if I had, I could deal with what you done brought in here. See this slipcover, I made it. And that afghan, I made that too, these curtains . . . I made this tablecloth, see this lace. I made you. My son! And I took such pride . . . but last night you made me realize I hadn't made nothing, not a damn thing . . . been walking around fooling myself . . . It's hard to look at something . . . I mean I look around here and it's like somebody came in and smeared shit all over my walls . . . I'm scared to touch anything . . . you hear me, Wendal, scared to touch anything in my own house . . . Nothing. Maybe if I could get outside these walls I could . . . I can't stay here and watch it fester, crumble down around me . . . right now I can't help you . . . I can hardly stand to even look at you . . . I can't help your father . . . what good am I? I don't know anymore. I just know this house is closing in on me and I got to get out of here.