

By

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The Book of Hosea

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CONTINUED:

RUE:

I, I uh... No. He didn't... I got him.

His buddies back off. Travis starts to stir.

TJ:

I'm good.

(getting up)

What we doin'? Let's get it.

Rue sits beside him and places a hand on his shoulder.

RUE:

I think we should just chill the rest  
of the night.

TJ shoves her hand away as he stands.

TJ:

We celebratin' baby. Ain't no chillin'  
when you winnin'.

Rue stands and places her hands on him again.

RUE:

Babe. Come on. Everybody's tired. It's  
late. You've had enough.

Travis jerks away, grabs her hands slinging them off, then  
violently shoves her down on the couch.

TJ:

Who are you!? Tell me I had enough.  
This my house! We partyin' baby.

**START** Rue does not know what to do. Tears begin to form. The fellas  
all look to one another in shock.

TJ'S BOY #1:

Hey man. We probably are gonna take  
off for real.

Travis turns, looking confused.

TJ:

What? Bruh we just gettin' started.

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TJ'S BOY #1:

That's all you dog. We just... We  
gotta bounce man. Call it a night. We  
catch you tomorrow though.

TJ:

Aight. Aight then. You straight. Catch  
you lames tomorrow.

(sits)

Outta hea.

His boys leave. Rue curls up to the other end of the couch.  
Travis glares at the ground, out of it.

STOP

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