

Subtleties

By

Joseph Olabiyi Johnson

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A group of twenty-some things sit together in a living room in the mist of food, and drink.

Chris: The only reason why Obama's victory was never guaranteed is because he is black.

Peter: Actually some argue that Obama being black is the reason for all his campaign's success.

Chris: Like who? Bill Clinton? The same guy that later began to sing Obama's praises?

Lisa: At the end of the day Obama went up against numerous white guys, and he isn't the first black guy to run for president. If he wasn't the solid, intelligent, and very sexy man he is; he wouldn't have got as far as he did.

Malcolm: You do know the fact you fancy him makes your opinion on American politics somewhat void.

Lisa: Please any woman with eyes will fancy him. While we're on the subject of things sexy; Peter whatever happened to that girl you fancied?

Peter: It didn't work out.

Malcolm: Which girl is this?

Chris: Nancy.

Malcolm: Nancy? Bruv, I didn't know you two had a thing.

Chris: They didn't have a thing, he fancies her, and she doesn't think he's up to standard.

Lisa: Chris!

Chris: What?!

Peter: Guys calm down. it's not that big a deal.

Chris: Shut up! Are you forgetting the fact you lived here. My man was moping around the place playing backstreet boys.

David: Actually it was Boyz2men.

Chris: Whatever, fact is he is madly in love with this girl, but he doesn't have the Kajungas to do anything about it.

Malcolm: Kajungas?

Chris: Balls Malcolm, balls.

Malcolm: Oh

Peter: I'm alright.....I mean it's not the first time I've been rejected. Plus, it did take me 5 years to tell her how I feel. Partly because I was scared, after all it's easier not to know than to know and be devastated. A big part of my silence was because of a strong sense of duty. When we met she was 17 and I was 23. I lead the youth ministry and she looked up to me. Pursuing a relationship with her was surely an abuse of my power. So I stood back, which allowed bad boy Leonard to hook up with her. Of course he broke her heart. How anyone could cheat on a woman like that is beyond me. 5 years on, and I had not intentions of letting her know how I feel about her. But I just couldn't bare to watch such a gem devalue her self for even a second more, and because a 'you are special' from me the friend came across as simple politeness, I told her..... I told her that I loved her I told her through everything I had always loved her. After all it is the truth. Prior to those words she told me about the fact that she went all the way with Leonard, and in response I felt no pain, no disgust, all I felt is love. A week later there was no doubt I had succeeded in making her feel special. Thing is she's in love with Mark; a good looking, talented, and sincere Christian. Heck, if I was a woman I'd probably be in love with him. When I heard about Mark my heart shattered, after all this wasn't a Leonard that was guaranteed to break her heart. This was a guy that would love her, support her, understand her, fight for her.....God I want to be that guy. With every fibre of my being I want to be her pillow and her rock. Any way I'm facing the truth, which is even if I slew a thousand dragons I would never be her knight, because for her the feelings simply aren't there. So I found myself telling her; "If being with Mark makes you happy then go for it. I will always love you, and I will always be here for you." - I'm such a loser.

Chris: Forget her man, she's a ho.

Lisa: Why is she a ho?

Chris: Let's see now; she used Peter, slept with Leonard, and is now chasing Mark because he looks like Usher. Ho!

Lisa: Peter isn't a virgin, nor has he gone out with every woman who had feelings for him. Plus I know for a fact a Mariah Carey look alike would easily make Peter forget about Nancy. Does that make him a ho?

Chris: First of all a guy can't be a ho, secondly Peter hasn't slept with anyone Nancy knows, thirdly I know for a fact Peter hasn't accepted help from any woman who fancies him, and fourthly anyone who will listen to backstreet boys....

David: Boyz2men

Chris: Whatever, anyone that will listen to bugywguy music non-stop for an entire week won't be distracted by anything. Fact she is a ho, and he can do better.

Lisa: What?!

Malcolm: He kind of has a point.

Lisa: What?!

Malcolm: I'm not saying she's a ho, but Peter's feelings for her are pretty intense, and her response has been a little cold.

Chris: A little cold? Mate she stabbed his heart with a knife and then twisted it.

David: True love can only be deemed true after it has been tested.

Chris: Thank you Yoda.

Peter: Can we please speak about something else please. Lisa, give us a song or something.

Lisa: It's my night off, I just want to hang.

Malcolm: I thought you loved to sing.

Lisa: I do....but....

Chris: But she sounds rubbish up close and personal.

Lisa: Shut up Chris.

Peter: You sound amazing. I do not know why you haven't been signed.

Lisa: When I first arrived in England, one of my hopes was to become a successful singer. Any opportunity that came along for me to sing, I grabbed it. At home, school, church, community centres, I loved it. 'That was so moving, it was so beautiful', people would say after each performance. I got off on performing. My aunt at home regularly dealt her ruthless blow, 'you are not going to make singing a career, where in our family do you see anyone singing for a living?' Those words were like daggers in the heart. After years of her stopping me from having anything to do with my first love, I ran away from home, after all nobody was going to discover my talent with me sitting around the house. I started to go to places where I could sing, and slowly started to build a reputation as the singer with a great voice. Then I met Sam, a man who I looked up to like a father, who offered to help me record a demo. Being so naïve, I agreed, not realising that there was going to be a price to pay for his kindness. My relationship with Sam ended, when I eventually got tired of his promises, and realised that he was actually trying to control and use me. By the time I left Sam, I had wasted many years, tagging along with him to studios, and public appearances. However I still loved singing and wanted to sing for a living, you know do something that I loved doing on a daily basis and get paid for it. That was all I ever dreamt of. So like before I went to open mike sessions and functions in the music industry where I could network with people who could help with my dream. 'Do you have a demo?' they would ask me, 'Yes', I would reply 'but it is not that good I can come and audition for you in person'. By then they would have turned their attention to someone prettier, and younger. I was never one to have lots of friends, or fit with the in-crowd. My aunt tried to convince me that I was ugly and not good enough, but I refused to believe her. At least I thought I did. This morning I got another rejection letter, telling me what I've always been told; I'm not good enough, I'm not wanted. I want to prove those words wrong, but after all this time, I'm not sure if I can.

Chris: Well, you ain't no spring chicken.

Malcolm and Peter: Shut up Chris.

David: God has given you a gift, focus on using it. In the grand scheme of things fame, and fortune is irrelevant.

Chris: Dude just politely said you'll never make it.

Peter: No he didn't.

Malcolm's phone rings prompting him to step away from the group while they continue debating:

Malcolm: Hello

Female voice: It's me, can you talk?

Malcolm: I'm listening

Female voice: I've spoken to my solicitor, and I suggest you do the same.

Malcolm: meaning?

Female voice: You can't see Jashia until you sort yourself out.

Malcolm: You know what, FUCK YOU!!!

Phone cuts off

Malcolm quietly fights the rage within. The fight is so intense he has to close his eyes.

Chris: Hey, Malcolm man what's up?

Peter: Are you alright?

Lisa: Hey Hon, what's wrong?

After a long pause he speaks:

Malcolm: I'm gonna kill her. Yes.... I know what I have to do I mean what kind of a woman tries to break up the most important relationship in the world. You can't build a wall between father and son IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT!..... its not human...I can't kill her; she's the mother of my child.... I loved her once... It's his fault. He's trying to take my baby away... I won't let him... be a man, be a man, he says... WHO DIED AND CROWNED YOU DADDY! YOU AIN'T SHIT!! Your a devil and I'm gonna send you back to hell where you belong. That's right, that's what he deserves. I mean you should have been there then you'd understand..... It was 6:30 that's the time I collect Jashia, I'd been calling since 6:00 but no one answered the phone. So I went round to get MY BOY! The five minute walk felt like a 5 mile trek, my heart pounded faster with every footstep. I knew they were gonna try something, I could feel it in my bones. Finally I got to the door. I composed myself, I wasn't

gonna give them any excuse, I knocked the door. A silhouette appeared behind the smoked glass then came the abrupt voice “**who is it?**” ... who is it? Clearly he could see me as clear as I could see him, anyway like I said no excuses Malcom I replied “**what do you want?!**” What does Malcom want? Its ok just play the game, get your boy. I came to get Jas- “**he’s not here!**” before I could reply the silhouette disappeared down the hall way. I knocked again but got no answer, I tried once more.....nothing. There something about being ignored, something cold...numb something evil. So the knock turned into a bang, then the bang a kick Before I knew it I was screaming, shouting the rage had taken over. **YOU WANT TO IGNORE ME, IGNORE THIS.** Now I could hear his voice. Come big man open the door tell me where **MY SON IS!** You’re not taking him away from me, **I’D SOONER DO LIFE! POLICE!!! WHO GIVES A DAMN OPEN THIS BLOODY DOOR OR I’LL KICK IT DOWN!** The police turn up and are more than happy to drag away a screaming black man. After all that she has the audacity to tell me to sort my self out.....**FUUUUUCK!!!!!!!**

Malcolm storms off

Lisa: I’m going to make sure he’s okay.

Lisa follows Malcolm.

Peter: It’s been fun guys, but I’m going to call it a night.

Peter shakes both David and Chris’ hands and walks off.

David and Chris then get up and begin to clean their living room.

David: You know existence makes a lot more sense, when it isn’t used to make people feel like crap.

Chris: Please don’t start with your high and mighty bubble gum. The fact is people are selfish, nasty, fickle and weak. Sugar coating things isn’t going to change that. I guess one shouldn’t be surprised, after all, man was made in your so called father’s image.

David: Anything deemed selfish, nasty, fickle and weak is either a distorted representation, or a creation of our Father tainted by the one you’ve sworn allegiance to.

Chris: Bull! Nancy had no problem taking Peter’s support and care, but when it came to giving a little love back all of a sudden Mark becomes her focus, because of his looks. I bet if Peter looked like Mark he won’t be walking around with a broken heart.

David: Nancy isn’t in love with Peter, but she does love him. Plus the whole experience presented Peter with the opportunity to stretch his ability to love.

Chris: Malcolm did more than anyone should to make his wife happy, which included being super dad. And in return his wife divorces him, marries his friend, and then makes life hell for him every time he tries to contribute to the upbringing of his son.

David: Hurt people hurt people. If Malcolm repays hate with love by being the bigger person, eventually his ex will break, and be better for it. Thus making her a more effective; friend, wife, and mother. This also presents Malcolm the opportunity to fortify the resolve needed to be a good father.

Chris: And then there's Lisa, who possesses talent and drive, works her backside off only to be rejected over and over again. Don't tell me; she needs to experience rejection, so she can value success when it finally comes. Plus, she is also provided the opportunity to lean on your father and receive his guidance.

David: I couldn't have said it better.

Chris: Ha ha very funny. It's nice to see you've developed a sense of humour.

David: It has always been there, you've just been too blind to see it.

Chris: You think you're soooo clever, you think you're soooo righteous.

David: Actually you think I'm clever and righteous.

Chris: Tell me something, why does everything have to be unfair and complex wherever your father is concerned.

David: Freewill.

Chris: Freewill?!...spare me.

David: Freewill is the only reason why you can say 'spare me'.

Chris: Let's just agree to disagree.

David: Whatever you say.

Brief silence follows

David: You don't have to be this way.

Chris: Neither do you.

Lights go out and gospel song begins to be sung live, but singer can't be seen by audience.

During song lights come back on and Peter is walking home. Nancy and Mark walk pass him holding hands and looking in love. Peter keeps walking and Nancy looks back while she is walking away with Mark. Malcolm is then seen dropping off his son with his ex- wife and her new husband. Husband provokes Malcolm, who is about to react, but decides to walk away because of the presence of his

son. Stage is cleared and a man with a pen and pad takes a seat on stage, while singer reveals herself while still singing, as Lisa takes a seat like she's waiting in line. Singer finishes song.

Judge: Lisa Demeji

Lisa: That's me.

Judge: Thank you for coming along. When you're ready you may begin your performance.

Lisa prepares herself, and is about to sing. The stage lights go out and there is total darkness.

THE END.