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STRESSED OUT !!!
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SCENE: A family gathering, in house, food on the table, laughs, kids playing, etc., IDA AND JESSE on couch.

NARRATION: BEING A HOME TOWN BOY FRESH OUT OF THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA LANDING MYSELF IN THE BIG CITY OF LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA LOOK FOR OPPORTUNITIES TO GROW LED ME ON THE PATH I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU. MY NAME IS JESSE COLE.

IT WAS A DAY IN 1980, A HOT ONE I REMEMBER, SUMMER, WHERE I MET A SWEET HEART NAMED IDA MAY DAVID....

IDA: BOY IT'S HOTTER THAN THE FOURTH OF JULY I HOPE IT COOLS DOWN SOON OR ELSE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SCOOP ME IN YOUR CUP JESSE....

JESSE: NOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY FINE IDEA BUT YA FOLKS MAY NOT TAKE TOO KIND TO ME TAKIN YA SOME PLACE TO COOL YA OFF. YA KNOW THAT DADDY OF YOURS STILL MAD AT ME FOR WHATEVER REASON...

IDA: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT I TOLD YOU HE WAS JUST MAD AT THE TIME YOU SEE HE INVITED YOU OVER.

(1.)

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Jesse: Yeah, probably to call the police on me for violating ya pawpaw's restraining order to keep us apart. Ya know he thinks I'm trouble.

PAUSE.

SCENE: As an older man comes walking up to Ida and Jesse. The man seems off with a beer in hand. His name is Michael Davis.

MR. DAVIS: Well, well, well look at the two jay birds madly in love. (He smiles with a judging look at Jesse.)

IDA: Daddy. (She says somberly)

Jesse: Good afternoon MR. DAVIS this is a lovely get together ya havin here...

MR. DAVIS: Yeah well its my day to shine what are you doing here Michael?

Jesse: It's Jesse Sur and ya invited me, said ya wanted to talk 'bout some things.

(2.)

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IDA: YES daddy you called him yesteday and told him to come over dont you

MR. DAVIS: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH come on boy let me talk with you for a minute. (He tilts the bottle as he drinks heartily.)

Lights go DARK to set the next scene.

NARRATION: Things seemed to be going well but I am UNSURE at this time of what MR. DAVIS would WANT but best be SURE he is going to get STRAIGHT to the point.

SCENE: Porch Landing, two columns, triangle roof top, (3) three steps, a chair. MR DAVIS sits in chair AND JESSE sits on a step facing DAVIS. MR. DAVIS STARES AT JESSE judgingly with more intensity.

MR. DAVIS: Now son you ARE a nice young man but there is something I don't get about you

JESSE: I know what ya thinkin MR. DAVIS ...

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MR. DAVIS: You don't know what I'm thinking! If you did you'd stay away from my daughter like I told you the first time. But because of her continuous rebellion, to sneak out behind my back to see you, I tolerate you. (Angling the beer bottle at Jesse) (Anger shows on his face.)

PAUSE. (Jesse looks shocked but not surprised.)

MR. DAVIS: I love my daughter and I will do what I have to to protect her.

JESSE: Now Mr. Davis I love ya daughter too I believe I'm good...

MR. DAVIS: Love! Boy you don't know nothing about love if you did you would not have corrupted her with your filthy ways.

JESSE: I did nothin but treat Ida right takin her to good places...

MR. DAVIS: Good places! The pool hall is not a place that I want my daughter to go for a night on the town! Matter of fact I don't want her to be with you....
(4)

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JESSE: MR. DAVIS I don't CARE if ya don't like ME AT ALL I will SEE IDA whether ya like it OR ... (He stands up pointing at MR. DAVIS.)

MR. DAVIS: Why you little get the BEFORE I kill you! (He stands up from the chair dropping the beer bottle taking step towards JESSE pulling a weapon.)

Lights go dark to show SCENES OF PRISON/COURT Footage.

NARRATION: What happened next was a tragic episode that stood the test of time. That day I tried to walk AWAY but MR. DAVIS WANTED blood. He stood firm on his statement to kill ME AS he DARTED towards ME. I had no other choice but to defend myself. It was a fatal wound MR. DAVIS took, caused by his own hands, when he pressed the weapon into himself. There WAS nothing that I could have done and for that I WAS punished to the full extent of the LAW. I WAS ASSAULTED AND BEATEN AT EVERY TURN AND I WAS COERCED AND FORCED into pleading guilty to MURDER in the First Degree by the Local Sheriff, Judge, D.A., and Appointed

COUNSEL when I only defended my self.

SCENE: Jesse sits behind prison bars NARRATING the end of his story, looking for answers at a table.

JESSE: How CAN A MAN BE ASSAULTED, BEATEN, COERCED AND FORCED INTO TELLING A LIE? FORTY YEARS AGO I TOLD THE TRUTH AND WAS PUNISHED FOR DOING SO. FORTY YEARS LATER A LIE CONTINUES TO PUNISH ME. I AM UNABLE TO ASSERT THE TRUTH IN COURT OR ANY OTHER HEARING BECAUSE EVERYONE BELIEVES IN THE LIE. HOW AM I TO GET THE TRUTH OUT THERE? STRESS THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LIE. (HE STANDS UP AND WALKS TO THE PRISON BAR DOOR, OPENS IT, WALKS OUT AND CLOSES IT AS HE STATE THE LAST LINE.)

NARRATION: My GRANDMA Mildrid SHERMAN used to SAY "IF YOU LIE you'll steal, IF YOU STEAL you'll kill to stop the truth from coming out"

Jesse: Lord Knows I didn't kill MR. DAVIS!

The End.