

AROUND THE ROSE PETAL

Savannah sits in small office, and stares at a large vase with a dozen of red roses. The vase sits on top of an oak wood desk with a rose picture frame behind it.

The therapist spins a red leather chair around. “What’s the problem today, Savannah?” she asks.

“I don’t want to leave him!” Savannah says. Her eyes swell with tears, and the therapist gives her pink tissues with a rose scent.

“Slow down, breathe, and tell me when it all started,” the therapist says.

Savannah’s eyes swell with tears and yanks out a rose from a vase nearby. She picks off the petals and tosses them all around. “I love red roses,” she says. “I also love Marcus!”

“Take as many roses as you like,” the therapist says. “What’s the problem with your high school sweetheart, Savannah?” Observes the petals on her fresh clean floor.

She stares deep into the roses in front of her. “Last week Marcus and I went to our favorite spot, and—”

Savannah stands in front of Pac-man game in a bowling alley. She yanks the controller left and right. She turns to face her husband, Marcus. “This game cheats,” she says.

“It’s our song baby! I compare you to a kiss from a rose on the grey.” Marcus sways his hands to the beat. “There is so much a man can tell you!” Marcus says. He swigs down a forty ounce of beer.

“Every time we go out, you drink, what’s this your tenth beer?” asks Savannah.

Marcus grabs her hand, and dances to the beat. “Just feel the music move you,” he says.

Marcus stares at ladies that enter in, and swings Savannah around into a table. “Guess what? I have a surprise for you.”

A flower guy enters in with a bouquet of dozen red roses in a vase and gives it to Savannah. “Happy Anniversary, Savannah!” the flower guy says.

“It’s our Anniversary? I forgot it was.”

“Twenty-two years, how the hell you forget?” Marcus asks. He grabs her hand, and sways to the beat of the music.

Savannah pushes him off and he falls into a table. It tumbles over. Marcus stumbles to get up.

“You’re pathetic.” she says.

“Are you looking at that fat dude that just walked in?” he asks.

Savannah dips her nacho cheese. Throws it at Marcus, and it splats on his white polo shirt.

Marcus slaps her.

“What the hell was that?” she asks.

“Look what you made me do,” he says.

Savannah dashes to the roses and picks the rose petals off one by one. “*He loves me, he loves me not.*” She tosses the petals around.

“Damn you, stop playing in rose petals!” Marcus says. “Let’s play a game of pool.”

“*Jerk!*” Savannah sniffs the sweet roses, and places them on a chair.

Marcus pulls back on his stick, focuses on the cue ball, and taps it. The two balls go into the left corner pocket. “Bam!” He stares at young ladies that enter in, and he smiles at them.

“Hey ladies,” Marcus says, and sips beer. “Hey Savannah, go get me another beer!”

“Go get your own damn beer!” Savannah says. She proceeds to finish a pool game.

Savannah leans over the pool table, slides the stick between her fingers, and tremble. She looks over, and catches Marcus grab another women’s ass from across the room. She loses focus.

“*He loves me not!*” Savannah lodges the stick forward and taps the cue ball so hard that it jumps off the table and it slams into a chair. The impact knocks the roses over and glass shatters.

“Hey Marcus, it’s over!” Savannah says. She throws up her middle finger.

Marcus staggers over, punch’s a wall, flips over the tables, and tosses chairs. “It isn’t over until I say it is!”

Savannah looks down at the rose petals all around the floor and scoops up a handful. She tosses all the roses petals in his face, “You stand around the rose petals. I’m getting a divorce!” she says and sprints out the exit.

The end.

