

OUT OF CONTROL

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt and patterned pants, is sitting on a concrete ledge. She is looking out of a doorway in a dilapidated building. The scene is bathed in a blue light, and the walls are peeling and damaged. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

PJ Gray





HER MOTHER

Bree saw the ghost of her mother in apartment 4A. “They call me Tutu,” the ghost said. Tutu was her mother’s nickname. Then the ghost jumped out the window.

Bree wanted to see her mother again. She had so many things to ask her.

Bree lived with her aunt in apartment 4B. Her brother, Andre, spent more time on the street. He only came home looking for money.

Bree's aunt was getting sicker. She stopped getting out of bed. Her aunt did not want to see a doctor. "Leave me alone," her aunt would say.

Bree was getting ready for work. She heard a key open the front door. Andre entered and walked slowly to her. Bree knew he wanted money. He was looking for his aunt's monthly check.

"Did you cash her check?" Andre asked.

"No. It wasn't in the mail. It must be late again," Bree replied.

Andre pulled out his knife and stood close to her. “I know you got a job. Who’re you working for?” he asked.

“I don’t have a job. I’m still looking,” Bree lied. She tried to be strong.

Bree had some money in her coat pocket. The rest of her money was in her shoe in the closet. “I’ll give you some money,” Bree said. “First I want to ask you about our mother.”

“Give me the money,” Andre said. He put the knife to her face. She could smell the booze on him.

Bree pulled the money from her pocket. Andre grabbed it. “Where’s the rest of it?”

“That’s it,” Bree replied. “Get out! Now!”

Andre left apartment 4B. Bree waited to leave. She was late to work that day.