

Sloshed and Saved

By Shariba Rivers

Open to anyone drawn to the piece

Notes: At the top, this person is talking to their therapist on zoom and they are very open and upbeat. It takes a turn, though.

Self Care. Day 179 and counting. Yeah, sorry Doc. I don't know what happened the other day. I started this drinking game. Every time something ridiculous crossed my timeline, I took a drink. Y'know? We used to play a drinking game when we watched "24." Y'know the series with Kiefer Sutherland? Every time he said "tens of thousands" or "you gotta trust me," we'd drink. Fun times! So, y'know. For old times' sake. I'm sitting at home for like, what, how long have we been stuck at home? Whatever. I'm sitting at home looking at the news, social media, and, look. I know I shoulda known better, but. *(beat, listening to what the doc is saying)* Right! This world is a shit show, but I thought I would just hop on, check out what's happening, check on a couple of my friends, and...I was trying to keep it positive, y'know? *(The following should be a constant build to a whole flurry of words and emotion all the way to the end of the paragraph.)* And then, like the world is LITERALLY on fire from rioting and looting and gender reveal parties and, I don't know, the earth is probably just raging mad at how fucked up we are, so she set herself on fire. Then, RBG is dead and her replacement belongs to some fucking cult that believes women should submit to their husbands, so like is her husband going to be telling her how to be a judge???? And that fool in the white house is saying he won't go peacefully if he loses, then there's some bullshit about "wanton endangerment" which means that--like this hasn't already been proven, but here's another shot at it--black people can't even sleep in their own fucking house without being killed, and And AND THERE IS A MAN'S BODY FOUND BURNING IN A DITCH, WHAT?! WHAT TH- WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH US? WHAT. THE. FUCK. IS. WRONG. WITH. PEOPLE??? *(long beat)*

I mean. Right? It's enough to make you drink, right? *(slight chuckle to bring back the "normal")* So. That's. That's what I did. And. *(beat, listening to the doc)* What? You froze. I didn't hear you. *(beat, listening to doc, annoyed)* Oh. Well, no. *(Oh yes, lean all the way in to this sarcasm)* No drinking didn't "help anything," but... *(beat, listening)* Yeah, I know, it was...yeah, I get it. "Take care of myself." It was supposed to be fun. Funny. Haha funny, like "how ridiculous can it be?" funny. I didn't realize how...I didn't realize h-... *(beat, the realization is a bit overwhelming, listening, now fed up)* Yeah, you're right, but y'know what? Y'know what ELSE happened that night? I was ANGRY, like HOT FUCKING ROCKS ANGRY. I was so angry that I wanted to hurt people. I wanted to hurt people, but I was so sloshed that I just passed out, so I guess my little drinking game saved somebody's life. *(beat)* I know it sure as hell saved mine, so. *(beat)* Yeah.