Over the Case

It was the beginning of the end of the day and Alma had not been dropped from her previous caseworker for a good twenty-four hours before she desperately needed to vent. When she entered the room she immediately began pouring out severe frustration that was meant for her son, Robbie.

ALMA

“Where … in the hell… is my son? I asked myself for a good three hours. We had a plan practiced so well that not even midday summertime Los Angeles traffic could stop us. Okay? And I would’ve been wrong if I left him!”

(Pulls out a cigarette. Doctor pulls out his lighter and she gestures him no. Then crumbles it.)

“Again, where is my son? This has been in the making for almost three years now. You dismiss your momma to shoot hoops with your boys? Who does that? Nothing should have gone wrong. Bring your be-hind home! It is that simple. Where ya at boy?”

Doctor Henson had not a chance to become acquainted with Alma’s caseload. Doctor Carmichael who had a sudden exit from the field left no trace of his records. Henson, who assumed she was going off the rail questioned her about Carmichael to understand more about her nature.

ALMA
“Michael. Michael. Carmichael. His ugly, heathen ass! This is why I’m here with you Doctor. He did nothing at all to help, he wouldn’t even let me out of this hellhole once for the last five years. I need to see my son, he should be about three now!”

She continued ranting for ten minutes until Henson interrupted. Despite Carmichael’s lack of reports, she made it clear from her inconsistencies that she was unstable.

DOCTOR

“Miss Alma, I need you to be transparent with me. Please explain all the details relevant to your plan. You came in here and barely introduced yourself. Then you started talking about a resolution to a problem that I am unsure really exists. Now we can start from the top or I will not sign your papers today.”

ALMA

“Oh, Doctor.” (Laughing) “I forgot to tell you about a childhood memory. We went to the park down the street on 23rd and Mama forgot the adult drinks. All them grown folks was drinking up the Huggies. You remember? And Uncle Blue told me to tell you hello. He stopped by last weekend, but I told him you were with Robbie.”

DOCTOR

(Slightly infuriated)

“Miss Alma, you still have not clarified your reason being here today.”

ALMA

“Oh, it is Mrs. Doctor Carmichael. Thank you very much. We got married and Robbie was supposed to be our witness. We had to go a state over so that he did not get in trouble before dropping my case. It was crazy how it all happened.”
She stands up and rips her exit forms and announces her appointment for the next day. In the hall her favorite nurse was waiting with her evening meds. Today she would be compliant unlike last week when she bit her doctor and burned his files.