

Thursday

Life of Agony

(Street sounds; door opens; sounds of television, baby crying and Mother in the kitchen)

MOTHER: Eh, back so soon? You know, don't you have a decent pair of pants you can put on? You look like a...a PIG walking in the street! Your hands, your face-filthy! You disgust me! I can't believe you live in this house!

You repulse me. I want to throw up! (Phone rings) Goddamn kids! (Door opens and closes)

MOTHER: Right! Slam the door again on me! You know, you're just like your father! (Voice becomes muffled; sound of answering machine tape rewinding)

BOSS: Yeah, I'm callin' 'em now...Hello? Hello? Pick up the phone! Where the fuck are you? What's the matter, you just decided not to come to work today? What the fuck is wrong with you? Ya fuckin' lowlife! Hey, you know what? Don't even bother coming in anymore. I've had enough with you and your shit. That's it, you're fired. You understand me? Fired. Don't come back here, fuck you, and goodbye. (Silence on machine; sound of cigarette lighter; beep)

MRS. GLICKER: Hello, this is Mrs. Glicker. I'm calling to reach you about, to let you know, that, uh, you, you're not graduating this year because you are failing two subjects and I need to see you as soon as possible. Be in my office on Monday at 8:30 a.m., promptly, and we'll discuss this matter further. Thank you. Bye. (Phone hangs up; silence; beep; shuts off machine)

