

Alex, a 20s to 30s drifter.
From the play **Termination Dust**.

So I'm lying on my couch, watching something. Movie, sit com, game... something. And I hear my neighbor yelling outside the window at his kids. He does it all the time. I wake up to his threats... often. "Get in this car right now or else." I guess it's just the price one pays for inheriting a tiny house in a crappy neighborhood. Privacy from your neighbors costs money, and it's not a line item on my budget. So sometimes I have to put up with this idiot's yelling. But for some reason, this time it pisses me off more than usual, even more than the times he's woken me up. Then the idiot starts counting... you know, you better get here by the count of three... and I find myself overcome with the desire to scream "EIGHTEEN... TWENTY-SIX... FOUR!!!" out my window at him. The overwhelming need to ridicule him in front of his children, so that they won't grow up thinking this father of theirs is right about the world, that he's in charge of it. So that they won't grow up unable to challenge the world. And my mouth opens, and there's a flood of images in my mind... him screaming at the complex, seeing my open window, pounding on my door, kicking it in, coming after me... and no sound comes out. My jaw slowly tenses shut, and I hear the idiot come to 'two' in his count. And some people might say that I... that I'm... I'll tell you what I am: I'm discreet. I'm polite. And I don't want to sink to his level. I'm noble, God damn it. And you know, I don't care. I don't care what you think of me. I don't care.