

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

W-How's it going?

D- Good. You?

W-Okay I guess.

D- Good. Now that we've gotten that out of the way, what can I do for you?

W-Jack thought you might want some company.

D-He did, huh? How thoughtful.

W-I'm Whisper.

D- Hi. David.

W- I'm already paid for, and I'm really clean.

D- Aren't we all?

D- Then she and her mom storm out of the restaurant, leaving me sitting there with her dad. What a nightmare.

W- You have had a bad day. I can't believe her parents were there when she did that. That's so weird.

D- It is, isn't it?

W- Do you want a blowjob or something?

D- No, I'm good, thanks.

W- Do you wanna fuck?

D- Yeah, that's really sweet, but I don't think it's a good idea.

W- You can jerk off on my tits if you want.

D- You know, as much as I'd love to, I think I'm gonna pass. Whisper, do you have a boyfriend?

W- Yeah.

D- What would you do if you... What would you do if he was having sex with another girl?

W- Play with her tits.

D- And you're not there.

W- Oh.

D- Yeah, you found out that he was cheating on you with another woman, would you want him to explain to you why he did it, or would you even care?

W- Well is he in love with the girl?

D- Does it matter?

W- I think so. I mean, I'd rather my boyfriend fuck some girl behind my back and be in love with me, because if he's fucking me and he's in love with her, then that's almost worse. Fucking's something you do, but loving is something you feel. To me that's totally different. Know what I mean?

D- Yeah. What's your boyfriend's name?

W- Dennis Trent.

D- So he has two first names?

W- So?

D- It's just an observation. Are you in love with Dennis Trent?

W- Absolutely. Are you in love with Sarah?

D- Yeah, I think I am.

W- So, how'd you get burned?

D- I was about sixteen years old, and I was helping a buddy of mine siphon gas out of my old man's car. And he put the hose in too far and the gasoline shot up into his mouth and he spit it out all over me. And I'm standing there with a cigarette in one hand and a gas can in the other. Me and that car went up like that. Woke up the whole neighborhood. Next thing you know my old man comes running out of the house screaming.

W- Oh my god, your poor dad!

D- My poor dad. He beat my ass until the ambulance came. It was the last time I saw him. By the time I got out of the hospital I was almost 18 years old.

W- So you didn't finish high school?

D- I didn't finish much of anything for about ten years or so. I just floated through life pissed off at the world, just getting by, getting high, just making it up as I went. And then one day I saw this guy walking down the street, in the sharpest suit I'd ever seen. This guy was going somewhere, you know? And I thought to myself, what does he do for a living? I bet he's got a great job, he's got a nice car, beautiful wife, nice house... And I remembered something my mom told me. She said choose your destiny. Decide what you want to be in life, and start being it. And so I figured if I could look like that guy, if I could act like that guy, then maybe I could become that guy and get everything I ever wanted. So I bought the suit, I made up this resume, I walked into North and Wells Bank, and basically lied my way into a job. And it worked. And in less than two years I had the car, I had the house, I had it all. I had become that guy I'd seen walking down the street.

W- So you did it.

D- Yeah, I did it. But I always knew in the back of my mind that it wouldn't last, because I'm not that guy, I never was that guy, I was just pretending to be that guy. I'm the guy with the fucked up face. That's who I am.

W- You must really hate the guy who spit the gas on you.

D- You're damn right I do. But he's the only guy that came to visit me when I was in the hospital.

W- What's he doing now?

D- There's no telling.