

## **A MY NAME IS ALICE**

Hi. Sit down please. I know you're going to go. I know. I know. I've been thinking a lot about what you said and I believe you love me too. And I understand she gives you something else. Something you said you need I guess. I want to apologize for yesterday. I mean I was so confused. What does a person do. Two years. What does a person do. Do I have a nervous breakdown. Do I start a new career. Do I have an affair with OJ Simpson? I mean what do I do? I felt so ugly Frank and I don't just mean looks. I mean ugly. You touched the back of my neck. And you kissed me and you said things and I felt a lot better.

So I went and did our laundry at the laundry mat like I always do on Sundays. And in the midst of folding your bedspread I noticed your jock strap in the washing machine. It was twisted and turning and manipulated into all sorts of painful positions. And then the strangest thing- I imagined you were still in it and I became hysterical. I couldn't stop laughing. I thought it was the funniest thing I've ever seen and I just kept laughing. And people were staring at me. And this one woman comes up to me and says I don't think you should inhale so much of the fabric softener. And then I heard your voice. So I ran to the machine and I could hear you in there chocking on the clorex too and the lemon fob. And I shouted Frank what are you saying. And then the manager shouts hey lady if you don't stop yelling at your wash I'm going to call the police and then...

It made me think Frank. Maybe I'm not handling this too well. I can't go back from being two years lovers to be friends. We were never friends Frank. And I know you want to leave me on good terms by telling me you love me. But it would be so much more better for me if we were just enemies you know. It would be better for me to just hate you openly instead of being so adult about it. I mean why be adult about this. So you can tell me about your lovers and I can tell you about mine. I love you Frank but I never said I liked you. And if being adult about it means throwing me away then the best thing I could do, the most mature thing I could do is to rip off your face off. Oh yeah that feels a lot better.

