

FED UP 1 of 4 (sk)

She

Damn it. Don't you ever listen?

He

What for? All you ever seem to do these days is nag, nag, nag. You know sometimes I have to find sanctuary in the restroom just to tune you out. And yet your voice seems to carry through no matter where I go. For God sake will you give it a rest.

She

Why should I? I am stuck here with three kids all day. One who can't seem to grasp the idea that potty training is going on the potty. He figures that peeing in the heating duct vents is the way to go. Another who feels that blowing up our neighbors kid "squeaky sally" doll with firecrackers and yelling "there she blows" is barrel of laughs. Not to mention a teenage girl that thinks she might want to become a lesbian, because you don't have to worry about becoming pregnant or get any diseases. I have your father ringing his stupid bell constantly bellowing "Carol, I can't seem to get my shorts over my ass, will you help me." And when I get there, he gets so excited that he has woody. I got to tell you this is something no-one needs to see. And finally, a neighbor who feels that the way to "help me out" is to explain in detail what I should be doing, and what I am doing wrong. Now you come home and say that you can't handle this and you are going to the pub for a couple of brews with the boys. Well fuck you. I am going out, and I will be back when I good a ready.

He

Wait a minute.

She

No, why the hell should I wait. I wait for you 365 days a year. Why the hell should I wait for you?

He

Because now its my turn. I get up, get dressed and go to work. If I am lucky, I will have a re-heated cup of coffee, and a piece of burnt toast on the way. I get picked up by a wonderful car pool group. Squashed between the Sumo queen of pastries and Huge Hefner. Or should I say Heffer. (cont)

FED UP 2 of 4 (sk)

He (cont)

If I am lucky enough to survive Mr. Kamakasi of driving school, I get to work looking like Robert Downy Jr. going on his way to the Betty Ford clinic.

She

So far your only at a 3 out of 10 compared to my day.

He

There's more. As I head off to my desk, picking up my "one" message, I look into Mr. Grahams office. There sitting with him with a fucking Chesire Cat grin is Greg. They're laughing, and having a grand ol' time. And Greg knowing damn well he could be heard throughout the office. After I take another a swig of Pepto Bismo, I hear a loud clearing of the throat "hmhmhm" It's Mr. Graham " Excuse me everyone, Excuse me. Can you stop what your doing please. I am sure that you all have read your memo, but just in case you haven't I would like to announce that Andy Mailer is now the new regional head manager. Would you please give him a hand." And then there is round of applause. No, I hadn't read the fucking memo. No, I didn't know. And yes, that makes him my boss. Fucking unbelievable. I taught the bastard. He's been here less then a year and he's now my boss.

She

Okay your up to a eight.

He

Wait there's more. Next thing I know, I am called into my "new bosses" office. "Al," he says "I don't know what's happening with you, but your sales are falling. Is everything okay at home?" "No you piss ass monkey brain flem," but I wasn't going to tell him that. "No, everything is fine. Its just been a rough month or two for me out in the field". " I understand." he says, "but I have to be the heavy, and tell you that you are on a two month probation, and If it doesn't pick up for you, we are going to have to let you go" I smile, gritting my teeth, knowing full well the son of a bitch has me by the balls and say, "I understand, and I will do every thing possible to pick up my sales. Thank you for your candidness, " and leave the pricks office. Well, after another day of trying to make ends meet, I get to jump into the car pool gang swaree. (cont)

FED UP 3 of 4 (sk)

He (cont)

But heh, I get a break. I am not beside sumo, I get to sit next to the ceasar salad breath gal , who happen to be on a gab fest. I got to hear about her day, her kids, her renovations, her husband, and luckily only a small snippet of her garden that is growing, because we pulled into her driveway. I get home, and who do I encounter, I'll give you a guess. Go ahead, make my day complete.

She

Well isn't that special. And that is suppose to make my day a walk in the park.

He

No, just a vacation.

She

Fuck you and the carpet you rode on.

He

Look, it seems that we both need to get the hell out of here. I'm trying to avoid spontaneous combustion and you look like you are on your way to the psyche ward and the last thing I want you to do is meet up with Lorraine Bobbit. What do you say we get out of here for a couple of days, without anybody. No work, no kids, no dads, no neighbors, nobody.

She

Really?

He

Yeah. I don't think we will be functioning human beings if we don't.

She

Okay, I'll call Fran and see if she can look after the kids for a couple of days.

FED UP 4 of 4 (sk)

He

I'll phone my sister to pick up Dad and take care of him. We are out of here tonight

She

Thank you.

He

Lets get a move on