

his public service time so he can have a nice little mark on his CV. We're a SLOT on his RESUMÉ and she thinks he's God's gift. I don't care. If I were black, you can bet it would be different. I'm sorry for being a racist, Paula, no one wants to be a racist but these morons making the decisions don't leave you any choice! Davenport stays because he's black, and Mr. Harvard Law stays because he's Mr. Harvard Law, and I go because I'm a single white woman in my thirties and it doesn't mean shit what I do. Let's face it. We're the most useless group of people history has ever heard of; we're a bunch of fucking spinsters, that's what we are. I wish I was married. I wish I was black. Or no, you know what I wish? I wish everybody who got in – you know, everybody who got in – would turn into white men. All of them. Those Asian women newscasters, and those sleazy black male weather guys, all those snappy little white girls who look great in power suits – I wish they would just turn into white men over fifty. I wish all of them would turn into Bill Buckley. Because then we would know. We would know who the good guys were, and who the bad guys were. We would just know who was who and what was what.

(She starts to unravel her knitting.)

But it's fine, okay? Everything is fine. If this were, you know, India or something, Iran, maybe then I'd be in trouble. Not only would I be out of a job, I'd have to wear one of those stupid black things over my face. Right? But this is America. It's better here than anywhere in the world. Everything is fine.

THE MIDNIGHT MOONLIGHT WEDDING CHAPEL

by Eric Berlin

Misty, a woman looking for love, 20-30
Setting: a wedding chapel in Las Vegas
Serio-Comic

Misty and Peter have decided to get married after only just meeting in a Las Vegas casino. Here, Misty tells the justice of the peace of the events that led to their hasty decision.

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MISTY: I never do anything.

[MARIE: What?]

MISTY: I mean, I eat and stuff. Like Peter says he still has fun sometimes, but, I mean . . . Like, I play slot machines – ten dollars out of every paycheck. No more. And I don't put my winnings back in again, either, I keep them. That's how the casinos make their money, you know, from people winning money and giving their money right back. So I do that and I waitress at the Tropicana. And guys try to pick me up, and sometimes I go out with other waitresses, but that's, like, what we go out and do is pretty much the same as *our jobs*. I mean, I thought Vegas was going to be really exciting when I first moved here, to be a dancer, but it really isn't, you know? So I really don't do much. Waitress. Audition. Do the slots. Slots are all I really like because it's all fate, just you and the machine, right? I can always feel which slot machine is going to pay off. It's like I always know which way to go. That's how I met Peter, I told him which machine to play, and he did and he won all that money, so we got drunk and then we decided to do this. This is the most fun I've had in a long time. Thank you for not closing! I mean that.