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by
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A young man, in his late teens with short spiky hair is standing at the back door of a warehouse-like building. He is wearing a T-shirt and jeans and leaning against a large, red dumpster.

I work upstairs at the call centre. It's goddam boring. So why do I do it? Well, I do it because I do it.

The best thing about working there is seeing how much you can get away with. There are a million rules. If you want a drink you have to buy bottled water and bring it to your station. If you want to take a leak you have to do it before your shift starts. They actually have posters up about all this. I wrote Fuck You on one of the posters and the next day there was a poster up saying - Do Not Deface the Posters.

The people I work with, some of them are OK, but most of them are real losers. The young ones are small l losers but there are some older ladies here and, man, talk about Losers with a capital L. They actually care about what they do. You should see them whenever they announce employee of the month, looking all proud and wondering who it might be, smiling when Beth, she's the manager's assistant, says it was so hard to choose – it's pathetic.

My friend Tim and I used to sneak out here on our break. We weren't supposed to do it but we did it anyway. But yesterday was his last day. So now, I am just standing here by myself with nobody to talk to and nothing to do but look out at the city in the dark.

Did you ever stare at something so long that it starts to change shape? Like you're high or on acid. That happened to me tonight. I'm staring at the city and the lights from the windows and the street lamps were strobing and trailing. Then, the buildings started moving and vibrating, like they're going to explode, like everything that's inside them was going to start flying out. That's the way my head feels tonight, like it's going to explode.

Tim didn't even tell me he was leaving until yesterday. He's going back to school. Asshole. His Dad promised him a car, if he'd go back. I called him a loser and a sell out to his old man and he said that's why I didn't want to tell you. But you know what, I don't really blame him. Things are so bad in this office. They didn't have a party for him or anything, just gone like he didn't ever exist. He says we'll stay friends but I've heard that before.