

Before Bed
by John Perovich
Tragicomic
F - 30s

Kassie has a late night conversation with her husband before bed.

KASSIE

You coming to bed? I just thought maybe you'd like to go to bed together. Like we used to. As a married couple. Cause if you're staying up to do—whatever it is you do—would you mind taking care of the dishes in the sink? The trash?

Well, I beg your pardon, Mr. Doesn't Want to Go To Bed With Me, but how in God's name do you think anything gets done around here?

There's a fairy—a magical fairy—that flies around after a long day of manipulative, satanic 7th graders. This fairy is so fucking magical, she cooks and cleans and uses her fairy wand to scoop shit out of the litter pan!

Don't tell me to calm down! I don't need you to tell me to calm down! I need you to tell me whatever the fuck's going on with you because...! It's not about the recycling...or the way your bathroom smells...it's about going through that door at night. Alone. To our bedroom. Not knowing when...or if...I'll feel you next to me.