

Watch Our Paint Dry

By Rob Santana

“Watch our paint dry!” There was no need for the exclamation point, but damned if my wife Sunny couldn’t resist placing it on her poster as an added punch. Her idea of a joke, but one she took seriously. Me, I was so pissed I could eat nails. It took a year for me to realize the mistake I made in marrying Sunny. She’s the National Anthem of women asked for their hand in marriage strictly for their looks. Bright, cheerful, gorgeous; inventive and opinionated. And a pain in the ass to live with. When it comes to housework, she’s the Holy Grail of Fuck-ups. Being an ‘artist’ excuses her from proper domestic chores.

The ones she agreed to fulfill have me climbing the walls; like swabbing the floor with an ancient mop, or washing the dishes in a half-ass way which forces me to shove them into our dishwasher, which is in need of a plumber. Yay. Her corner of the bed resembles a male bachelor’s. Her socks, underwear and regalia are strewn about like the aftermath of a plane crash. Where do I stop? Her endless trips to the beauty salons, the ninety-nine cent emporiums, art supply stores.

I married an artist.

Not the type who draws or paints or writes poems. She performs. Sunny is a ‘performance artist.’ She once rented, at my expense, a black box theater (44 seats) in a neighborhood more suited for purse-snatchers and winos. It was her first solo show. One night only. Thanks to her unique marketing skills, she was able to sell out the showcase, or rather, as she named it, her ‘performance piece.’

The theater’s A/C had collapsed that night, a Tuesday night, not even a weekend. By eight p.m. the temperature plummeted to eighty degrees in the middle of a record-busting heat wave.

By the time the lights came up, the entire audience was fanning its collective face with

the one-page program. Amazingly, no one walked out, despite the oppressive humidity during the straight two-hour show. Me, I opted for a spot by the nearest exit. I stood there like an usher hoping to sneak out and strike up a conversation with a homeless guy. But from the stage, she could see me. I was squirming on my feet, embarrassed for Sunny; praying no one in the audience would faint and press charges later.

Sunny's performance piece, or pieces, had opened with her playing a colic baby whose non-stop crying torments the next door neighbors, then a giant bed bug that recites the opening lines of Henry V while straddling a pillow; 'The Lost Elvis Movie,' as, of course, Elvis in his only gay role. It got a rousing ovation. Her Elvis was uncanny, wig and all. An outdoor café in the snow; A housewife who demands to make love with her husband just before the Super Bowl's opening kick-off.

Sunny placed the 'Watch our paint dry' poster on her web site and MySpace, giving it the sheen and elegance of a Hallmark baby shower announcement. An RSVP was added so that her countless fans wouldn't dismiss it as another of her weird jokes, most of which, in my opinion, are about as funny as a death in the family. The invites began on a Sunday. By Wednesday, Sunny got fifty-seven likes and forty-five 'will-attends'; for the chance to sit on folding chairs in our living room tomorrow morning, a Monday.

The audience will file in, sit, and watch the paint dry. Sunny made it clear I'm not to enter the room she's painting. I said fine, hey. Sunny chose acrylic. Two coats.

Her previous artistic statements, plus the one scheduled for Monday night, are the result of a New York Times review Sunny Weathers' one-person show earned during last summer's NYC Fringe Art Festival. It was press night. Sunny played three women of influence: Sally Ride, the astronaut, in a bitch-fight with her lesbian lover minutes before the launch; Hillary Clinton and her reaction to Bill's Big Lie about his affair with Monica Lewinsky; and Lady Di's final hours in Paris. Sunny's Brit accent was scary flawless. This final one was met with jaw-dropping silence by the vast audience while The Times critic kept giggling and taking notes. The

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

thumbs-up was published the next morning and my wife made damn sure everyone in her circle saw it. It hangs on our kitchen wall, framed with the finest oak texture. Thus, Sunny Weathers had become a critic's darling, thanks to a NY Times mid-summer back-up for the lead scribe, who wouldn't give a good review to a turkey at gunpoint.

The back-up was fired a month later after praising one too many stiffs. That didn't stop Sunny. A rave from the Times was like earning a Pulitzer Prize or the Oscar. It's an honor she'll fall back on regardless of future failures. It's her ace in the hole; a symbol of success, and a magnet for clueless new friends. The power of the printed word.

But Sunny's in for a shock.

Because I intend to use her ridiculous 'paint dry' spectacle for my personal platform.

I will wait until every seat is occupied by her "cult following" and announce my plans to divorce Sunny Friggin' Weathers. It's not even her last name but a made-up name, a show biz name. How clever.

She was Samantha Chlebek, the word meaning 'small loaf of bread' in Polish, before she took and then discarded my surname, Bonaventure. What the fuck's wrong with Bonaventure for the stage anyway? "Sunny is cheerful and positive!" she said. "And Weathers makes sense!" My divorce disclosure will not only shock the gathering, but Sunny as well. Enough is enough. How's that for a performance piece, Sunny? Upstaging her is delight I relish. I picture myself standing in front of the painted wall, facing the audience, sharing the lowdown on the reasons for my impetuous decision.

This will be the real drama behind the pretentious facade of Sunny's 'art.' Me, the hapless husband whose generous bank account had dwindled due to her whims; her need to be the center of attention; to be different and daring. A hubris backed by the New York Times. Sunny will have to listen as I lay out my plans for a lawyer; the indomitable legalese. Sympathy will ride with poor Sunny, of course. From the wives. The husbands who were dragged to the 'happening' will likely give me a Standing O. That would be cool. Any attempt from Sunny to

butt in will be foolish. I won't stop until I'm done.

Then I'll walk out while her invited assembly continues to watch her 'paint dry.' I have my bags packed for after the momentous occasion.

You want me off-limits to the living room, honey? You got it.

At night, she hangs a black curtain across the wall before bedtime to hide her work. "Gotta be pink." she told me. "Whatever" I said back, surprised she would reveal to me her choice of color. I feel so sick at heart about my plan. I still love Sunny. No. It's Samantha I love.

I first met Samantha Sunny Chlebek Weathers in one of those dingy Club Noir type joints, where anyone could step in front of a microphone and recite poems, or vent their angst against society. I had crawled in there hoping to cool off from a brutal day in my Wall Street office. From eight to five p.m. Gazing at a PC, making cold calls and taking shit from the Acquisitions Manager required a periodic visit to a bar now and then. Besides, I hated drinking solo. I was thirty and still a bachelor. I wasn't looking to score. Just relax and surround myself with people far removed from the corporate world. My plan had been to sit back in the farthest corner, order a Jack Daniels on ice, and witness the freaks embarrass themselves on the stage.

After thirty minutes of retro-beatniks, retards, and butt-numbing cover songs from folk singers, Sunny claimed the empty chair next to mine. I snagged glances at her out of the corner of my eye: sunset-colored short-cropped hair, large hazel eyes, short bumpy nose, and a body fat women would gladly endure an AIDS crisis to achieve. I like my women skinny, but with a modicum of ass. Sunny passed the test. When our eyes finally locked after sharing the same tepid applause for a tap dancer with two left feet, she smiled. I was stoked. After some aimless banter, I waited for the inevitable, soul-crunching Boyfriend Bomb.

It never came. She lived alone, having moved to Manhattan from Connecticut six months before. She fancied herself an artist of many styles. I kept smiling and nodding. Her enormous hoop earrings were more suited to a Latina's, not a New England woman with such

patrician looks. I told her this and her eyes sparkled.

“And you? Are you going up there?” she asked, hooking her thumb towards the stool. It glowed under the heavy spotlight and seemed more like an electric chair. “Me? Nah. I push papers for a Wall Street firm,” I said. “I come here to observe and feel superior.” She laughed. I laughed. I ordered for her another round of Vodka Blush while nursing my bourbon.

I’m considered handsome by people I know, full wavy brown hair, decent nose; so she must’ve found me attractive. With each passing minute she became relaxed and free with her tongue, checking me out more closely. As an excuse to show off my athletic frame I stood up to stretch. That seemed to seal the deal. She edged her chair closer to mine. By telling her I had zero designs on stepping up to the lion’s den she decided I wasn’t competition.

“I’m going up there.” she stated, pointing to the stool. At the moment, it was occupied by a lame comedian. With each stiff boring the audience, Sunny grew more confident. “Are you, really?” I asked, and pictured her reciting a monologue from Shakespeare. Her moment came when yet another comic stalked off the stage scowling, stung by the smattering of polite applause. She shot up and bounded towards the empty stool. She placed a shopping bag I hadn’t before noticed at her feet. Props, I gathered.

She fished out articles of clothing. The first were a pair of sunglasses. They were followed by a pink pillbox hat. Then a black wig that reminded me of Mary Tyler Moore, circa 1963. The crowd began to murmur. I shifted uncomfortably and scoped out the audience. I knew what the next item would be. Sure as shit, Sunny rooted out an exact replica of Jackie Kennedy’s pink jacket and pulled it over her matching Pepto-Bismol wool skirt. The illusion was complete. But she wouldn’t leave it at that. Not this girl.

Illuminated by the spotlight, the skirt she wore was splashed with either ketchup, red ink, or brain matter from an animal. A middle-aged couple behind me groaned and retreated to the exit. A young couple took their place and began tittering in anticipation. Where was this going? The house lights dimmed and the spotlight brightened. Sunny surveyed the audience,

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

and began her act. "This piece is titled "Cheer up, Jackie!" She cleared her throat and stared out.

"It was the day that changed America forever. 11:15 p.m. on the night of November 22, 1963." The room felt heavy; like a prayer meeting inside a church. No one dared cough. "Jackie Kennedy is in her Washington hotel room. Watergate." Someone snorted and was shooshed. "She was alone. Due to a lack of security, a fan had lied to the guard, claiming to be a cousin of Jackie's. She was led in to visit Jackie. Her cousin." I laughed and it gave others to permission to laugh as well. Sunny's timing was gorgeous. "The visitor claimed she wanted to offer her deepest condolences to Jackie. Her cousin. This the guard told Jackie, who was so in shock she agreed to see her cousin. Or whoever."

"The security guard told the visitor she only had five minutes, then whisked her to Jackie's room. Jackie, still mourning, was seated, and waited." Sunny would then remove the hat whenever she played the unexpected visitor she called Amy standing up, then sit back down when acting as Jackie, hat back on. To begin the dialogue, she played Amy:

"Hello, Jackie. I'm Amy. Big fan."

As Jackie, she sat down and looked up at Amy, nodding politely, unsmiling.

"Thank you, young lady."

As Amy: "So. How was your day?" Gobs of sighs and grumblings rippled through the crowd.

Jackie: "I'm sorry but, who are you?" How did you get in?"

Amy: "Hey, your suit's a mess!"

Sunny's Jackie accent was eerily perfect, with its breathy tone. The audience was hers. 'Amy' then launched into a rendition of Satchmo's 'What a wonderful world it could be' before the guard stepped in to toss her out.

Sunny bowed to indicate the 'spoof' was over. There was a hush. Then a smattering of

boos harnessed with loud applause filtered from what I gathered to be the more hip members in the room. I applauded more out of politeness. It had been decades since JFK's assassination, but Sunny's act troubled me in a way I couldn't diagram. Poor Jackie.

But how brazen and fearless! As Sunny glided back to her seat, I overheard sincere kudos tossed her way, which she acknowledged with a shy dip of her head. When she sat back down she covered her mouth with one hand and muttered "Oh my God" repeatedly while stuffing back her props with the other. "That was so....out there." I said, in an effort to begin a conversation about political science or anything that would draw us closer. She seemed startled by her own brevity.

"Thank you," she murmured, smiling, her eyes downcast. I asked her where she got the inspiration for such an-ahem-unusual parody. "Well," she began, "I've always fantasized what it'd be like if some dipshit had gotten access to Jackie's hotel room that night and, in her own clueless way, make a clumsy but sincere effort to cheer Jackie up. And how Jackie would respond to it. I dunno." She shrugged. "The joke is always funniest to the person who tells it. I can't believe my balls." As she said this, glances were tossed her way; mostly from guys in my age bracket. I wanted her for myself. "Would you like to go someplace else?" I asked. "I'm sensing a hostile backlash from some of the ladies here." It was a lie, but she actually glanced around for a moment, then nodded.

We dated on a regular basis after that. It was during our fourth that perhaps she began wondering why I hadn't come on to her. She invited me to her apartment in the lower east side. My ruse had worked. Be cool. Let her make the first move. Make her wonder. Was I gay? Secretly married? If she'd only known the nights I spent in bed doing things to my pillow in her honor.

It had taken tremendous effort not to touch her, kiss her full sensuous mouth. We sat on her couch, which was flanked by tall plotted plants. Posters of Lenny Bruce and Moms

Mabley adorned her orange walls. She kept pulling down her black mini-skirt. This prompted a question I'd always wanted to ask of women who wear mini-skirts: 'Why wear such a thing if you then need to cross your hands over your lap when you're sitting down?'

"That's an interesting question," she answered, before retreating to the far end of the room and changing into a pair of baggy jeans. I made a point of not watching her disrobe. When she sat back down she drew closer and rested her head on my shoulder.

"It's our fourth date, Lou, and I know so little about you." she breathed.

"Well, I live alone, which I've already mentioned on our first date."

"You did? Oh, right. Yeah"

"Date number three? I ran down to you my daily routine: up at six, Granola and coffee, shoot down to the subway, loosen my tie, enter my cubicle, and stare at the PC."

That should have been the tip-off, Sunny not being a good listener. The world revolved around Samantha 'Sunny' Chlebek Weathers. However, by allowing me access to the southern part of her body with my eager mouth after date number five, I knew I couldn't lose her. She was tall, lithe, cheekbones like a Rodin sculpture. And fresh-smelling always. I asked her to marry me, part kidding, part solemn. Her response shocked the hell out of me.

"Let me think about it, Louis. Yes, I'll marry you." She said it in a nonchalant way that made me wonder about the pre-nup percolating in her head. Weeks later, She picked out the engagement ring from a store in Manhattan's diamond district. Not Fifth Avenue as I had anticipated. It was modest, and I felt safe. I arranged for a small church wedding, persuasion of her choice. She insisted on City Hall. Fine with me. All I pined for was legal access to her dancer's body seven nights a week.

She would try and make a good wife, she'd told me. It never entered my mind to ask if she loved me. But then, why agree to marry me if she didn't? Wasn't that how it went? The City Hall ceremony was un-ceremonious. No invites. She made no effort to contact her parents, who moved to Arizona. My parents had died during a hotel fire in Puerto Rico, their only vacation

after forty-five years of marriage and an only child. I booked the hotel for them, so no points for me.

Our wedding night in my apartment was everything I'd hoped it would be. And more. She turned it into a 'Performance Piece' for my benefit. It was a slow strip-tease that began in full wedding gown and stopped midway in her white frilly brassiere and satin thong, the hat still perched over her pulled-back hair. It was the most erotic sight I'd ever seen, the way she sashayed east and west before me, hands on hips, her lips curled. My fingers gripped my swelling basket.

Then she began to recite, line by line, the scene where Blanche Dubois, is raped by Stanley Kowalski in 'A streetcar named Desire.' before draping herself over me.

For seven consecutive nights after that, she would insist I play the part of The Rapist in a scene from a movie that involved a sexual assault; beginning with 'Peyton Place' and ending with 'Johnny Belinda.' In between were five other films. She fed me the lines. It was bizarre.

I tried. I really tried.

Even passion ebbs to a comfort zone of familiarity: giving, listening, sharing. I would come home, and at first there'd she be, prepping a simple blend of meat and veggies for dinner. This lasted a week. What followed were TV dinners, Chinese take-outs, then pizzas from the local Arab joint. I never kvetched, though. She'd gone mopey on me. 'What's going on with you?' I asked. 'I want to perform,' she answered.

"What's stopping you?"

"You are." she said.

"How so?"

"I feel I have to play wifey, and it's weighing me down."

I had to remind her that I never once forbade her to perform on stage. That all she needed do was ask, and I would give her my blessing.

"You mean that, Louie?"

“Hell yeah, baby. Go for it.”

Go for it, she did. And her delusions expanded. For the rest of our marriage, she’d rent whatever space was available, financed by me, to perform her oddball one-person shows. In the back of her head was the Times critic to champion her again. I had to accompany her, of course, seated among the many ‘cult’ fans she’d cultivated through her web site. This wasn’t enough. She would attend other shows, many of which she bad-mouthed to anyone who listened.

Sunny simmered at my proposal that she help supplement my income. But she made the effort, landing a part-time gig as a receptionist for an established Off-Broadway organization. It lasted a month. She’d been fired for chronic lateness, but not before having networked a list of subscribers eager to watch her perform. Mostly men and middle-aged ‘party ladies.’

The sex soon gridlocked altogether. She segued from wearing T-shirts and panties to granny pajamas before climbing into bed. Her excuses ranged from the classic ‘I have a headache’ to bouts of ‘bloody-time’, which lasted far longer than the allotted period. Whenever I came home from work, she’d be rehearsing for her next ‘piece.’ Not picking up on my vibes, she would solicit my feedback. When I panned her rendering of ‘Rolf, The Gentle Nazi’ she placed me on her pay-no-mind list. Permanently.

That’s pretty much been our daily routine up to now. She would sulk, then rekindle from a sudden jolt of inspiration; the latest one being “Watch our paint dry!” Our living room can handle up to fifteen folding chairs for her invited audience. The folding chairs are courtesy of some rich geezer who adores Sunny.

I flat-out refused to spend another cent on her ‘inspirations.’ My refusal was met, not surprisingly, with icy silence and her retreat from physical contact between us. I was dismissed. Perhaps for good. I’ll make it easier for her. Divorce me, you selfish bitch. And get out. It’s my

crib. Go meet some jerk willing to kowtow to your whimsy. Someone who'll praise your brilliant satirical mind in return for a kiss.

It's Monday morning.

I called in sick from work to rehearse my own performance piece in secrecy. I had another job lined up, anyway. Sunny was about done painting the wall. The "fourth wall" like on a stage, as she pretentiously called it. The door was locked. I was off-limits. I'd have to knock. I would not. How many living rooms have a door? This one did. Until now I never knew how strange it looked, a living room with a special door. By four p.m. she'll be finished, then change into her costume: a house painter's outfit she borrowed from a friend.

By six, the invited guests will file in, eager to see what Sunny Weathers has in store for them. Me, I have no idea since I was barred. Two flawless coats of pink? Does she expect these folks to sit for an hour and literally watch paint dry? I don't intend to wait long once the "show" kicks off, because I'm sure five minutes won't pass before someone decides to get up, exit, and spawn a mass exodus to the door. I want a full house.

Seven p.m. The Donovans and the McIntyres and the Trevinos have claimed the first and second row of seats. They're murmuring among themselves, sipping from foam cups of Port.

The "fourth wall", the one they're facing, is sheathed by a wool curtain, affixed with expert craftsmanship by Sunny. She used a rod to hang it from.. The long-awaited 'parting of the curtain' will remind most of these saps of King Kong's unveiling in the 1933 version. "Ladies and gentlemen, look at....paint! Watch its slow-burn journey to ultimate dryness!"

No. I can't imagine Sunny will put it quite like that. She'll part the shroud, no doubt, then stand by the corner and watch the audience react. After three minutes of this torture, she'll come up with something clever and unexpected.

Then a terrifying thought grips me.

Sunny once begged me to watch Andy Warhol's film "Empire" with her in Soho. I sat there, my butt and brain comatose after two hours of viewing this nine-hour marathon. It was a static 16MM long shot of the Empire State Building, in grainy black and white. "How do you like it so far?" she asked during the second hour. It was that exact moment I fell out of love for her. I walked out. She stayed to watch the entire film.

I'm sure tonight's viewing will be her 'Empire.' No talk. Just watch. And perceive. Figure out what the message is. "All of you who understand my work," she'll probably say, "just sit and watch my paint dry, and figure out its deeper meaning." Or something to that effect.

Two more couples shuffled in. "Sunny, good to see you. Hi how are you? Thanks for coming. Cup of Port? Do you know Chris and Alma and Bla-Bla? Take a seat. Show's about to begin."

By eight p.m. every chair is filled. My howl of protest waits in the wings. I'll stand in the rear, right behind Sunny's clueless gynecologist, Jen Steadman, just divorced and Sunny's biggest fan. She leans forward in anticipation as Sunny, in her sullied painter's outfit, strides to center 'stage'. I watch faces. I hear bleated, suppressed chuckles. The air is electric. It's clear her captive audience isn't expecting anything less than an artistic statement. A Cosmic Metaphor. "Thank you for coming tonight." Sunny begins, "My phone kept ringing since morning. I had to turn people away." she deadpans. Muted giggles and applause leak from the select few.

"I am so touched by your presence and support. You've been so wonderful and amazing. How'm I doing?" she beams, as the audience claps with fervor and thunder. My hands remain in my pockets. Let's get rolling, Sunny. As if she'd read my mind, Sunny draws the curtain. Someone gasps as the wall comes into view. I swallow hard. It's a panoramic, acrylic painting of the Manhattan skyline, stretched from one end to the other. At its center are the Twin Towers, silhouetted against a deep, post-sunset sky, their tiny windows stippled in yellow lights. It's an enormous mural. Not a bare wall. And it's magnificent.

I stare at Sunny as she regards the stunned faces studying the precision and surety of her design. It's as if an engineer had drafted an exquisite grid of geometric lines.

But with a color grading of stunning black, red and yellow. The lights from the Towers' dotted windows glint like jewels in the dusk.

All executed from memory. This is no photo-realist job. This is craftsmanship. I'm glued to my stance. I can't bring myself just yet to infringe on the event; to interject my tales of marital woe. Sunny stands in silence, allowing the clambake to admire her work. Done by her. With no help from anyone. Upstaging her would be an embarrassing slight. I'm doubting my common sense. No, I'll wait this out, for however long it'll take, then put it to Sunny later in private.

"Okay, gang, had enough?" Sunny shouts, smiling. "The reason for this display is to announce the start of a new career." she points at me. "My husband's." Heads turn my way. "My hubby Lou, who I love and cherish, begins his new job tomorrow morning as manager of Acquisitions for Bright-Connors Ltd. Right about there." She taps her finger on a miniature window somewhere on the top part of the North Tower. "I am so proud of Louis, and, not being able to express it in words, I used my paintbrush." She sweeps her hand towards the mural like a game-show host. Applause for Louis. Oh, boy.

"Lou, come up here and take a bow!" I'm petrified. I shake my head no. She has to pad over to me and pull me to the front. I'm bathed in sincere kudos, more embarrassed than if I had announced my divorce from Sunny. I feel tricked into this somehow. Why go through all this, Sunny? Why couldn't you have sent a simple mass e-mail?

People land new gigs every day without fanfare. Why all the fuss? Is there a hidden motive behind the charade? I acknowledge the applause. Please let it die. "Good for you, Louie!" Congrats, Lou!"

Someone rises and it sparks a standing ovation from all fifteen goddamn seats. I nod

and indicate with my hands for them to please sit the fuck down. Sunny snakes her arm under mine as the din dies down. “Well! That was my artistic statement! Duh!” Sunny says. Chuckles, more applause, thinner this time. My stomach is flip-flopping. She turns to me. “Louis? Now you know why I’ve been, so, umm, reticent during my work-in-progress. I love springing surprises. She gazes at me the same way she’d done on our wedding night. I forge a smile with downcast eyes.

Then she turns to her patrons. “You people didn’t think you were literally going to watch my paint dry, did you?” Guffaws. Rejoinders. I feel like I have to do a tap dance or something. Sunny leans over to me and says, “This was for you, baby. I love you.” I stare into her eyes and I can peg the truth and soul in her words. I feel limp. “Speech!” This from a lady in the rear. It’s echoed by a few others, like lemmings caught up in the moment. Sunny squeezes my hand as I face the assemblage. I have to clear my throat.

“What can I say after such an incredible exhibition?” I begin. The room is silent. My armpits feel damp. “I’m....humbled, and a bit embarrassed, truth be told. Heh.” A smattering of ‘aawws’ bounce off the walls. “I too was fooled into thinking Sunny would have the cohonos to invite people to stare at her painted wall.” Some snickering. “So imagine my shock.”

I shuffle for lack of words. Sunny pokes me gently in the rib. “But I’m grateful to my wife, making such a grand deal over a new job, new title. I look forward to giving orders for a change; from my plush office; lunch breaks at Windows on the World.” Applause.

“Well, that’s pretty much it, folks. Thanks for being such good sports,” I say. I step back, wondering how the Giants’ game is going, wishing these folks would surround Sunny and allow me access to my TV set in the guest room. But I realize I have to mingle a bit, pretend to bask in the de trop scrutiny. I field inane questions. Mostly from the men. About the big step in my career; how I will handle the change, the onus of leadership. I suddenly feel tired, sleepy. I have to rise at six. My three piece Brooks brothers suits hangs in the closet.

I will discuss matters with Sunny after my first day on the job has passed.

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

I will tell her how her selflessness, for one night, changed my perspective on our marriage. How much I really do love her; not pretend differently. I will do this, but I need to crash and glow at the abrupt turn of events as I close my eyes.

The End

Rob Santana bio: Graduate of The Center For Media Arts, Professionally produced playwright, (three Off-Bway plays) full-time Filmmaker (two feature films screened at various "Top 25" rated film festivals) Former Journalist for the U.S. Government.