Hello, invisible friend, my imaginary, YOU. Nothing is clear…engulfed with circling my mind with madness…I find myself lost, awake but not conscious, my brain exudes neuron flashes, vibrating, trying to ignite me, stir me to something I could be…this isn’t my life…I’ve lost myself, I’ve lost my direction, I’ve gone–

I was knocking for ten minutes this time.

You want a beer or something, you seem a bit high strung—

You forgot what today was?

…What’s today?

…Our father’s funeral.

…Oh, yeah, I uh, I know.

Why didn’t you come?

I’m still going.

We’ve already buried him. Two hours ago!!

Right, well…well, I plan on going, after everything, on my own time…how’s Mom?

Try calling her and you will find out. I just came by cause, I don’t know…I just came by. I gotta head back to the city.

Ok…wait…

What the hell is wrong with you anyway?  You’re supposed to be this great big writer.  Dad was your biggest cheerleader and now look at yourself. Going nowhere! Achieving nothing! I go to work each day, tiring myself, raising a family…I own a house!

Yes, you do, you own a house, Rallye.

And you fart around all day in your robe, your place stinks, you smell like cheese doodles and you have achieved nothing in your life. You are a failure!

Can you keep your voices down there?

I write.

You what?

I write.

You write.  What do you write?  Why can’t anyone see it?

It’s not good.

So quit and get a real job!

It’s not good cause I’m revising it, shaping it into something…I hope.

Life isn’t about hope, Waldo.  Life is facts.  Stop dreaming.  It’s been long enough.  Keeping your head in the clouds.  Grow up and take some responsibility for your existence before you completely waste away.

I don’t know…

You don’t know what?

I don’t know why you’re always such a creep to me.

You’re the weird one!

You treat me bad.

I’m fed up with you getting away with everything.  You can never do wrong.  You don’t even get confronted for not attending your own father’s funeral!  What kind of son are you?  Didn’t he mean anything to you? You’re wrong and I seem to be the only one who gives a damn to tell you the truth and put you in your place!  You don’t deserve the family treatment you get.  Like you’re somebody special.  Wake up cause you’re not!!  You hear me?!

Can you two please tone it down there?

…Thanks, for sharing your opinion of who I am in your eyes.

What is that sarcasm now?

I don’t appreciate the fact that you find my actions deplorable and need to justify your creepiness toward me as an excuse to cover up the fact that you don’t have the passion to aspire to be something more than what you’ve become.

Excuse me?  I’m completely content with my life.

Ok.

You think I’m not content?  I’m content.  I’m wildly happy!

Right.  Are we done?

I’m happy.

You’ve told me.

Yeah but I want you to know it.

If you say you are happy, I accept your happiness.

You think making a compromise is the big evil, like you’re going against your deep values or something.  Some higher nonsense purpose. Right? What a joke.  That’s not living life brother, that’s a fantasy and a ruined life…a waste of time and space and a disappointment to our father and our family.  That’s who you are Waldo and always will be.

So, we’re all happy.

Oh? You two are done now?