

“What’s on Thursday? (A Conversation.)”

By: Thomas Koppchi

Hey, Megan?

What is it Veronica?

Don’t.

Don't what?

Megan.

Veronica.

Oh my godduh.

Do you like my new hairs?

Megan can you or can you not come over on Thursday?

Yeah I think maybe.

What?

I got three new ones today.

You think maybe?

I what?

On Thursday.

Yeah, I can maybe go.

That’s all you needed to say.

That’s all I said.

You said new ones at one point.

New ones?

You said the words new ones as part of a response to a question I asked you about
yes’s and no’s.

I said I got new hairs.

Hm.

New hairs. On me. Three.

Three?

Three on me.

Hairs?

On me?

Yeah.

Who knows? A lot.

You said three!

I said three new ones.

Three new hairs.

Yeah on my head.

Hairs on your head.

Three brand new hairs on my head.

Don’t come over Thursday.

I could though.

Don't though. Do not come over. Do not. You insufferable piece of shit bitch. You rat ass faced plate of hot shit bitch. You stupid cunt. Fuck you. Fucking kill yourself. Do it. Do it for real you fucking shit pissing bitch. Freak. End it, you pitiful shivering weak ass fetus bitch. Every year on Christmas I write Santa a letter asking him to blind your entire family so they don't have to see you anymore, and I've been a real good girl this year, so you better watch your back.

I'm Jewish.

Oh yeah?

Yeah.

Me too.

You are?

No.

Why did you say you were?

I didn't.

Yeah you did.

No, you are thinking of when you did.

What?

You said that.

I said what?

You are Jewish.

I'm not Jewish.

You're not?

No?

Me neither.

So?

So don't come over on Thursday.