



SPIKE HEELS by Theresa Rebeck

GEORGIE

You think I don't know how to behave in public or something? Jesus, I was a waitress for seven years, the customers fucking loved me. You think I talk like this in front of strangers; you think I don't have a brain in my head or something? That is so fucking condescending. Anytime I lose my temper, I'm crazy, is that it? You don't know why I threw that pencil, you just assume. You just make these assumptions. Well, fuck you, Andrew. I mean it. Fuck you.

You don't even know. You've never seen me in that office. You think I'm like, incapable of acting like somebody I'm not? For four months I've been scared to death but I do it, you know, I take messages, I call the court, I write his damn letters. I watch my mouth, I dress like this—whatever this is; these are the ugliest clothes I have ever seen—I am gracious, I am bright, I am promising. I am being this other person for them because I do want this job but there is a point beyond which I will not be fucked with! So you finally push me beyond that point, and I throw a pencil and now you're going to tell me that that is my problem? What, do you guys think you hold all the cards or something? You think you have the last word on reality? You do, you think that anything you do to me is okay, and anything I do is fucked because I'm not using the right words. I'm, like, throwing pencils and saying fuck you, I'm speaking another language, that's my problem. And the thing is—I am America. You know? You guys are not America. You think you are; Jesus Christ, you guys think you own the world. I mean, who made up these rules, Andrew? And do you actually think we're buying it?