

Wit's End

(Word Count 2464)

Monday

Alarm failed to go off. Was in state of full-blown panic before realizing I was unemployed. Fleetinglly concerned with punctuality of significant other, then realized I did not have one.

Had run out off coffee.

And toilet paper.

Went back to bed.

Tuesday

Cheered up considerably when Bruce Campbell appeared on morning talk show. Good mood diminished when mention of this to friends was met with near unanimous chorus of "Who is Bruce Campbell?"

Disgusted by general cinematic ignorance of acquaintances.

Went back to bed.

Wednesday

Woke early. Endeavoured to surmount current vocational void. Sat down with Employment section of newspaper and large box of Kleenex.

Dramatic mood swings to follow.

Alternately wept and laughed hysterically.

Went back to bed.

Thursday

Mistakenly called Mother and confessed to recent lay-off. Pleasant conversation suffered rapid decline. Apparently, all current misfortunes stem from failure to provide grandchildren.

Friday

In desperate attempt to make sense of present situation before complete loss of faculties, outlined following facts:

Age: Seldom admitted

Sex: Infrequently

Marital Status: Disappointing

Current Occupation: None

Previous Occupation: Associate Public Relations Assistant

Duties: Few and nonspecific

Education: BA (Bankruptcy Aspirant), General Arts, U of T

Current Residence: Small, roach infested apartment, downtown Toronto

General Outlook: Bleak and angst-ridden

Saturday

Returned from gym aching and lame. Ordinarily accustomed only to

exercising vocabulary. Am generally suspicious of, and tend to avoid all activities which result in profuse amounts of perspiration; possible exception being sex, an activity no longer remembered.

Saturday night.

No date.

No plans.

No real surprise.

Am too stiff from sadistic use of nautilus to call friends and complain.

Sunday

Watched Coronation Street in hopes of attaining means through which I might engage in congenial conversations with Mother. Characters poor, unattractive and complaining in pub. Must remember to begin referring to small, dank, odoriferous apartment as *flat*, in attempt to sound more cosmopolitan.

Tomorrow will begin job search in earnest.

Monday

Civic holiday.

Flag awareness, utensil appreciation; some such epidemic lunacy.

Spent centennial observance on couch watching game shows. Developed slight tension headache during heated episode of Celebrity Jeopardy.

Began sensing in self vast intellectual void.

Unable to translate into rudimentary Punjabi simple phrases such as:

"Pardon my impertinence, but your interpretive dance routine is distressing my iguana."

Consulted Learning Annex catalogue for secondary language course, but became distracted by harried homemaker canonizing Martha Stuart's culinary creativity with discarded beet tops and canine droppings.

Tuesday

Received unexpected call from favourite younger cousin. Sounding uncharacteristically distraught, Amy immediately implored I permit her to pay me a prompt and prolonged visit.

Graciously offered her pull-out couch in living room of dismal, diminutive and fetid flat.

Cousin acutely and curiously grateful. Suspect mental instability (of Amy, not self).

Wednesday

Cousin's arrival both safe and punctual. Remains tall, slender and immaculately groomed.

Tempted to throw self under wheels of passing Ford, but settled for questioning authenticity of Amy's suspiciously bounteous bosom.

Remark met with vicious retort outlining similarities between self

and ignorant bovine.

Ah, family.

Thursday

Reasons behind Amy's harried hastening to the refuge of my residence revealed.

Cousin also unemployed, having suffered immoderate indignities and expeditious termination ensuing boss's untimely discovery of illicit sexual congress between herself and married co-worker in supply closet.

Gales of irrepressible laughter cast misgivings regarding my expressed empathy.

Suggested spending remainder of day in flat drowning mutual sorrows in Tequila.

Friday

Hangover.

Made several attempts to persuade merciful God to end suffering.

Was unsuccessful.

Saturday

Evening spent indulging in exotic coffee and sinfully high caloric deserts at local café with incontestably cosmopolitan cousin.

Attractive young waiter wooed Amy with free refills of vanilla/mocha blend and requested her phone number. Elderly widower missing upper dental plate enlisted me in discourse on Australia's southern hairy-nosed Wombat.

Sunday

Coronation Street. Characters remain poor, unattractive and complaining in pub. Certain female character appears to have misplaced chin.

Monday

Woke late. Finding Amy absent, took advantage of empty flat by vacuuming nude. Have read that vibrations from vacuum will firm and tone unfettered bosoms.

Disappointed with results.

Consulted employment section of newspaper. Was overjoyed to find advertisement of position as equally vague and nonspecific as previous job. Called immediately. Interview tomorrow. Must find ideal outfit, shoes and possibly print resume.

Tuesday

Have changed clothes sixteen times. Bewildered by attire's failure

to deliver promised transformation. By no stretch of the imagination do I resemble an elegantly accomplished executive sex kitten.

Loosely approximate puerile cross-dresser having bad hair day. Fear being resigned to stand on past employment laurels. Would prefer to stand on long, shapely legs.

Arrived at interview late. Was mercilessly subjected to series of trick questions aimed to entice prospective employees into suffering schizophrenic embolisms.

Fled building weeping.

Wednesday

Called ex-boyfriend.

Motives ulterior to mature social camaraderie. Allen enjoys lucrative career in Film Industry as something called a Gaffer. Is scheduled to begin working on low budget feature starring no one consequential. After much wheedling interspersed with threats of castration, agreed to arranged interview with Production Coordinator for possible position as assistant. Assistant what and to whom unclear, but was assured dress is casual.

Thursday

Met with Production Coordinator of Wit's End. Was immediately disenchanted when not greeted with anticipated "Honey, Baby,

Sweetheart", nor strewn with saccharine kisses. Max is short, chubby and sports black, horn-rimmed glasses. Previous experience deemed vague and non-specific enough to qualify as Production Assistant, or P.A.

Start Monday.

Friday

Commemorated hire with begrudgingly congratulatory cousin by waxing eyebrows and watching My Name Is Bruce. Equally titillating and harrowing.

Saturday

Rummaged through cluttered closet in search of casual yet cinematic apparel. Failed to unearth even single pair of puffy director's pants. Came close by way of second hand maternity slacks, but wish only to appear pregnant with enthusiasm and creativity.

Sunday

Overslept.

Missed first half of Coronation Street.

Suspect unattractive characters of sitting in pub, repining indigence.

Postponed calling mother until tomorrow. Am more likely to parry

pestering concerning paucity of progeny if able to silence her with chronicle of employ.

Monday

Wit's End

7:15 a.m. - Arrived at Production Office forty-five minutes early.

Obligated to wait in parking lot swallowing increasing apprehension along with nutritious and convenient breakfast bar.

9:00 a.m. - Attempted to make hot, black, caffeine laden beverage vaguely resembling coffee.

Success limited.

9:30 a.m. - Returned from Tim Horton's.

9:45 a.m. - Was given Crew List with index of extension numbers. Told to familiarize self with all names and departments.

Unsure of what a DOP is.

Equally perplexed by A.D.'s.

10:10 a.m. - Walked Milo, large Labrador/Collie cross belonging to Production Designer (ex. 4126).

Am beside self with new challenges.

10:30 a.m. - Began ongoing battle with photocopier. Machine and self failed to reach mutual level of understanding. Was left inundated with black ink and indignation.

11:00 a.m. - Commenced three hour lunch orchestrations. Menu

distribution, order taking, money collection... Found intensity of focus and concentration given to simple task of mid-day mastication ludicrous.

1:00 p.m. - A.D. stands for Assistant Director. There are two.

2:00 p.m. - Was asked by attractive 2nd A.D. bearing distinct resemblance to Bruce Campbell, to make staggering number of oddly configured photocopies. Something called Sides. Was compelled to have Trevor (Trevor!) repeat request due to intense inability to concentrate on anything beyond his salient sex appeal.

2:25 p.m. - Attempted to engage Trevor in casual, courtly discourse, but was forced to fake sudden onset of epileptic seizure when unable to recall own name.

3:00 p.m. - Caught first glimpse of Director as he breezed by with genuflecting entourage.

Was not wearing puffy director's pants.

4:00 p.m. - Completed Trevor's photocopying. Accidentally dropped burden of Sides at Deus's feet. Was bestowed with casual, sultry smile of thanks. Or possibly amusement.

4:15 p.m. - DOP stands for Director of Photography. Have forgotten ex. #.

5:00 p.m. - Saw first opportunity to urinate. Took it.

6:00 p.m. - Am desirous of impaling self on large pointed stick for relaxation.

Am truly at Wit's End.

Tuesday

8:15 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. - See Monday.

6:00 p.m. - See Monday... lengthen stick

Wednesday

Carcinogenic concerns not prevalent in film industry. Crew appears unable to execute allocated duties without benefit of cigarettes. This perplexing proclivity for nicotine has reeked havoc on upper respiratory system. Attempts to edify offenders on fatal effects of aforementioned indulgence met with seeming amazement and outrage. Will resign to subtle coughing up of lungs.

Thursday

Empathetic acceptance regarding believed speech impediment of Line Producer superfluous.

Evidently, Paul is British.

Friday

5:00 p.m. - Ominous emergence of worker insurgency suppressed by distribution of weekly paycheck. Would blithely bequeath paltry sum to aid in cleansing of foreign lepers for precipitant peek of

Trevor's bared chest.

6:00 p.m. - Line Producer endeavoured to alleviate crew's ready remonstrations with generous libations of Scotch.

Surmise that Paul and his accent will soon retire to pub and complain of financial privation.

Saturday

Slept late.

Discovered Amy contemplating new career in sex-trade industry.

Implored that I lend her both moral support and uncomfortable satin push-up bra.

There are no words.

Sunday

Viewed chronicles of unsightly British, bereft of currency, griping in tavern.

Called Mother.

Exaggerated significance of and satisfaction with current career.

Tidings trounced with embarrassing reminder of earlier employ in Entertainment Industry as budding thespian. Played sycamore tree in third grade production of Little Red Ridding Hood.

Collapsed with leg cramps during second act and crushed crimson clad ingenue.

Monday

Woke with mixed feelings of dread and sexual tension. Latter emotion undoubtedly resulting from Amy's decision to join Midnight Escort Agency.

Considered phoning Aunt Jennifer with fallacious delight regarding daughter's designs to become involved in illegal prostitution, but overslept.

Tuesday

Discovered self unprofessionally preoccupied with curvaceous countenance of 2nd A.D.'s buttocks.

Must diligently labour in sustaining appearance of sexual stoicism. Began avoiding supply closet.

Wednesday

Amy reconsidering latest vocation upon learning of the Midnight Escort Agency senior's discounts.

Thursday

A.D. department absent from Production Office. On something called Second Unit Location Scout. Spent afternoon weeping in lavatory

under pretext of deceased pet newt.

Friday

Trevor still away. Braved burden of his absence admirably. Burst into mournful rendition of Send In The Clowns.

No idea why.

Amy determined to overcome geriatric repugnance in favour of financial potency.

Saturday

Disregarded Amy's suggestion of orchestrating provocative chance encounter with Trevor. Have read naked ambushes are frequently and regrettably subjugated by inclement weather and insect bites.

Went back to bed.

Sunday

Coronation Street. Populace remains plain, penniless, and bleating in beer parlour.

Amy in veritable tizzy. Consummated professional arrangement with Midnight Escort Agency. Is now official Skilled Companion.

Inaugural assignment proved most satisfactory. Cousin spent previous evening outfitted in plastic bubble-wrap playing Parcheesi with nearsighted paraplegic. Earned \$350.

Monday

Morning spent in radiant relish of Trevor's return. Was exhaustively enraptured by explicit recounts of Location Scout. Excursion consisted of eleven Crew Members crammed into mini transit vehicle visiting various Municipal Buildings and empty Parking Lots. Journey punctuated with frequent stops for benefit of all susceptible to motion sickness. Trevor curiously enthused by discovery of our shared propensity towards vehicular induced regurgitation.

Tuesday

Asked to assist in distribution of oddly hued script revisions. Suffered mild concussion during misadventure with swivel chair. Resulting fugacious amnesia provided ideal conditions to re-read How To Make Love The Bruce Campbell Way. Literary genius.

Wednesday

Desperate to incite acclaim of merits beyond buffoonery, borrowed amply padded foundation garment from Amy. Padding shifted. Spent remainder of day with hand clamped to bosom like patriotic half-wit.

Thursday

Entire Production Crew of Wit's End stricken with flu.

No longer fear detection of persisting sexual titillation.

Embarrassing swoons and sudden torrents of perspiration now mistaken for genuine illness.

Friday

Feverish and aching. Sinuses clogged, lungs congested. Bowels rebellious. Similarities between self and classic literature's romanticized renditions of fetchingly consumptive heroines remain few.

Chest and disposition equally deflated, though dangerously elevated temperature lends attractive sparkle to eyes.

Saturday

Aspirations beyond mercifully perishing suspended. Amy attentive and solicitous. Cousin compassionately aided in replenishing self's diminished bodily fluids and good cheer with generous libations of orange juice and knock-knock jokes.

Sunday

Coronation Street.

To ill to remark on physically and financially disfavoured character's cornucopia of crocked complaints.

Called Mother.

Malady accredited to nuptial and reproductive shortcomings.

Monday

Slept late.

Haggard and disoriented.

Trevor yet stricken by rampant virus. Surmise possession of formidable constitution in addition to Herculean buttocks.

Tuesday

Decrepitude diminishing. Intestinal indisposition's enforced renouncement of substantially caloric comestibles seems to have resulted in significant weight loss.

Am delirious with joy and only trifling pyrexia.

Intend to refrain from glutinously replenishing sebaceous resources.

Wednesday

Successful in resolve to sustain state of semi-starvation. Curtailed cravings by mentally conceiving scenarios involving Trevor and/or Bruce Campbell and can of low-fat whipped-cream.

Thursday

Received casual and most unexpected dinner invitation from Trevor for Friday. Found self unable to verbally articulate acceptance.

Suffered mild neck trauma from enthused nods of agreement.

Anxiety rapidly transcended elation when petitioned to ponder prospects pertaining to post-repast recreation. Heredity's cruel humour strongly discourages public displays of dance. Bowling is equally taboo due to childhood fear of rented footwear.

Friday

Giddy with excitement and moderate blood loss caused by earnest shaving of legs.

Feigned fragile femininity by pecking daintily at chicken croquette, though stanch determination to maintain dignified deportment drastically dissolved after third Screwdriver.

Found self confessing to Trevor a most passionate fixation.

Trevor courteous with playfully polite reciprocation of regard.

Saturday

10:20 a.m. - Awoke mortified by memory of admitted ardour. Despite distressing expertise, unsure of ability to endure humiliation.

11:35 a.m. - Amy of little help in discouraging considerations of ceremonial self-disembowelling.

1:10 p.m. - Trevor called. Requested meeting for sober evaluation of mutually expressed affection.

1:11 p.m. - Incredulous with disbelief.

1:12 p.m. - Mistakenly implored Amy to rouse me from presumed dream.

1:30 p.m. - Succeeded in concealing red hand imprint across left cheek with liquid foundation.

2:00 p.m. - Kicked Amy out.

2:10 p.m. - Trevor arrived. Timorously invited him into flat, profusely excusing diminutive size and curious odour.

Of flat, not self.

2:30 p.m. - Concluded our mutually expressed affection to be independent of alcoholic beverages.

2:31 p.m. - Enthusiastically began acquainting selves with all sexually vertical delights.

3:05 p.m. - Went back to bed.

3:06 p.m. - Enthusiastically began acquainting selves with all sexually horizontal delights.

Sunday

Woke late.

Had missed Coronation Street.

Did not care.

Called Mother to impart news of regretful inability to chat due to nude entanglement with virile man.

Suggested aspirin and cold compress to quell her subsequent fits of hysterical exuberance.

Went back to bed smiling.

Encouragingly ensconced in Trevor's embrace, trials and travails of everyday existence appear acutely alleviated.

Find self profoundly grateful for having arrived at Wit's End.