

"PROBLEM SOLVED"
by Dan Trujillo
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(MADISON, a woman 20s to 30s, sits on a couch, and speaks to her mother.)

MADISON

I was getting these bladder infections, Mom. My doctor couldn't explain it. Then I realized it was my spirit talking to me. Telling me it was unhappy. My spirit was speaking to me through my bladder infections. That was really where our relationship started to disintegrate. I could take my sinus headaches, but bladder infections are my better-hadn't-dare point.

So...I cornered my spirit in a dream. It was back in high school, by my locker. I expected her to be wearing -- you know -- white robes, something long and flowy, but she was just wearing a lavender t-shirt and jeans. But the shirt had a really low collar, and my spirit's cleavage was just like out there. Plus she had enough eye shadow to paint a house -- I was really scandalized by how slutty my spirit looked. I told her to knock off the bladder infections. She has something to say, she can say it right to me. She called me a name, and then said something about how we had to deliver the elephant to Honduras by Thursday...that was when I lost it. I had a purse -- with the long thin leather straps. I got behind her, wrapped it around her throat, and just started pulling. I was yelling, "Why do I always have to listen to you?! Why don't you listen to me for once?!" Then she kind-of went limp, and I realized I'd broken her neck.

And I gotta say, ever since I killed my spirit, things have been going better for me. I'm a lot more clear-headed at work. The newspapers are beginning to make sense. I was even able to get back in touch with you, mom. I never understood you until I killed my spirit. I mean, you had Dad to kill yours, but as long as I kept mine alive, we just couldn't see eye-to-eye on anything. Now we can finally talk about current events, husbands, the way all these mini-malls have popped up out of nowhere. We can figure out how to get more celebrities to come to town. We can finally put me back in the will. I love you, mom. No, not love. What's the word? Acknowledge.