

Travis James

CLIMACTIC SCENE

Weekend Blues

"You're not going to work today!"

"We need the extra money," Brad said.

"You say that every Sunday."

"Geez, do you think I enjoy working seven days a week? I'm only doing this for you, you know."

Cheryl couldn't believe it. They had the exact same argument every weekend. He was always going off to work. He was never there. She was not going to put up with it for too much longer. The kids were hanging off her all day, and washing was piled up to the ceiling because it hadn't stopped raining for weeks on end. And with no car, she couldn't go anywhere or do anything.

"You've been working every weekend for months."

"I have to take the work while it's there. Besides, Sundays pay heaps."

"I could really do with a hand here. You haven't done anything around the house for ages. Can't you skip it just one day?" she pleaded.

Brad scowled. "No! I can't afford to," he said irritably.

Cheryl wrapped herself around him. "But I just want us to spend some time together. I miss you. I hardly ever see you lately."

All she wanted was a little bit of attention. Hell, even a sloppy kiss would have been nice!

He sighed. "I miss you too, Honey."

"Oh, pigs! You can't wait to get out of here most days!"

"It's little wonder," Brad said angrily, pushing her away gently. "Look at this place!"

"You can't blame me for all of this bad weather!"

"We'll talk about it tonight, okay. I have to go." He stormed off.

She doesn't even get a peck on the cheek these days. Kylie started screaming because she hadn't been fed or changed. Micky thinks he's Geronimo and was running around firing sucker-pointed arrows at everything. And the one in the oven was kicking the crap out of her. The phone rings, the jug is screaming louder than Kylie, then there's a knock at the door. No doubt it's Geraldine from next door wanting to bum a ciggie. Oh hell, and now her head was pounding so bad.

It wouldn't have surprised Cheryl if that no good for nothing fella of hers was shacked up with someone else every weekend. No one in their right mind would want to stay in this

madhouse. She couldn't really blame him. And she had really let herself go recently, certainly not the pretty picture she had once been. But there was no escape for her. All she wanted is one day, just one lousy day, to cuddle up and simply talk to him. All they seem to do lately was fight.

That night Brad hardly says a word to her, except, "When's dinner." Then the fat slob flopped onto the lounge and watched telly all night while she did the dishes and folded the laundry. Cheryl tried to cuddle him when he eventually went to bed, but he wasn't interested. Too tired, he said. I've had a long hard day, he said. Geez, what does he think she'd doing all day? Sitting around twiddling her thumbs?

The same thing happened the following weekend. Cheryl blew a fuse. She'd had enough. She was determined now to confront Brad that evening and give him the third degree about what he was really getting up to on the weekends instead of spending time with her. He had to be cheating on her. She started to plan her escape. If he didn't want her, then there was no point hanging around any longer.

A door slammed in the street. Brad's van. Her blood boiled. Her temper rose to new heights. He was about to get blasted. She was not going to let him walk all over her ever again. She threw open the front door ready to let lose a barrage of abuse. But instead, she stopped dead in her tracks. Her head exploded. "What! We can't afford this stuff," she wailed, staring at a new microwave and clothes dryer on the porch.

Then Brad waltzed up like Prince Charming himself with roses and chocolates.

"I'm having a day off tomorrow," he said with a cheeky grin, taking her in his arms. "Your mum's coming over. I've booked dinner and a movie. I love you, babe. Everything's going to be alright."

Cheryl realised then that the bastard really had been working his arse off after all to pay for things to make her life easier. There was no girlfriend. She fell against him and cried herself silly.