

Amy Tofte's The Scrambling Class

FRANCO (M, 20s) is a smarty-pants little shit with a chip on his shoulder. He's finally had it with his husband's best friend from high school who pretends to be all put together.

FRANCO I never said my life—our life—was glamorous. You did. I just have ambition to do things that matter to me. You don't want to be a lawyer. No one WANTS to be a lawyer. Oh, right...you love the law. Don't we all kinda have to "love the law"? Isn't that just the biggest cop-out excuse you ever heard? "I love the law." Like some piece of shit movie written by a lawyer trying to redeem himself through "creative story-telling." Where he can re-invent himself in the image of a hero rather than a rapist. Being a lawyer is not about loving law, loving ideals...hell, we all love ideals or we'd shoot ourselves in the head. Being a lawyer is about paperwork and dealing with asshats in a fucked-up system only to OCCASIONALLY feel like your job in the world wasn't completely fucking futile. No one has ambition or aspirations to do that. That sucks. Maybe 2% of the entire literate and morally-centered population actually has a desire to do that kind of nonsense because they LIKE IT. Maybe. You wanted to prove to someone— like the guy you're screwing instead of your husband—that you're a good guy. That you're smart and grounded and centered. And you're so far down that falsehood you don't even know what you want anymore. And you're not even thirty yet. Why the hell are any of you even married? How could you do that to yourselves? You still have most of your life left and don't know what you want. You don't want kids and you certainly don't want his dick.