

It's Over

GRACE (47)

My husband called me from work today to say our marriage was over.

That was it. "Hi. How ya doin'?" Were there any messages? Oh, by the way, I don't love you anymore..."

It seems, he recently decided that he wanted more out of life than a woman like me could ever give him.

I recently decided that he's an absolute ass. (takes a deep breath) Tonight was the night we had promised Michelle and Eric that we'd take them out to dinner for doing so well on their report cards. Somehow I convinced myself that it would be a good thing to keep our promise...at least that promise...

Hank and I made a pact not to tell the kids until after dinner... but I think they know something's up. You know how kids seem to sense these things. Maybe not in their heads, but in their hearts. They're both sitting there so quietly...as if they're waiting for one of us to start screaming. And that's something they've seen too many times before.

Hank, my husband, keeps staring at his country fried steak...at his beer bottle...at the floor...at anything that will keep him from looking at me.