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Wednesday

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Wednesday

By: T. F. Edwards

WEDNESDAY by Thomas Edwards

Directed by Jonathan Coppe

Starring: Mike Izzo

Location: Room 228

David and I were very close. When my father died, I was 9, and David sort of took over the role. Once I got older and lived on my own, I would visit him every Wednesday at 5. We'd talk for an hour as we cooked, have dinner, and then talk some more. We'd talk about love, lust, loathing... and all the other L words for that matter. I'd usually get home around 9.

I guess, that's probably why he did it that day, he knew I'd be there. He knew someone would...

I found... I found a half-eaten sandwich, roast beef with mustard and pickles, and a half a glass of water in his kitchen.

The, umm, the coroners report estimated time of death around umm, 2 or 2:30 in the afternoon.

David, got up that day, like any other day. He showered, dressed, had breakfast, read the paper; maybe he went out for a walk, he loved going to the dog park when it was nice. Then, he went home, and made himself a roast beef sandwich with mustard and pickles; on rye.

And then, in the middle of chewing... he tied... he tied, a rope... stood up on a chair... and hung himself, knowing that I'd find him 2 and a half hours later...

Who kills themselves at 2:30 in the afternoon, on a Wednesday?
After just making lunch.

I mean, I knew David had some troubles, that he had demons. I mean, we all do.

Damnit David! Why couldn't you have just waited? Waited until 5 so I could catch you in time! Why couldn't I have come earlier!

I felt off the whole day and I couldn't tell why until... until, I
found you.

They said, the credit card company, said he bought the rope that
day. Like he woke up and said "hey here's a good idea!"

Fuck you David! Fuck you for doing this to me! I loved you
damnit and you robbed me of yourself!

David... I loved you...