

Scum

by XXXX

I am in the bad habit of telling people they are the scum of the earth.

We were in a Spanish restaurant. The smoke of the paella was in our eyes and we had to swat it away. He had been sleeping with his ex again, who used to punch him in the face, and would cheat on him.

"You're selfish," I said. "That's your problem. You're selfish. Think about what you're doing to yourself, rather than thinking about yourself all the time."

"You're not making a lot of sense," he said.

"You're setting yourself up for trouble," I said. "Don't fucking come to me for advice if you're just going to set yourself up for trouble."

He shook his head and said: "Can you please just be happy for me?"

"How can I be happy for you?" I took some shrimp and put it in my mouth. "You are ruining your own life."

"It's my life," he said. "Be happy that I am living my life."

I said: "You are filth."

He sighed. He looked at me and sighed again.

"The Bible says I'm made from dust, you know," he said. "Whenever you call me filth, it's a religious experience."

