

I'm gonna tell you something, Abel,
Don't drink the Kool-Aid.
We are knee-deep in the shit soup that is Trump's America.

All the progress we made with Obama?
Put it out of your head.
Rewind and delete my friend.
You and I are still the fucking Taco Bell dog to
these people.
We're just little Speedy Gonzales mice running around at their
feet and then it's all the fucking pussy you can grab.
OH MY GOD
What am I doing in this fucking town?
I should fucking quit.
my stupid boss...

I turned in my first thing to him today.
He asked us to write down pitches just ideas for him.
He's never looked in my direction much
less said my name, and then he tells
me that in the morning he likes to have
his Hollywood Reporter and Variety and
Wall Street Journal and whatever else
fanned out in a particular kind of order
and that his maid, Carmen hasn't been
doing it the proper way.

Apparently, Carmen failed to even have
any of the papers there at all this
morning and the man blew his lid he asks
"could you communicate in her language
that I must have the coffee ready to go by
the time I wake up and the magazine's
prearranged to the right of my door I
would really appreciate this".

Abel, this is why he brought me in there!
That's all I am to him, to those men up there.
I'm just a fucking translator.
I'm just a translator to him.
That's all I am to him Abel
In that room and no shade to Carmen but that is all my

boss will ever see me as.

I will never be good enough to be seen as one of the
writers to him.