

NEAL BAILEY

DEXTER WEE

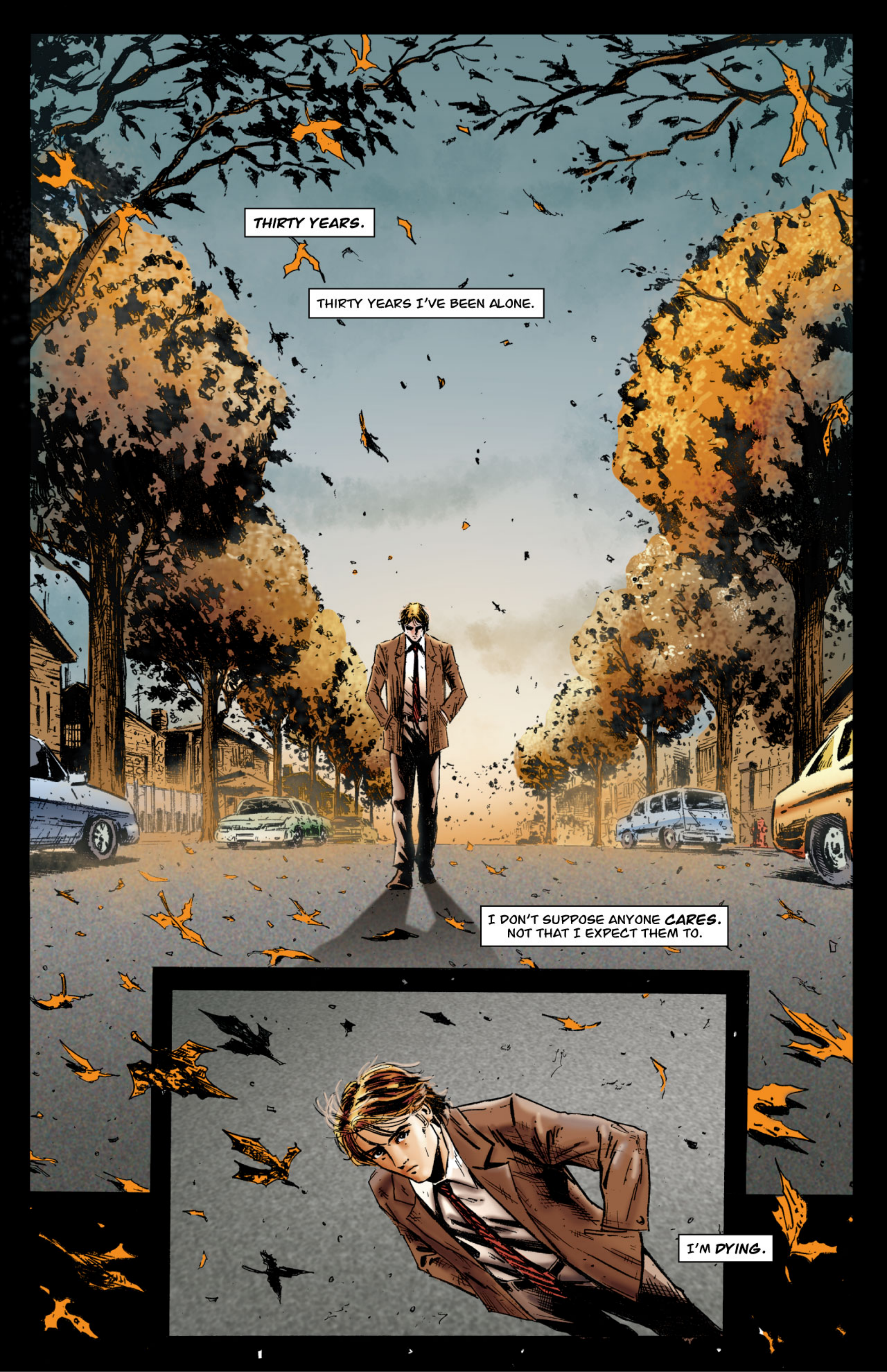
RODRIGO DIAZ

# CURA TE IPSUM

#1



*Dexter Wee*  
2012

A man in a brown suit stands in the center of a street lined with trees whose leaves are falling. The scene is set in autumn, with a hazy, golden light. Several cars are parked along the street. The man has his hands in his pockets and a somber expression.

THIRTY YEARS.

THIRTY YEARS I'VE BEEN ALONE.

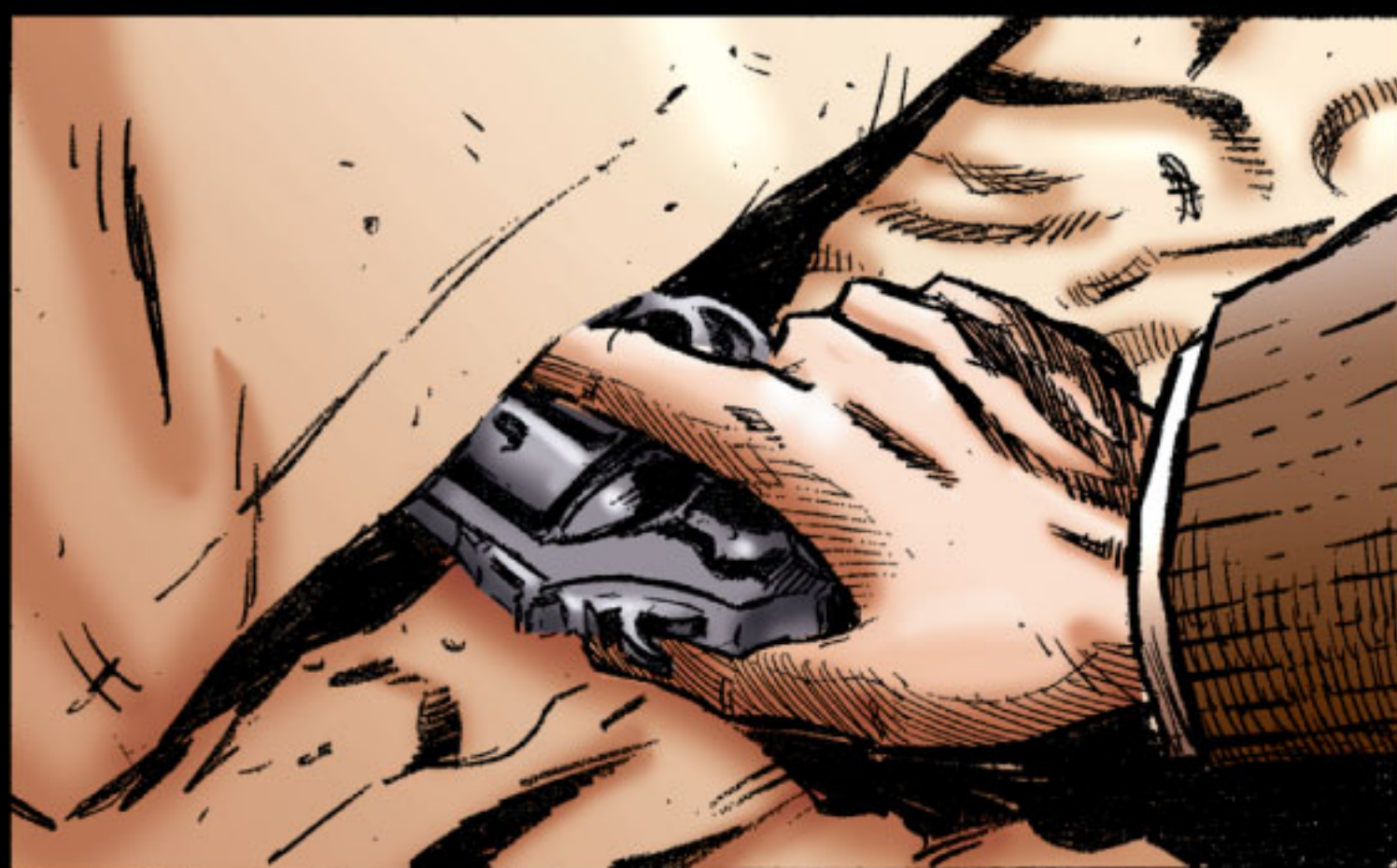
I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE CARES.  
NOT THAT I EXPECT THEM TO.



I'M DYING.



NOT OF ANY DISEASE, REALLY.



MORE OF QUIET  
DESPERATION.



WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I GOING IN?



GOOD BOY.



WHY DID I EVEN GET OUT OF BED TODAY?



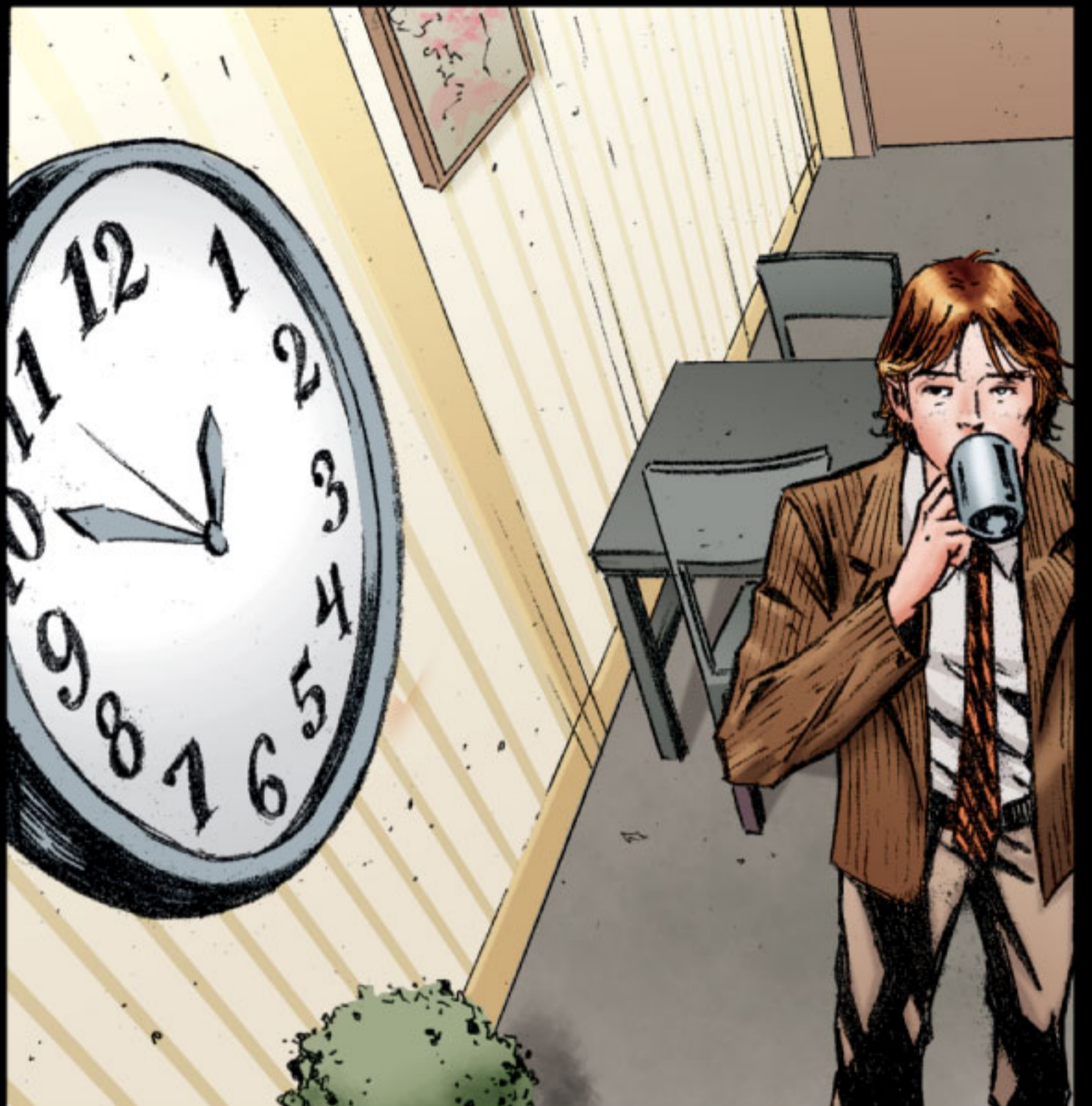
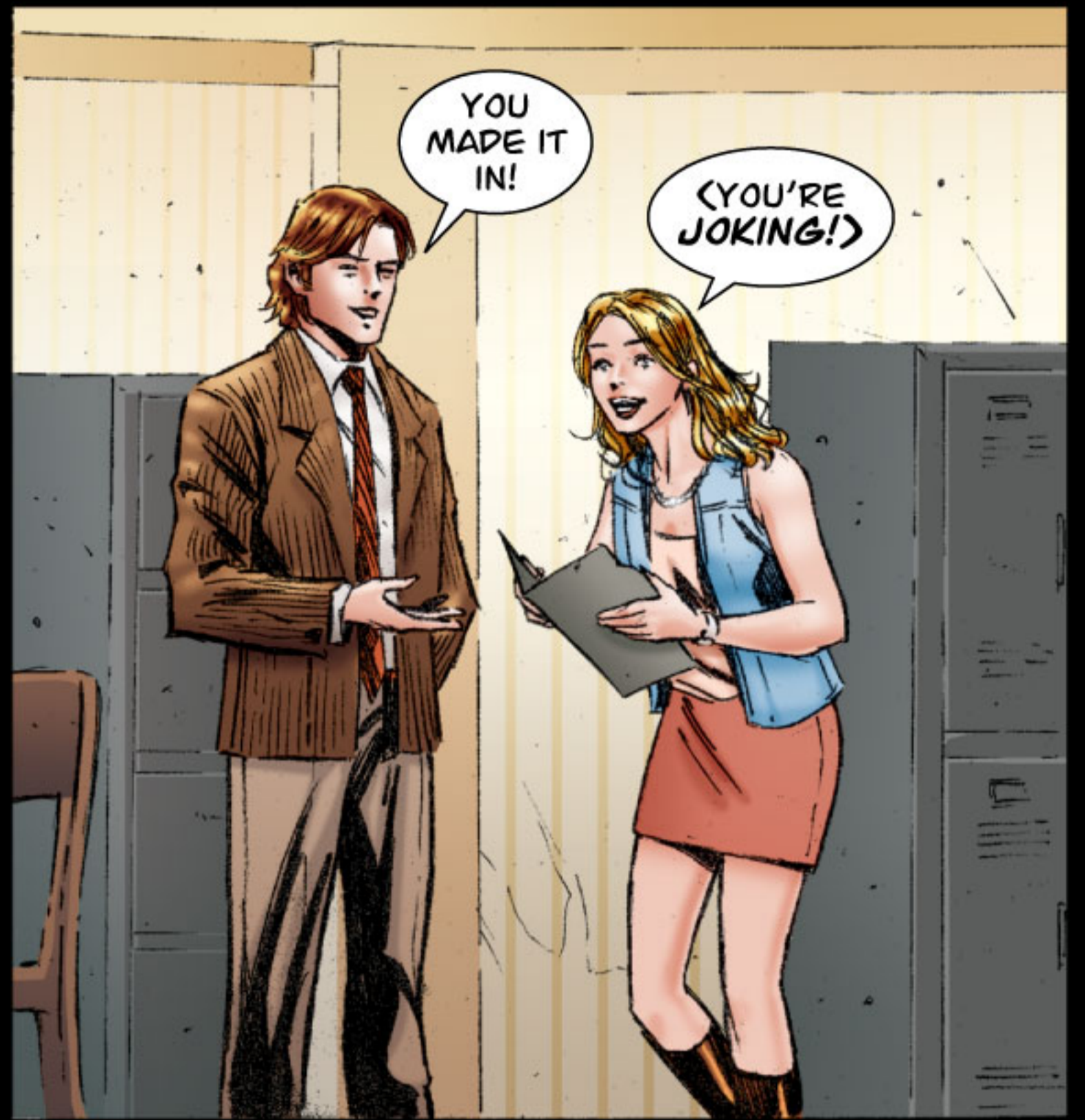
AND WHY DON'T YOU EVER ANSWER ME?

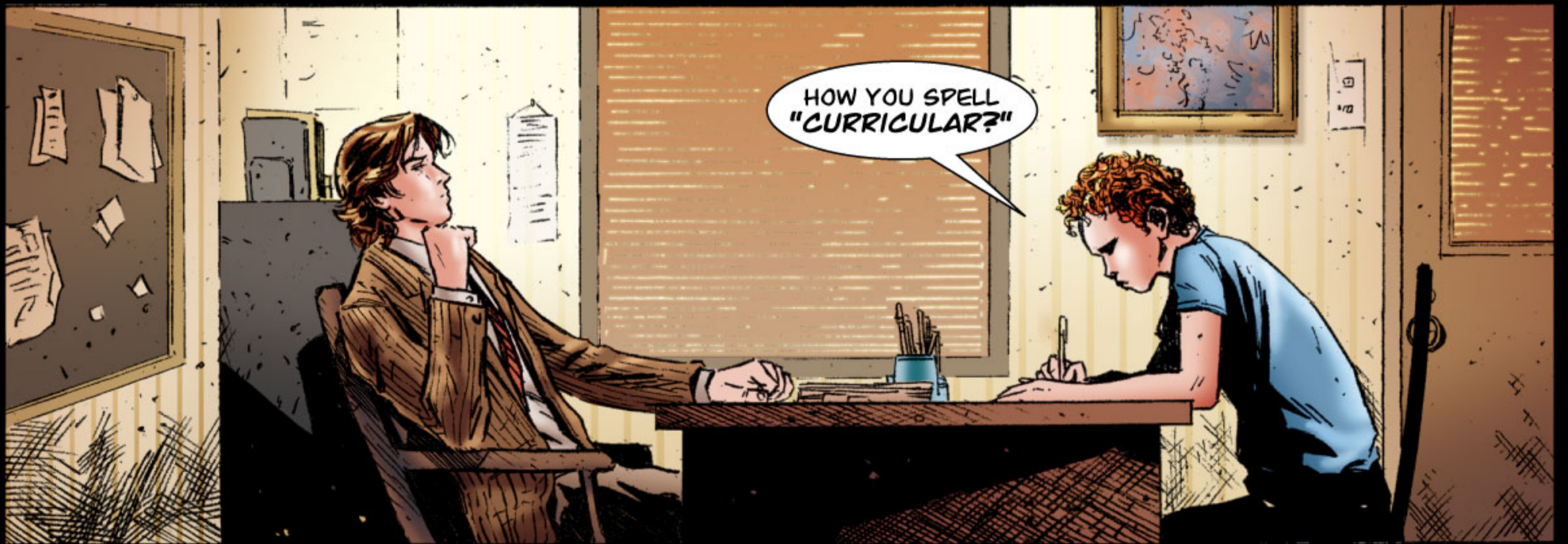
DORK.



YO, MR. E. I NEED TO GET THAT RECOMMENDATION, LIKE, TODAY, MAN, OR I'M NOT GONNA MAKE THE DEADLINE.

LET ME GET IN THE DOOR, JACOB.

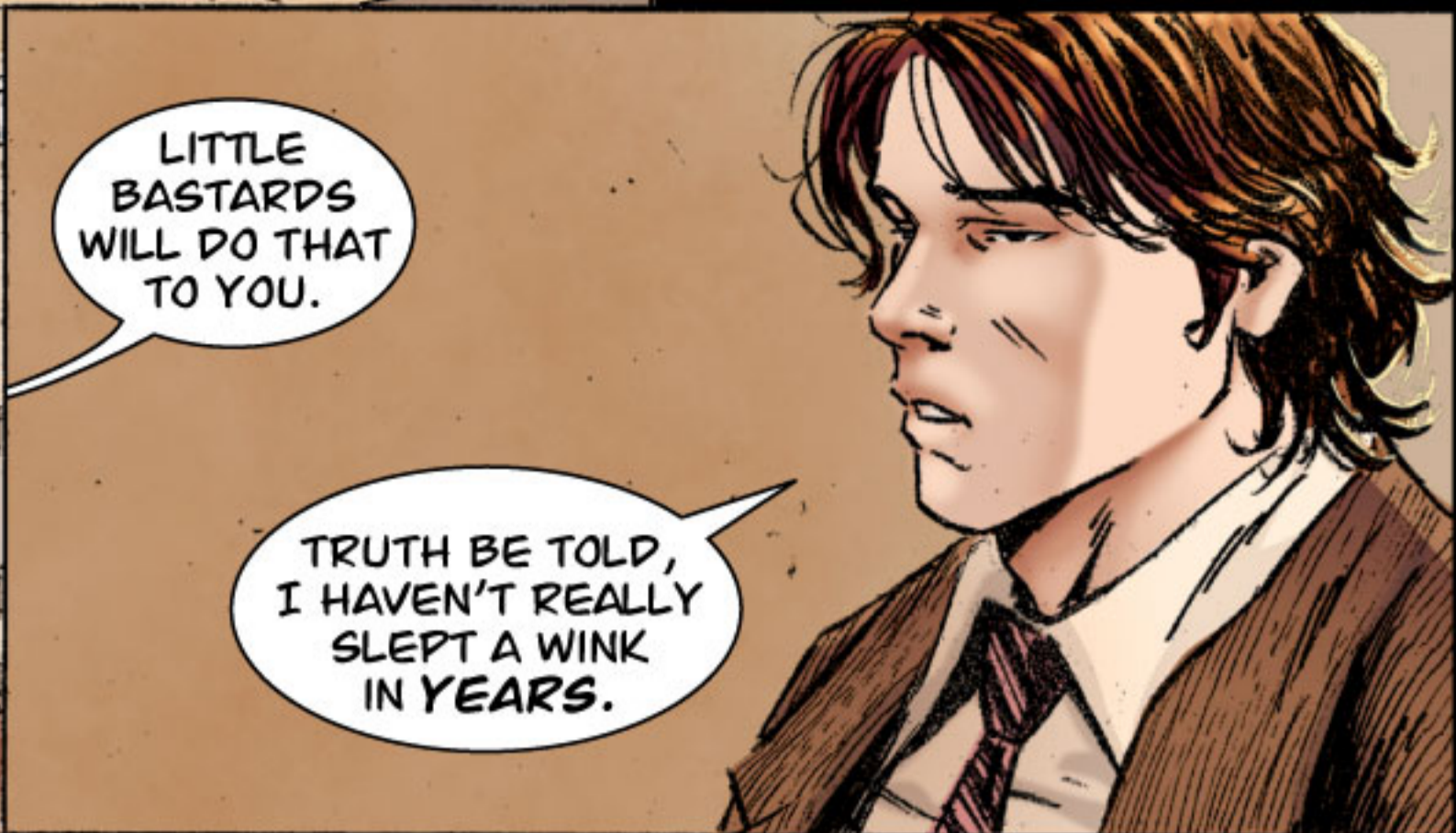








COULDN'T SLEEP LAST NIGHT.



LITTLE BASTARDS WILL DO THAT TO YOU.

TRUTH BE TOLD, I HAVEN'T REALLY SLEPT A WINK IN YEARS.



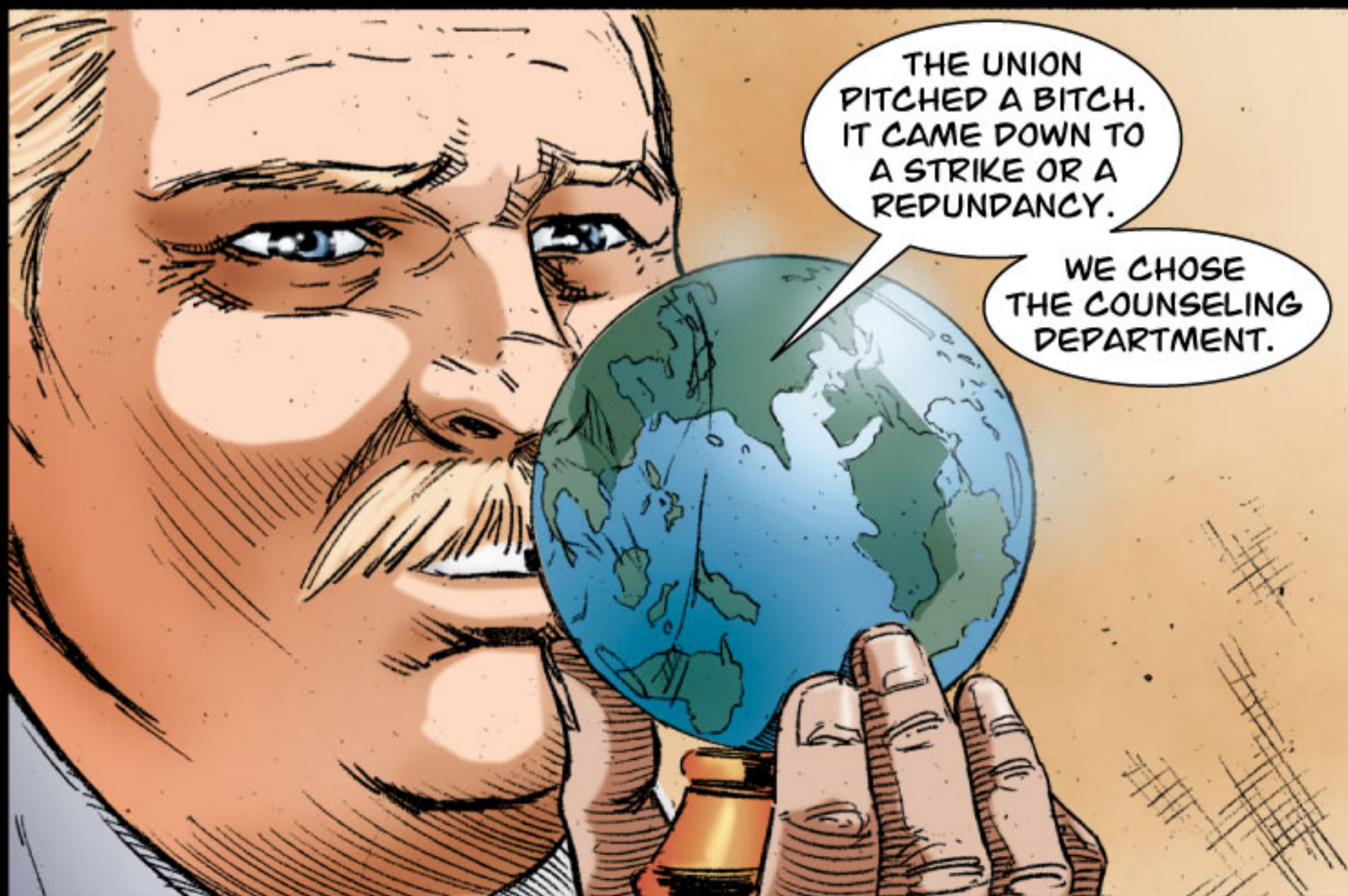
LISTEN, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS. WHICH DO YOU WANT FIRST?

GOOD.



THE MANDATORY FURLOUGH MEASURE SUCCEEDED. EVERYONE TAKES ONE DAY OFF A MONTH NOW.

THAT'S THE GOOD? WHAT'S THE BAD?



THE UNION PITCHED A BITCH. IT CAME DOWN TO A STRIKE OR A REDUNDANCY.

WE CHOSE THE COUNSELING DEPARTMENT.



I AM THE COUNSELING DEPARTMENT.





