

## **“OVERDRAWN” by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Hal - A - 30s**

*Hal makes a confession to a close friend after a bad day ended with their robbing a local bank.*

**Hal:** I was overdrawn. That’s what my card said, that’s what Megan said when I went up to the teller window. She was standing- you know how she does, tapping those turquoise nails on the counter like a little drum... And so I say to Megan I say well how does that work? How does the bank let me spend money I don’t have? And she gives me this look like I’m an idiot and smiles and says something about it being a service they offer. Like by being overdrawn they’re doing *me* a favour.

All the while, her fingernails: taptaptaptaptap.

You know the overdraw fee is twenty-five dollars? That’s a lot of money to me. I don’t tell Megan this. I say, and I’m real polite, can I opt out of that service? So I don’t get the favour of being charged twenty-five dollars? “Sorry, sir.” First time she’s “sir”-ed me in all my life. “It’s not optional. How will you be paying your overdraw fee?”

And, so, well, yeah. Next thing you know, I’ve jumped the counter. I remember my breathing was quick and Megan looked kind of amused and also kind of scared. And I said “Give me my twenty-five dollars.” And she still didn’t. And the rest of it I remember in flashes: my fingernails trying to open the till, yelling at Megan, Megan rolling her eyes, the manager walking out of his office looking white as a sheet...

I think I robbed the bank. I didn’t mean to. I didn’t take anything. Are they going to get me for that?