

The Money Dance by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Greta - F - 30s

Greta has just quit her job, much to the horror of her flatmate Will. She tries to explain the situation that led to her triumphant departure.

GRETA: I quit my job today. I had to. Enough was enough!

There's this guy in my office, Jared- I've told you about Jared, remember? So Jared does this thing called the "money dance". You can tell when the money dance is coming, because he always slams down his phone extra hard. The room goes quiet, because they know it too, and he starts making these sounds like an angry rooster: like, deep from within him. Then ... he gets up on his chair and starts squawking and hollering and- and people *applaud* him, Will. Trudy, from accounts, just standing there and cheering him on like he's cured something!

Jared did three money dances today. The first one put me on edge, even more than usual. When the second one finished, I was browsing jobs online. When the third one started, I was walking out the door. I've never felt so free.