

From CONSIDER THE OYSTER

Dramatic

GENE - Male (20s)

Marisa, there's something I need to tell you. I can't marry you. And no, it's not another woman...or man. It's...okay, you deserve an explanation. You deserve the complete and honest truth, so I'm just going to say this straight out. I can't marry you because I'm...I'm a schmuck. A total, goofball, idiot loser. I am. I see that now. I mean, I gave you a pretzel as an engagement ring. I didn't put any time or thought into it. I didn't think about what kind of stone or setting you might like. I didn't take you out to a romantic restaurant or a moonlit beach. I just gave you a salty snack because I was excited about a football game. That's pathetic. Because I'm pathetic. And I don't deserve someone as beautiful and wonderful as you. I don't deserve anyone until I grow up a little. You want to know the truth about me? Well, here it is. I don't like French Country kitchens. And I don't like Yorkshire terriers. And I don't like shopping for antiques. There. You see? I'm a fraud! A complete and total fraud! I'm a poser. A faker. I'm not the person you think I am and we never really had that much in common. Sooner or later, you'd have realized that. You're the straight A student going out with the class loser. The purebred going out with the mutt. It might seem like a good idea right now, but that wouldn't last! It'd be that same old story you see again and again. The train leaves Love Station full of hope and desire, but then somehow, somewhere along the way, the train jumps the tracks and you end up in Hate City. And you look at the person you used to love with all your heart, the person you wanted to spend the rest of your life with, and you can't understand what you ever saw in them in the first place. And I don't want that to happen. I don't want you to wind up hating me. Because I love you. I love you more than I ever thought I could love anyone. In fact, you know what? If I didn't love you as much as I do, I'd marry you tomorrow! I would! I'd figure what the hell, Marisa's a good starter wife, let's give it a shot. But I don't want that for us. I don't want that for you. More than anything, I want you to be happy. And you wouldn't be happy with me. I guarantee you the day would come when you would look at me and say to yourself, "This is not the Gene I fell in love with. This is not the Gene I want to be with." And I don't think I could stand knowing that was happening. Marisa, I know this is out of the blue and everything, but it's for the best. It really is. It may not seem like it, but we're really pretty lucky...lucky that we went our own ways...while we're still in love.

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