

DOYLE MONOLOGUE, ACT 1

From *An Increasingly Uncordial Invitation*

By Mark Chrisler

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DOYLE

But in my heart, Bess, he means in my heart. I never gave the afterlife much thought. I wasn't as hostile to it as you and your husband--who could be--I just never paid it any never mind. You just wait, Bess. There are questions that all the skepticism and rationality in the world can't answer pleasantly. You'll see them.

Something should be pleasant in this world! Are you even vaguely aware of the amount of shit and suffering in this world? The disease? The wastings of disease? And of age? Don't look at me like that! I'm not talking about human ideas of justice or arguments of incredulity. I'm talking about the point. The flat out point of it all. How it is we're able to get out of bed every morning. How we're able to eat a meal or make a living or love another person for Christ's sake. It's not the capacity for human experience that makes me believe, it's the placement. The way the details of these things I call a soul arrange themselves so brilliantly as to allow us to ford the streams of disaster and depression day in and day out without pause for breath. It's our perseverance. The steely resolve of our flesh to keep growing around our bones even as it sheds itself and chokes on its own dust. It all aims towards a meaning. Did you see him, Bess?

Answer me: did you see his eyes?

Did you watch him watching death unfurl? See his pupils grow, his focus shift towards the infinite? Did you witness the horrible miracle of death in one you loved?

You expected a fading fire. A candle being snuffed out, didn't you? But that's not what you saw.

No, the remarkable simile for the eyes of the dying isn't an extinguishing spark. It's a mouth. Pursed lips that open for a cosmic breath so wide that all borders collapse. Wouldn't you call that apt, if anything could ever be?

(silence)

Wouldn't you?

