

NICHOLAS MONOLOGUE, ACT 1
From *Teatime at Golgotha*
By Mark Chrisler
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NICHOLAS

When we first met you and I were really, like, huggy, right? And you weren't that way with everyone. Huggier than most, yeah, but not with *everyone*. And, it's like, I thought there was romance blooming, blossoming, whatever, starting there, except then we started kissing, not romantically, but just like, these friendly little kisses, and it was just, I knew it was over. I mean our chance. I thought about it and tried to figure out how one time, maybe, when we kissed like that, I might be able to hold it out, to make it a real kiss. But you'd have to figure out you loved me, which I really feel you would have, before you were shocked at what I was doing, you know? And that shock would come real quick, I knew that. It's not that I'm judging you, I mean that shock would come quick for anyone. And then the two of you started getting close, or, I guess different, so... It just seemed like 'what the hell' you know, cause on some level you both knew about me, me standing there while you cuddled up and... fuck! And Michael, Mike, geez, you know? I mean, I can't get it. We've been friends so long and it--I'm sorry--but it's fucking ridiculous all this luck you get. You go to like, what, two semesters at Ohio, drop out and end up with this sweet job... I mean, sculpting action figures? What the fuck? And I slave away at Brandeis, get this English degree, and I'm squatting on your fucking couch? Did you know that, Ianthe, I have a degree in English from Brandeis? Hell of a school to do that, I don't have to tell you. And you end up

doing the dude making Mars for Mattel. He doesn't--I'd be able to appreciate your poetry so much more than him. I do, actually. But I'd help, giving you these little critiques, and everyone of them, I'd kiss you, those little pecks like we used to, so that you'd know I was trying to improve you and that I loved you. And I'd buy you a manual typewriter and we'd have a little sun room where you'd type in the morning, crawling out of bed and draping a sheet over your body, and I'd pretend to be asleep and listen to you type, just listen to the rhythm of your fingers, until you came in with tea to wake me, and we'd just be so sweet like that, you know? But I listen, or hear, I guess. I hear you guys, but I don't want to listen. I hear you talking and I hear you... just all the time. And it just doesn't seem fair. But no big deal, right? That's breaks? Sure, sure. Except last night, I was feeling sick. I got up to check my temperature and I... Nevermind. I heard you talking... I was right outside your door, just crouched there listening, not trying to listen, I mean, but listening, just accidentally, seriously. And I heard you. I heard you talking and I couldn't believe it. I heard you talking and laughing and plotting. And I couldn't believe it. So, after you were done, I made sure you couldn't do what you said you were going to do, and I thought, that's it: no harm, no foul. But the more I rested on it...*ruminated* on it, the more I thought that's it, that's the straw. Things had just gone too far and I needed to balance things. But I didn't want to hurt you. Hurt you like you were going to hurt me, because you hadn't--haven't, yet--but like you had hurt me in the past. So... the dog. I put some rat poison in with his food, and he bounded up to eat it like you

don't even feed him, Mike. It didn't seem like it hurt him much, which was good, 'cause I didn't even hate the dog. Liked him a lot really. And I wish I hadn't done it, 'cause now it seems so silly. I mean, I think you two still need to be punished a lot more, and that makes the dog kind of, you know, superfluous. He ate so much, just something to see, eating so much.