

THE UNWANTED
A monologue from the play by Walter Wykes

He left a note. Did you know that? (Beat)

He left a note that he was doing it for me. (Beat)

For me. Because he knew I didn't want him anymore. (Beat)

What's horrible is it was true. I didn't want him. I was ready to walk away and he knew it. I was gonna wash my hands of the whole fucking thing—find some sane guy and start over—someone who didn't play mind games all the fucking time—someone who didn't question my every motive—someone who didn't scare the hell out of me. You know, there were times I was actually afraid he might kill me. My own husband. I was afraid he might poison the milk or stick me with a steak knife in the middle of the night. Honest to god. I was afraid to go to sleep.

(Beat)

Sometimes, I think the only reason he didn't is he knew this would hurt more. This would stay with me. (Beat)

If you want to go... (Beat)

I know I'm kind of a head-case right now. (Beat)

I just don't want to think about it. I keep seeing him in that pool of blood ... the way I found him ... with his wrists and ... it was all over his robe ... the one I'd bought him for Christmas ... his eyes were all glassy ... like you see in the movies ... like a dead fish ... like a dead fucking fish with its wrists slit, but it's my husband, and it's real, and I can't get that picture out of my head. I want it to go away. I want it to go away like a bad dream, but—

(Beat)

It hasn't yet...