

THE UNWANTED
A monologue from the play by Walter Wykes

DAN: She left a note. Did you know that? (beat)

She left a note that she was doing it for me. (beat)

For me. Because she knew I didn't want her anymore. (beat)

What's horrible is it was true. I didn't want her. I was ready to walk away and she knew it. I was gonna wash my hands of the whole fucking thing—find some sane girl 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 she might kill me. My own wife. I was afraid she 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 she didn't is she 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 her in that pool of blood ... the way I found her ... with her wrists and ... it was all over her nightgown ... the one I'd bought her for Christmas ... her 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 wife, 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...