

"Pushed"

by Dave Ulrich

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This is a 3 minute monologue.

WOMAN

I'M SORRY! ALL RIGHT? Jesus. I just hate June 3rd. It's a shitty day for me, so I'm sorry I thought about it. But I didn't actually do it. Every year I *think* about it. So what? HANG UP THE PHONE! It stopped bleeding, I'm fine! It's over. I didn't even cut vertical. Jesus. And now you're gonna want to know about June 3rd, I suppose. Well, I guess it is time I told someone. That was the day I got my first paycheck after college, my bills added up to exactly seven dollars and twenty-two cents more than that check -- and I was working at a real company! My own desk and everything. My grandfather worked in a factory and he could afford a house, four kids and a wife who didn't work. I go to college, get an office job and can't pay for a one bedroom? Something's happened to this country. Anyway, it's June 3rd five years back and I'm broke and miserable. So I spent money I didn't have on drinks I didn't need. Then threw up in a taxi and had to walk. So I walked. Past Buckner's and across the train bridge. You know, the "jumper" bridge. Halfway across I decided to climb down to the scaffolding alongside, for a look at the water. To jump? I don't know. I don't think so. To think about it maybe... but... I'll never know because when I climbed down I nearly landed on top of this guy. Scared the crap out of me. Him, not so much. He was in a different place. Resigned. Fearless. He just looked at me and said "You, too?" But I was... indignant. I think I called him some pretty bad shit. He told me I should think about it, you know: jumping. Said we could even go together. That made me nervous. Like he might try to force me. Suddenly I'm trying to talk him out of doing it himself -- you know, so he didn't get any funny ideas about me. But he wouldn't have any of it. He just said this... and I'm paraphrasing but... He said the Earth was so beautiful and amazing, but we're willfully destroying it. Said it hurt him. Physically hurt him in his head to see it. Said we could never advance as a race and never heal the earth as long as we were hindered by things like childish religions. Said intelligence was not coveted as the one thing that separated us from other animals and made us great. And because we'd become an idiocracy, we'd never elect politicians who could lead us to greatness. This wasn't the world he wanted, and it could never become the world he wished for in his lifetime. Why stick around?

(beat)

So... I pushed him.

(pause)

That's why I hate June 3rd. So give me a break, will ya?

THE END