

MAD LOVE

By

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Excerpt from MAD LOVE by Jennifer Maisel

Colt, 30s, a Christmas tree salesman, pushes away the teenage girl who is convinced she's in love with him. Mad Love was produced in New York by The Antrobus Group and reviewed as "David Lynch on estrogen".

COLT

I am not what you would call a social person. I like it out at my place in the woods. No sounds that aren't real sounds, natural sounds, not manmade sounds. I am not into the scene. Any scene. I go to a bar because I want a beer, maybe, some t.v., some music, calamity around me, but then I get my fill and that's it for weeks. I used to think I needed to touch someone a lot. Used to think there was a minimum daily requirement on fucking. I am not that way anymore. Just like the noise. I'll go out one night and get my fill for a long time to come. I am not the way I was anymore. I am not into that public display of affection thing, but I like being able to look across the room at her and know. Just know. I am not into the marriage thing. Not that type of guy -- be around people so long and that's it. I am not into this emotional stuff either. Doesn't get you anywhere. The last time I cried, I said that's it, no more. This takes up time, energy....Working. That's the way to handle life, improving your mind. Read books. I don't even masturbate as much anymore. Started feeling silly. I am not what you might call, a good guy...

You don't believe me? Let me fill you in. This is how you know. You know by the feet. The feet. I got fired from Gowdens because of the feet. They've got those flat arches, no lint, manicured toes. They think they're sexy with their feet. "Oh Colt I don't remember my shoe size, measure my foot." Positioning themselves so I'd have to take their foot in my hand, line the heel up, aching to slam the sliding metal plate against their toes and crush them into the arch.

They wanted me to kneel at their feet, just when it was time to go home. I'm some fucking storybook Prince Charming, slipping it on their toes with the closed sign hanging out the window.

Every Monday and Thursday five minutes to five and Tues at 9:28 p.m. She's been reading about sexual peaks. She's 38, I'm 19. Her magazine says perfect. Her legs, they're wide open. Bare. Skirt riding up. Bush sticks out from around the cotton crotch. Like a monkey face, grinning at me. It's monkey slapping time.

It took me a long time to get this job but I should have walked out the door, right then.

I'll admit in the beginning I was intoxicated with her, a woman like that wanting me, but we should never have started. She knows I need to keep this job. Smells like a fucking magazine insert, starting to turn my stomach. Tonight I just want to fit her with the shoes, get her out, lock the door, go home. I don't like being on call. Fucking things too small. Hand on her calf to force it in. She sighs. She likes this scene. Hand on my hand, pushing higher. Feel this, she says, I'm looking at her toes, her perfect red toes. I'm wet, she says. For you, she says. Fucking cliched romance novel. Monkey smell, breathe in, can't breathe, pressed against stale old air hasn't seen daylight smell, musty, dank, and dried out against her new panties.

Do you get what I'm saying here, Jace? Do you get what I'm saying? She said she bought them just for me. Don't you like them?

Thirty dollar panties cost more than I pull in all day, working commission for her goddamn brother. She'll come in and I don't get any commission for the services I give to her.

Do you understand? You don't understand. I'll make it real clear. I reach up, grab again -- playing my part -- push a finger up one--mmmm sweetheart---two--oh great--three--honey, I'm not quite--give me a moment---four--hold it, hold it a second. Five. My fist. She is swallowing it up high, my wrist against bone, gasping, squirming, she doesn't know what to make of me this time, does she?

I don't know when it stopped being a game. It just did. I can't tell you the moment. Down under the chairs, pull off the new high heels and I'm not listening to her words. I'm not listening to her noise. I know what she's saying. I know the right thing to do. But I'm shut down. She's gonna pay for the goddamn shoes this time. I twist my hand up inside her -- you getting the picture now, Jace? -- and I let her have the shoe, pushed the spike right in.

--I didn't know I could do something like that. I didn't know that was in me. I thought I was someone else. I did it. That's all. I can't take it back.

--I put the shoes on her Mastercard.

--It might have been wrong. I know what's wrong, but I did it anyway. Have to live with it.

--Get out. Don't you see? No matter what I do, what I say for you now, that is still who I am. And that is still who she is. I'm not your goddamned knight in shining armor. And I don't need any fucking reminders of you and her around here. I won't live that down.

(Colt starts to cry. Turns away)

--Get out.