

# 5-KYLE MONOLOGUE

(Ding!

Spot on: KYLE.

*Still strapped to his recliner but more of his old self. Cocky, bossy, and manly.)*

KYLE. I think we got off on the wrong foot here. I'm not an asshole. For real. Listen to me, I don't know why she's pitchin' this fit in front of everybody but...

OK. I hunt. Ok. She's never had a problem with it before. And I know it's not technically legal but those deer are in my back yard dammit

so it's more like lawn mowing and people don't need permission for that. And people—like—do stuff other people don't like. Like couples. That's how relationships work, goddammit, and you don't have to duct tape 'em to a damn chair! And I swear I don't know who that other one is. Who is that?!

You don't believe me. I can tell you're sittin' there thinkin' she might be right about me. That I just might deserve...

Shit. Shitshitshit—

I'll be straight with y'all—I don't know how this is gonna end. I really don't. She doesn't ever get mad, and she sure don't "act it all out" (which I'm not sure I get what that's about). The point is I don't know what the hell is going on and what the hell I did to make whatever is going on, going on.

I'm trying to say that she's lost it—And we're not safe—And I don't deserve this! Who deserves this!? THERE ARE BEARS OUT THERE—Please lord Jesus help me—she might actually kill me and I'm really hungry and my head hurts like a bitch and—JESUSLORD come on help me—y'all know this is crazypleasegodpleasegodPLEASE.

(Blackout.)