

Mitchell (Composite Monologue)

Sure whatever. I mean I haven't done it for a while. But. I mean the last time was in the boy scouts. The last time was the first time. The merit badge that dare not speak its name. When I think back on the whole time in the canvas tent and the games we played, what we pretended and didn't pretend, and I have been a lot lately, I'm really struck with this – with a sense of, well, arousal, but mostly a kid of ... kindling rage. The pleasure I learned there have ... they kind of – have crippled me. Have – oh never mind. ... I never did it again. Oh you know, once or twice after that. Maybe fifteen. But I'm always drunk. And I date women. Who I never have sex with. ... But these desires, that I learned in that tent, have just – it's like, O.L. do you know how whenever anybody starts to get all rhapsodic and shit about America and they get on that whole, "In America you can be whatever you want to be?" But whenever you hear it, there's usually a catch in the throat of the speaker, because they know it's this complete self-deception. Like the fat girl with buck teeth who says, "Momma things I'm pretty". She also has that – self-deception catch. Because the unspeakable truth of it is, no. The only ones who can be whatever they want are white, upper middle class, straight, conservative, Protestant men. Everyone else is going to have these just utter hurdles thrown in their path. So if you grow up, as I did, with the whole above checklist intact, you know the world is but waiting for you. And then. And then. And then and then and then. Come a night in a tent when you're thirteen and these learned desires and you know if you pursue them, the everything, the whatever you want is no longer waiting for you.