

BELL MONOLOGUE
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BELL

Bell ate dinner with his in-laws. Joy of joys. My mother-in-law was yapping on and on about something that had nothing to do with anything. I tuned her out. I looked at the gray, silent, hunched over ghoul otherwise known as my father-in-law and wondered how long had *he* been tuning her out? Forty years? I watched him eat. He just shoveled in the food, eating like they were making food illegal tomorrow.

(beat)

My boy was already in bed. He's seven. I envy him. I envy him because he's seven and gets to go to bed early, before company comes. That's one of the perks of being a little boy, only we don't think it's so great when we're little. Regardless. He didn't have to sit at that dinner table. Or think grown-up thoughts. Like, —So why not me? Why Henkin and not me? Why haven't *I* got the '67 Chevy Caprice sitting in my driveway instead of the useless pile that's sitting out there now, the depreciated mess that my wife's already put five dents into, and not small dents, either? So why Henkin and not me? Is he better looking? Smarter? Taller? Does he have more hair, less paunch? Is he less dead behind the eyes?

(beat)

Now why did I think *that*?

(beat)

My son doesn't know how lucky he is. For now.