

THINGS ARE NOT GOING WELL MONOLOG 2 for male— 18-30

by Elliot Kreloff

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Almost every night, after leaving us with TV dinners to heat up, my mom put on her makeup, grabbed her coat and told my brother and I she was going out for the evening. What a treat! We loved those aluminum trays with Swanson's fried chicken and apple brown betty, but something was not right.

When my dad would get home, he'd pour himself a stiff drink-- Johnny Walker Red—and sit alone, in the dark.

One night, he stumbles into my room, and tells me he needs to talk.

“Your mother is having an affair...”

I don't really want to hear this.

“with Bernice.”

I told you I...

Bernice? That huge woman in the blue tent dress with the bad Dutch boy haircut that was at my brother's bar mitzvah. Is he saying that my mother is... a dyke? All of a sudden, the veil fell from my eyes. Her five-year “close friendship” with Rita, the drama counselor at camp, and now, going out every night with “friends.” And the way she looks and sounds... Oh. My. God. My mother IS a lesbian! And she's having an affair with Bernice? My father's name was Bernie. You can't make this shit up. And, then I thought, if she's a lesbian, what does that make me?