

**Monologue**  
**from Joe Gulla's "My Darling Love"**

**DAVID**

You don't have to say anything to upset me, Milo. I'm  
upset! And I am going to stay upset!

I am upset because my nephew. Excuse me, my grand  
nephew, thinks I LIVED through the AIDS crisis.

My boy... NO ONE LIVED THROUGH THE AIDS  
CRISIS!!! NOT ONE PERSON!!!

More accurately, I DIED through the AIDS crisis!!! I  
died every time I lost a friend. I lost countless  
friends. They did not vanish in a puff of smoke, Milo.  
They died horrible, ugly, prolonged deaths!

Before they had the LUXURY of dying, they choked  
and suffered through the task of breathing. They were  
covered in horrible ugly lesions. They became  
deformed, emaciated, wasted beyond recognition...  
and most of them went blind.

Blind, Milo!

You don't LIVE through something like that, boy. You  
DIE through something like that.

You die over and over!

You don't have time to appreciate that you  
SURVIVED... because you DIDN'T!

They're dead. You're dead. You stay dead!!!