

## GLORY HOLE

(SAM, M/F/Gender Neutral, any age. Survivor of suicide. Regularly attends a Suicide Survivor group, with mixed results. SAM is speaking to the group about how the pull of self-annihilation appears seemingly everywhere. She/He/They began as if reading the headline aloud, seeing the words floating in the air)

*“BIRD SWALLOWED BY GIANT ‘GLORY HOLE’ REPORTEDLY LIVES TO FLY ANOTHER DAY.”*

That was the *ACTUAL* headline. My brain mixed up the words though—a sort of lazy-man’s dyslexia—so what I *thought* it said was—

*“BIRD SWALLOWED BY GIANT ‘GLORY HOLE’ REPORTEDLY FLIES INTO ANOTHER DAY.”*

Sweet Jesus, I thought. Some duck—a mother fuckin’ mallard no less—has learned to slip the bonds of time and space into another day. That fuck-duck has located our means of escape, he—or she!—has traversed the existential glory hole of the human condition and returned to our shores bearing the blessed chalice, the holy grail, the knowledge that we CAN get the HELL out of here!!!!

I’m that desperate I guess.

So desperate to escape—*(beat, gesturing vaguely to everything)*—this *(beat)*—that I’m willing to ally myself with a suicidal mallard who has *CLEARLY* never heard of STDs. *(Beat)* Then I read the headline once more and thought, “Whoever named that thing obviously doesn’t really know what a glory hole is. *(Beat)* Or do they?”