

Monologue from *Birds of a Feather*

By

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Ben is an FBI agent in his 40's or 50's. The play is set in 1965. Ben is talking to a female detective, with whom he is falling in love. He is confessing a secret, that his wife's death many years earlier was actually a suicide.

BEN

Stop it. Just...Stop! Stop asking! She killed herself, alright?! She put a bullet in her head, right in front of me, right in the middle of dinner. She just stood up, pulled a twenty-two, *my* twenty-two, out of her apron fold, put the little barrel in her mouth, pointed up just like I told her was the best way to do it...isn't that something? Hold the gun upside down, butt up. That's the best trajectory. Butt down, sure you may die, but then again you may miss your brain, blow your face off instead, and live through it. She was always so...sad. It didn't matter what I did. I'd let her down in every way. I figured, well if she's going to try it some day, let's at least make sure she gets it right. It all happened in an instant, but once the gun was in her mouth, she looked me right in the eyes. "*Like this, right?*" her eyes said. And in that fraction of a second before she pulled the trigger, she looked relieved. Relieved.