

Monstrous Stranger (Monologue)
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INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

MILES

When I was 14, I watched a woman hang herself. Whenever I tell people that they always ask me if I tried to stop her. I tell 'em, "Of course not, I was 14. What could I say to her? Don't. Stop. Life is beautiful?"

(beat)

I remember feeling happy for her. Whatever was wrong. Whatever was causing her pain. It was over. Wouldn't you feel happy if someone you knew was no longer in pain?

(beat)

People never see it my way. One guy called me a monster.

(beat)

Imagine a stranger walking up to you, and lecturing you about your life. What's real. What you are or aren't feeling. They don't know you. Don't know who your parents were. How many times your heart's been broken, or if you've got some horrible disease. But they're okay with telling you what's best. That kind of... arrogance... that's monstrous.

(beat)

Do you think you know what's best?