Falling

Gordon: 54 year old man dressed in parachute jumpsuit with parachute on his back.

Set: Dark/Atmosphere

Gordon: Falling through the atmosphere at high speed is not as liberating as you might think, in fact, it’s contradictory and strange thoughts fill your head: Do I look as stupid as I feel? Will my cheeks stay like this? Should I pull the parachute chord or not?

My wife always said that I was bad at making decisions. Chocolate or vanilla? Cat or dog? Pull the trigger or not?

I don’t have much time to tell my story. I’m 54 years old of some unknown European decent. Have two kids that I know of; a boy and a girl. Recently widowed. Got married young. Got divorced and remarried the same woman. She left her imprint on me; she was the only tattoo I ever got.

If I pull the chord, I’ll be up for manslaughter. If I don’t, well, we all know how that will end.

The first time I caught her, she was in our bed with my own brother. He was married to my ex-girlfriend – you starting to see the trend here? He had four kids of his own and I found him in bed with my wife! That was the first time I picked up the gun. I didn’t pull the trigger. I couldn’t kill her. That was my second biggest mistake.

I left her that night. She called me, followed me, and said all the right things. There are times when it’s good to forgive and I thought, hell, I’ve made plenty of mistakes but the real truth of the matter was that I didn’t want to live without her, so I went back, thinking things would change; there you go, my third biggest mistake.

I’ve been to war, built a house and a home and worked hard for a living like every other man does. I know there are a lot of things out there that I never experienced but I was happy in my home with my wife and kids and didn’t need to keep searching for anything else except for ways to keep her happy. Part of me loved making her happy, but it was that same element that held my despondency. My advice: never love someone more than they love you.

I never did know why she chose me of all the people to torment in the first place. Through my trophy wife I was able to show my parents I wasn’t worthless and could provide for my family. Show my brother I wasn’t stupid. And mostly, prove to my sister that I was capable of loving someone else as much as her.

The fine web my wife wove around me was invisible and I never felt it until the day she pulled just a little too hard and I realized I was trapped. I was never enough for her. Eventually, I turned a blind-eye to her other needs because I thought, well at least I’m the one she comes home to. I’m the father of her children and no one else could offer her that. I tried many times to figure out why she just didn’t leave me once and for all. And it wasn’t until that final day that I figured out why.

 (***Looks around at the ground rushing up to him)***

…Which leads me to big mistake number four. I realized something one day when I came home early from work on her command to meet her. Driving like hell and a madman to see her and touch her, I’m nearly bursting with excitement, can hardly run up the stairs. I get to the door and look at my beloved. She’s in bed waiting for me.

I watch her lying there. Her eyes looking at the ceiling and she suddenly she turns to me and asks me, “Gordy, have you ever wondered what she would have been like if the accident never happened.”

I turn away but I feel movement of the sheets opening as she slips out of bed. It’s an unfair question.

“No,” I answer, “I try not to think about it.”

“You should,” she says.

I don’t know where this came from. She’s never even talked to me about this before.

“It was your fault, you know.”

I look at her. “Yeah, I know,” I say. “I’ve never blamed anyone but myself.”

She looks away and calmly steps into her bathrobe. “The hospital called. They were looking for you. They said they had some news.”

Now she’s looking at her face in the mirror, her reflection is a mocking smile.

“Yeah? And?”

“Amanda, “ she says.

“Enough with the riddles,” I say and come close to her. I’m standing behind her. So close that her auburn hair moves with every breath I take.

“She’s dead.” And then she turns to look at me. “I’m sorry,” she says and walks away from me, but before she leaves the room, she stops and says, “it was your fault. You dropped her.” It’s barely a whisper but her words resonate in my brain like a jackhammer.

So there you go. It becomes so clear to me. This woman I loved is no woman at all but a devil, a thing. Why would she want to hurt me so much?

**(*He looks around again…to pull or not to pull…)***

So here it is; my numero uno, el grande. I was 4 and was my mum’s helper. She asked me to take my baby sister out of the cradle for her and bring her to the kitchen, but I was small, always too fucking small and I grabbed her in too much of a hurry. I was eager and as I lifted her, I began to run and I tripped. I fell with her. She landed on her head with me tumbling on top of her. It left her brain damaged and incapacitated. She was nothing but a shell of a girl. My parents had to put her in a home. You know what made it worse was that they never blamed me. I’m sure they had their moments when they thought it, but it was never said. They made every possible effort to make me believe it was an accident and accidents happen.

So why? Why would this woman say what’s never been said. And when I ask her the question, she smiles again and says, “because Gordon, someone finally had to say what everyone has been thinking all these years.”

I move towards the drawer and pull out the unused god damned gun and point it at her. The smile on my wife’s face is pure and she says, “finally.” So now I understand, she needs me to put her out of her misery. If I kill my wife, I’ll be doing her a favor and the last thing I want to do is do her a good turn, so I leave the loaded gun on the bed. If she wants to end it, let it be on her head, not mine, and this is no mistake. It’s a deliberate and easy decision I made with no hesitation.

Downstairs, as I’m gathering my things to head to the hospital, I hear the gun go off.

I was held for questioning and now I’m out on bail. My parents and brother a few mates pulled together some money for me. I’m being charged with manslaughter for a crime I never committed. My fingerprints were on the gun as well as hers. But maybe its justice for the mistake I made with my sister. I don’t know.

***(He looks around. Tense. Quickly he must make the decision.)***

To pull or not to pull.

**Lights fade into a spot light for 10 seconds on him while he makes the decision.**

(*He pulls the parachute)*

**Lights change.**

Would rather go to prison for a crime I didn’t commit than take the chance of seeing her in hell. (*Looks around)* This is nice. Never thought I’d find a piece of heaven on Earth.

THE END