

Male Monologue

from *The Healing* by Samuel D. Hunter

DONALD. Like a year ago, I got a phone call from my mom and she said that my cousin Barry had cancer. I forget which kind, but really aggressive. And Barry was like two years younger than me. He lived in Oregon, I hadn't seen him since I was like fourteen years old, we never really had a relationship. But I felt so paralyzed, I didn't know what I was supposed to do in that situation. Like, should I call him, visit him? But really, does this man who only has a few months left to live really need to talk with this guy he barely knows who just happens to be his cousin? But then you start wondering if that's just a way to justify not getting in touch. A way to justify not having to interact with a dying person.

(pause)

So I didn't do anything. And then like two or three months later, my mom calls me back and says that Barry died last night. And then she says that Barry had asked about me. Like, a day or so before he died, he had asked how I was doing.

(pause)

I really wonder sometimes if I'm not a good person.