

# Boyfriend Monologue

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*Phil is twenty-something, a New Yorker who is an innocent, vulnerable, anxious and nervous self-dramatizer who's tired of not being taken seriously.*

**PHIL:** I would have destroyed myself for this woman. Gladly. I would have eaten garbage. I would have sliced my wrists open. Under the right circumstances, I mean, if she said, "Hey, Phil, why don't you just cut your wrists open?" Well, come on, but if seriously... We clicked, we connected on so many things, right off the bat, we talked about God for three hours once. I don't know what good it did, but that intensity... and the first time we went to bed, I didn't even touch her. I didn't want to, understand what I'm saying? And you know, I played it very casually, because, all right, I've had some rough experiences, I'm the first to admit, but after a couple weeks I could feel we were right there, so I laid it down, everything I wanted to tell her, and... and she says to me, she says... "Nobody should ever need another person that badly." Do you believe that? "Nobody should ever...!" What is that? Is that something you saw on TV? I dump my heart on the table, you give me Dr. Fucking Phil?