SAVAGE IN LIMBO
by John Patrick Shanley

Denise Savage, wearing a dress and her best black pumps, enters Scales, a bar in the Bronx on a Monday night and says, “Where is everybody? Where is somebody? Where is anybody? ... I wanna have a good time.”

But Savage won’t have a good time tonight; nor does she have a good time most other times in her life. The good things in life are always just beyond her grasp. She leads a lonely existence, living with and taking care of her ailing mother. She is thirty-two years old and she confesses that she is still a virgin. “How does it feel?” she is asked. Her response:

(For more information see other monologues in this and other sections of this book.)

Savage: I feel strong. Like I’m wearin chains and I could snap ’em any time. I feel ready. I go to work and I feel like I could take over the company, but I just type. I go home and I see my mother in her chair and I feel like I could pick her up with one hand and chuck her out the window and roll up the rug and throw a big party. Everybody’s invited. I go to the library and I wanna take the books down off the shelves and open all the books on the tables and argue with everybody about ideas. I wanna think out loud. I wanna think out loud with other people. You know what’s wrong with everybody? Too smart. I know it sounds crazy, I know. But it’s true. Everybody’s too smart. It’s like everybody knows everything and everybody argued everything and everything got hashed out and settled the day before I was born. It’s not fair. They know about gravity so nobody talks about gravity. It’s a dead issue. Look at me. My feet are stuck to the floor. Fantastic. But no, That’s gravity. Forget it. It’s been done it’s been said it’s been thought, so forget it. It’s not fair. I’ve been shut outta everything that mighta been good by a smartness around that won’t let me think not one new thing. And it’s been like that with love, too. You’re a little girl and you see the movies and maybe you talk to your mother and you definitely talk to your friends and then you know, right? So you go ahead and you do love. And somethin a what somebody told ya inna movie or in your ear is what love is. And where are you then, that’s what I wanna know? Where are you when you’ve done love, and you can point to love, and you can name it, and love is the same as gravity the same as everything else, and everything else is a totally dead issue?