

*The Honeymoon Suite*  
from *TIGER IN A CAGE*  
by Arthur M. Jolly  
Dramatic  
Man (30's)

*This recidivist sex offender is in a jail cell, pleading with his psychiatrist - who he's also in love with - not to sentence him to a chemical treatment he fears . The first of three monologues.*

HAROLD

I fucked up. I fell off the wagon.

(beat)

You don't understand, I been trying but he put me next to the honeymoon suite. That channel they have? I put a block on it. Downstairs, at the desk, even before I got to the room, I had'em block it. Guy looked at me like I was nuts. "It's a parental block", he says, "There's a code to override" I don't want the code, I tell him. ... I think he thought I was a nutcase - one of those religious types.

And then this dickless wonder puts me next to the honeymoon suite. Half the night, banging away just the other side of the wall. I could hear everything. The bed moving. Voices, grunts, moans.... mostly the guy, but then she started... I could hear her like she was in the bed, like right next to me. I couldn't take it. So I - I went into the bathroom... and, you know... cut myself.

(beat)

I know! I know! I don't even keep a razor no more, I got a 'lectric one now and everything... but... I couldn't help it. I used those nail clippers. Two little parallel... they weren't even cuts, like little scratches... I fucked up again, didn't I?

END OF MONOLOGUE.