

Monologue from Stranger Things

Hopper:

You don't get it, do you? You don't get it.
The closer I get with Joyce, the more danger she's in.

(Enzo: You're not thinking straight, American.)

No, I think I am. For the first time in my life, I think I'm thinking straight.

I used to think I was cursed. Ever since I was 18. Got some letter of induction in the mail. Uncle Sam wants me to go fight some war in the jungle. Charlie's moving south like a plague 'cause of commie bastards like you, and...

You know, I'm happy enough to go. Prove to my old man I'm not the piece of shit he thinks I am.

I get over there, I must test well, and they put me in the Chemical Corps. There I am. I'm just... a kid, you know.

I'm 18 years old, 8,000 miles away, and I'm mixing up these... 55-gallon drums of Agent Orange.

With just these kitchen gloves, you know?

We used to clean out these buffalo turbines after a run and just be inhaling the stuff.

No masks, nothing. "It's not chemical warfare. It's just herbicide to kill plants."

"Harmless." That's what they told us.

Then I got back to real life, and these guys I worked with, the ones that made it back, they started trying to get back to normal, you know? Having families.

And then things started going wrong. Kids born stillborn. Dead in the womb. Crooked spines, eyes popped out.

The horror... Followed us, clung to us.

My wife Diane, she wanted a baby.

I did too.

We had a baby, and she was, um...

She was born healthy. She was perfect, you know. Sara.

And then she died. It wasn't an easy death. She...

Suffered.

I knew the risks, but I, um...I hid them.

And then Diane left me. She didn't blame me. Not with words.

After that, I was just...I just hid myself in drugs and alcohol.

And then people started coming into my life.

This girl El, and Joyce just happened, and I told myself they needed me. But that wasn't true.

That's a lie. They didn't need me.

I needed them.

I needed them.

You were right, what you said last night. I knew the risks, breaking out of here, but I did it anyway.

The minute I sent for Joyce, the minute I sent for her,

I sentenced her to death.

Just like I did with Sara.

Everyone I love, I hurt.

See, I was wrong this whole time.

I wasn't cursed. I am the curse.