

I Ate the Divorce Papers

Comedic monologue from the play [*Goodbye Charles*](#)

By Gabriel Davis

(Monologist stands in front of her soon to be ex-husband)

I ate them. That's right. I ate the divorce papers, Charles. I ate them with ketchup. And they were good...goood. You probably want me to get serious about our divorce. The thing is you always called our marriage a joke. So, let's use logic here: If A) we never had a serious marriage then B) we can't have a serious divorce. No. We can't. The whole thing's a farce, Charles – a farce that tastes good with ketchup.

I mean, wasn't it last week, your dad asked you the reason you walked down that aisle with me, and you said "for the exercise." Ha, ha. That's funny. You're a funny guy, Charles. I'm laughing, not a crying. Ha, ha. I'm laughing because you're about to give up on a woman who is infinitely lovable.

For instance: Paul. He has loved me since the eighth grade. Sure, he's a little creepy, but he reeeeeeally loves me. He's made one hundred twenty seven passes at me, proposed forty seven times, and sent me over two hundred original love sonnets. He sees something in me, Charles. And he writes it down, in metered verse!

And that's not something you just find everyday. Someone who really loves everything about who you are as a person. Paul may be insane, but I value his feelings for me.

I would never ask him to sign his name to a piece of paper promising to just turn off his feelings for me forever. But that's what you're asking me to do, for you. To sign away my right to...to that sweet voice Charles, those baby brown eyes, the way your hands feel through my hair before bed...

Those aren't things I want to lose. In fact, I won't lose them. I won't lose you. I'll woo you. I've written you a sonnet. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day. Thou art more lovely and more temperate, rough winds do shake the darling buds of may and..." I'm not crying. I'm laughing. It's all a big joke. It's very funny, Charles. I keep waiting for you to say "April Fools." Then I'll rush into your arms and... But you're not going to, are you? No. Of course not. It's not April.

I, I didn't really write that sonnet, you know. Paul did. I think it's good.

You see, the truth...the truth is, Charles, I ate the divorce papers, I ate them, because I can't stomach the thought of losing you. ---End of Monologue---