

# ***Agatha's Letter***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

MILO:

30's

GEORGETTE:

38

Place

Milo's study.

Time

Night.

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside of Milo's study. This is a large room with a lit fireplace. There are different sized sofas along its frame, on a thick Egyptian stlyed carpet. Large framed paintings from the 1600's hang on the walls and there is a single wall with shelving, full of hundreds of books.

At Rise: The play opens up with Milo sitting in a single sofa facing the fireplace alone, when Georgette enters.

GEORGETTE: Are you going to talk today?

MILO: Is there something you wish to discuss?

GEORGETTE: How much longer will you be in this state?

MILO: I wasn't aware that I was in a *state*. I'm only being myself. I don't laugh, I don't cry...

GEORGETTE: I'll marry you.

MILO: You will?

GEORGETTE: If it means saving your life.

MILO: It's too late for that.

GEORGETTE: Why?

MILO: Because I've received this.

MILO gently waves the letter in his hand.

GEORGETTE: A letter?

MILO: From Agatha. It was delivered yesterday morning...the carrier was paid to wait one full year after her death to hand this to me...one full year to the day she..jumped off that Godforsaken bridge facing this house. In it...oh, in it, in it...she goes on to say things that will forever haunt me for the rest of my living days. Accusations made, without me ever having the chance to defend myself, as if the case had already been closed in her mind, settled. Do you believe that she imagined us being together, she claims to have sensed our bond before it even transpired. I've been wanting to crumble this letter and toss it in the fire but it refuses to leave my hand, I cannot find the courage to let her go...it's as if her spirit has entered this room once and for all...she's all around me now, laughing me into madness. (beat) We were innocent. You and I. Two innocent friends, nothing more, with a fondness for literature. There is nothing wrong with having a friendship...was there another kind of bond between us? Sure, I think there was but, I never would have, we never would have acted on any random impulses, not with Agatha in my life, not while she was ill...no...never. But she, she states in her own writing that what she believed, had led her to her disastrous end. Without a word of any of this to me!!! She kept it inside...all the wrong thoughts, all the wrong feelings...

GEORGETTE: Milo, may I red the letter.

MILO: No, you may not read this Goddamn letter! No!

GEORGETTE: She wasn't a well woman.

MILO: Well enough to assume what we became. She may have been mentally unstable but stable enough to spot us blind. Has she not?

GEORGETTE: Sometimes I...we have no real evidence that she was..

MILO: Oh don't, don't give me that. I circled the world looking for her diagnosis. I studied her from the moment she opened her eyes to the moment she closed them, for years...there was a strangeness in her that was not of this world. The way she would reason, see things, how many times I've tried to see things from her perspective, to get under her skin, to feel what she would feel...always vague, allusive, empty, dark, lonely...always something I could never touch, I could never enter, don't you see? And yet, she was sophisticated enough to write this letter, she was noble enough to have it delivered on the anniversary of her death. Is that not genius? Perhaps we are the ones who are not up to speed. Maybe our intelligence is only base level because how could she have known that you and I would...how could she have foreseen such an impossibility?

GEORGETTE: May I read the letter?

MILO: You've already asked me that.

GEORGETTE: What did she say about me?

MILO: About you??

GEORGETTE: Obviously she had the inclination to know about what would happen to us, did she ever make clear mention of me?

MILO: To what extent?

GEORGETTE: Did she make direct reference to me?

MILO: What in the hell are you talking about?

GEORGETTE: I have something to confess, Milo.

MILO: What?

GEORGETTE: My feelings for you grew sooner than yours...while Agatha was alive, I may have indirectly let her know this. Maybe she noticed from my expressions.

MILO: Are you to tell me that you deliberately made Agatha aware of your feelings?

GEORGETTE: I was falling in love with you.

MILO: Dear God. She wasn't a well woman, Georgette!

GEORGETTE: Stop saying that!

MILO: What am I supposed to say?!

GEORGETTE: Anything but that!

MILO: What did you do to her?

GEORGETTE: Me? I didn't do anything.

MILO: You just confessed.

GEORGETTE: No, I confessed of how I *felt* at the time, when I was helping to take care of her! I don't know of anything else that could, I mean...I can't exactly remember anything other than perhaps admitting how fond I was of you and I think I...there was a day I couldn't hold back my true self from her.

MILO: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

GEORGETTE: I am guilty of that.

MILO: Do you understand that this destroys everything between us?

GEORGETTE: Don't speak like that, Milo.

MILO: I am speaking like that! I am! You planted the seed in my wife's mind that grew her to suicide. Am I not supposed to look at you differently?

GEORGETTE: Are you telling me you didn't love me? ...Milo, when did you know? When did you know how you truly felt about me?

MILO: I had no such feelings until well after.

GEORGETTE: No! I saw the way you would look at me, the way you would touch my shoulder or pat my arm whenever we engaged in deep conversation.

MILO: Friends! We were dear friends, nothing more.

GEORGETTE: The thought never crossed your mind, even once?

MILO: Christ! I am a loyal man.

GEORGETTE: DID YOU THINK IT?!

MILO: ...Never in front of my wife...I couldn't imagine breaking her heart...I would have gone down with the ship, loyalty is all I had left.

GEORGETTE: A woman always knows.

MILO: What's that you say?

GEORGETTE: If you had feelings for me, Agatha would have sensed it in you.

MILO: Are you actually trying to blame me for her death? After what you just told me.

GEORGETTE: I am not blaming you for anything. How can I blame you for having a beating heart?

MILO: Impossible. Agatha, whenever I was in her presence, nothing and no one else ever existed. She was all I had thought about, losing her was everything that destroyed me!

GEORGETTE: I am not going to prolong our dispute. If Agatha wrote you that letter, then obviously she knew of our developing romance.

MILO: There was nothing developing between us until long after she was gone and even then it took time.

GEORGETTE: One year exactly.

MILO: Yes.

GEORGETTE: Have you forgotten that you proposed to me?

MILO: No, I haven't.

GEORGETTE: I accept.

MILO: No. You can't.

GEORGETTE: I wish to be your wife.

MILO: I need time.

GEORGETTE: I have been honest with you, open and honest which is what you said you've always wanted. In Agatha's letter, did she show support? You claim she made accusations, but did she love you enough to show you support?

MILO: Support?

GEORGETTE: She knew you weren't happy. How could you be? It took every ounce of strength you had to face another day, not knowing if she would be stable or if she would be frantic. She told me many times how she wished she could make you happy, how she wished she could rid herself of her disease and perhaps she saw a way out, to give you that happiness, WITH ME, and she left us, she departed on her own terms, so we could be together.

MILO: She states no such fantasy in her letter, Georgette! Instead, she rages at me for everything I never was to her, for letting her down, for being a cheat, a liar, a disgrace...for breaking our love and forcing her to end her reason for living...she condemns us...she doesn't...there is no act of, of...I don't know what I'm saying anymore. I don't feel well.

GEORGETTE: Calm down. What's wrong?

MILO: Feel dizzy. I wish I could speak with her, I wish I could ease her troubled mind and put her demons to rest. If she could only look into my eyes once again, she would know the truth of how I feel about her, that I couldn't ever go against her.

GEORGETTE: Do you not love me?

MILO: Love you? How can I love you now?

GEORGETTE: You wish for me to fight for you with a dead woman?

MILO: Don't say that?

GEORGETTE: She's dead! Dead!! DEAD!!!

MILO: I said don't speak that way!!!

GEORGETTE: Have I not sacrificed my life for you? Am I nothing? Are you the only one who has feelings? Do you think I wanted her to die? I am much better than that. I never for one moment wished her death. But why can't I have my chance? Why can't we have our opportunity at love? Why do we have to get beaten down by the past, by ghosts and let it ruin our lives?

MILO: I am going out for a walk.

GEORGETTE: Answer me!

MILO: I need to clear my mind.

GEORGETTE: You answer me first!

MILO: You! YOUUUUU listen to me now before I take hold of my revolver and follow Agatha and end EVERYTHING! You hear me?! I can't think, I can't breathe, I need some fresh air before I lose my mind completely. Will you give me that? Let me have my oxygen.

GEORGETTE: ...Go...leave me.

MILO storms out of the room.

GEORGETTE sits down in MILO's chair.

**END OF PLAY**