

CLEAN HOUSE

by Sarah Ruhl

Oh, God! I am not going to cry in front of you. I don't hate you. Okay! I hate you! You – glow – with some kind of – thing – I can't *acquire* that – this thing – sort of glows off you – like a veil – in reverse – you're like *anyone's* soul mate – You have a balcony – I don't have a balcony – Charles looks at you – and he glows too – you're like two glowworms – he never looked at me like that. I looked at our wedding pictures to see – maybe – he looked at me that way – back then – and no – he didn't – he looked at me with *admiration* – I didn't know there was another way to be looked at – how could I know – I didn't know his face was capable of *doing that* – the way he looked at you – in my living room. You're not sorry. If you were really sorry, you wouldn't have done it. We do as we please, and then we say we're sorry. But we're not sorry. We're just uncomfortable watching other people in pain.