

Grandpa, a cantankerous old man

From the play **Happy Loving Couples are a Thing of the Past**, a dark comedy.

GRANDPA: Happy-loving couples suck my nuts! *(pause)* I hate them. That's why I got rid of them. Romance worked for a few people... aberrations and freaks who found their supposed "soul mate." But there were all these lonely people, and they were constantly having their noses rubbed in it by the couples. Not just the actual couples, but also by the relationship addicts... those deluded fools who puddle-hopped from one romance to the next, thinking each one was happiness, but who were really the loneliest people of all. Addicts who couldn't help coupling. I hadn't dated for five years, and I was so horny. I was desperate to fall off the celibacy wagon. I kept trying and failing and trying and failing and trying... then She ambushed me. She asked me out to a titty bar, for God's sake. She portrayed herself as a needy heroine, an intellectual peer, and a sex machine. She told me she liked screaming, dressing up, sodomy. It was like my fantasies all got together and had a fantasy. And she pulled me out of my shell. What started as a need to get laid became an emotional tsunami that overcame me. I begged her not to engulf me. I said I was damaged goods. I said I was scared. I said I was falling in love with her, and that the pit of my love was so deep that I couldn't hope to have anything happen but be broken by the fall. And she said, "me, too." AND PRACTICALLY THE SECOND I SAID "WASH OVER ME I'M YOURS," SHE LEFT ME! *(pause)* I couldn't believe it. The rage swelled within me, and I swore that I would not only never let this happen to me again, I would protect the rest of mankind. I started the R.A.T.S. movement... Relationships Are The Sickness. At first everyone ignored me. The professional psychologists pooh-poohed me, said I was preying on people's paranoia. But with enough determination, enough righteousness, nothing is impossible. Within a decade I changed thousands of years of human programming. Your generation can't imagine what it's like to feel the pressure to partner. I saved you from that misery. You owe me. You all owe me! Where the hell's my dinner!