



## **SNAKEBIT by David Marshall Grant**

**JONATHAN:** I can't believe you never told me you slept with my wife three months before I was married. Don't say anything. I don't want you to say anything. I just think there's been too many secrets at the table, that's all. I don't want any more secrets, okay. I'm out in the hallway, you're in the kitchen. God, I miss you Michael. I want us to be closer. I need you, really. Please. I'm going to a shrink, okay? I'm going to cure myself. I have to. Nobody likes me anymore. She'll come home, I know she will. I mean, we've been married ten years, you make allowances. I'm a shit I admit it. But what nobody seems to give me credit for, is I hate myself. I accomplish a thing just to see how worthless it is. I know that. I eat myself basically. I keep winning, watching it prove nothing but my own failure. She's the only thing I didn't win, Michael. She took me. I don't know why. I have to keep her. We'll make up. We've been doing it for a decade. And if we can't, we'll bury it, like nuclear waste, and we'll move on. We've done it before. That's what people do. Do you remember when your mother died and I hugged you? I was a better person then. I want to help you. I'm sorry, I don't know what to say. You gotta feel snakebit. Michael, you're going to be fine. They know so much more now. I know you're going to be fine.