

Nicholas Walker

Herbert's The Name of Love

NORA: Female, early to mid-20s, works at a local coffee shop, where her ex-boyfriend shows up to talk to her again, and again, and again until finally... Why do you keep showing up here? I mean, really.

I do know you want something more than coffee. I'm tired of skirting around this. Look, I don't want any physical harm to come to you, I don't want you to get hit by a bus, or get cancer, or anything like that. But...when you cheated on me... it negated all the good things we had. It killed all the good memories. I know I was a stupid 18 year-old, but, damn.

I didn't want to admit this for a long, long time, but... I honestly believe you were in love with me. Even when you cheated. But that's the thing. You think anything is justifiable in the name of love. And that makes you a fuck-locust: you show up to some place, you make new friends, and then you proceed to fuck every girl in that group of friends, and then you fuck over all the guys in order to fuck all those girls... and then, when you're all done, and you've washed your crotch, and pissed off everyone around you... you move on to another group of friends, and repeat the whole thing. In the name of love.

The thing is, after all that...I don't hate you. Anymore, that is. I did for a while, but... not anymore. I just don't want anything to do with you. I don't want you to be happy. Or satisfied. I want you to be filled with regret everyday. I want you to be filled with doubt. I want you to be haunted. I want you to never learn...or improve...or grow... I want you to keep making the same mistakes over and over again, to keep fluttering around like the locust you are...because at some point... there won't be anyone left. You'll only be left with the knowledge that you will never be able to change for the better.

Now...would you like cream and sugar?