



## **Fat Pig**

*Written By Neil LaBute*

### **Tom**

I'm weak. That's what I basically learned from our time together. I am a weak person, and I don't know if I can overcome that. No, maybe I do know. Yeah. I do know that I am, and I can't... overcome it, I mean. I think you are an amazing woman, I honestly do. And I really love what we've had here. Our time together... But I think that we're very different people. Not just who we are - jobs or that kind of thing- but it does play into it as well. Factors in. We probably should've realized this earlier, but I've been so happy being near you that I just sorta overlooked it and went on. I did. But I feel it coming up now, more and more, and I just think- No, that's bullshit, actually, the whole work thing. Forget it. *(Beat)* I'm just, I feel that we should maybe stop before we get too far. It's weird to say this, because in many ways I'm already in so deep. Care about you a lot, and that makes it super hard. But- I guess I do care what my peers think about me. Or how they view my choices and, yes, maybe that makes me not very deep, or petty, or some other word, hell, I don't know! It's my Achilles flaw or something. It doesn't matter. What I'm sure of is this- we need to stop. Stop seeing each other or going out or anything like that. Because I know now how weak I am and that I'm not really deserving of you, of all you have to offer me. I can see that now. Helen... things are so tricky, life is. I want to be better... to do good and better things and to make a proper sort of decision here, but I... I can't.