

Audition Monologues  
for  
The Velocity of Sin

DAVE

I wanna commit suicide eight hours a day. Not 24/7; just 8/7. I figure that's enough. Once I tried hanging myself and I ended up dangling from a tree with the noose around my waist. I put it around my waist because when I tried it around my neck I couldn't breath. I know, I know, my wife always says, "How can you be depressed, you're sooo funny!" Let me back up. My wife used to say that. She doesn't say much at all anymore. I mean, I know it's my fault; I'm not blaming her. It is a good question though. How can you be funny and depressed at the same time? I know it doesn't make any sense; but neither does the way I feel. I have no reason to be depressed. I've never lost my job. I wasn't abused as a child. I've never lost a loved one. Sheesh, I can't even remember ever stepping in a pile of dog poop. And don't say it! I've heard it from I don't know how many doctors; how many 80 buck an hour trips to the couch. I've been told often, endlessly, up to my craw, I know it by heart! Disease Burden – defined as living for years with the disease. There're over 120 million people diagnosed with it. 25% of the population of Europe has it! I can give it to you frontwards, backwards, in and out, up and down, in three different languages! It's like a terribly rehearsed inappropriate piece of poetry! You can get help from support groups – you don't have to be alone in this! That's all very empathetic and it's worth about five bucks a word but it's wrong! They're wrong! I told everyone before you that, and I'm telling you that! Because no matter how many people have it, no matter if you or my next door neighbor has it, no matter if everyone in the world has it, it doesn't change the fact that I have it! I feel it! Everyone goes through depression at some point - who cares?! That doesn't help me! (Pause) I've felt this way since I was in junior high. Good ole junior high. Ya know I was voted class clown three years in a row. I guess I'm just really good at manufacturing illusions.

DEBBIE

You ever been frightened? I mean, not that I'm frightened. But have you ever been afraid that everything was too good? That sound stupid, doesn't it? How can things be too good? There's a girl in my department that's like that. She's sooo good. And everything is sooo good and great and peachy. "Peachy!" What a stupid word – but she uses it all the time. She stands there and tells me how peachy everything in her life is. She's smilin' and laughin' and she's just bein' so nice to me. And I smile back and I laugh and say things like "that's great" and "fantastic" and "you're so awesome." I think I may have even used the word "peachy," once or twice. But in my mind I'm thinking, *you monster. You dirty little monster, you. You're probably saying all these nice things to my face but I'll bet in your mind you're thinking terrible things. You think I'm bad. You think I'm filthy.* And then I think, *go ahead, think bad thoughts about me.* And while you're thinking those awful things, maybe Ed Holister, he works just a couple of rows down, and I can see him behind her at his desk, and I think *maybe he'll have some guts, that he's so sick of listening to you go on and on about how great your life is, and maybe he'll sneak up behind you and raise something across your skull and end this once and for all!* But Ed just sits there. He doesn't have the backbone. Or who knows, maybe he likes listening to her. For all I know, Ed's life is just as peachy as hers. Hmm, I wonder what her name is.