

REDACTED

A Play in One Act

Cast of Characters

Person One	A human of any gender
Figment One	The human embodiment of anxiety
Figment Two	The human embodiment of depression
Figment Three	The human embodiment of mania
Figment Four	The human rational

Scene

An empty stage, with fleeting props/furnishings.

Time

No Determined Time.

Content Warning

The scene depicted in this play describes a caricature of a multitude of mental health issues. Viewer discretion is advised.

Act I

Scene I

Setting:

An empty stage, suggested to be the mind of PERSON ONE.

At Rise:

A virtually empty stage, with PERSON ONE standing center in a white spotlight. In the background are the shadows of what looks like other humans. In the background, a faint piano melody plays.

PERSON ONE

(Standing still, unaware of
The figures behind them.

As if writing in a journal.)

Today was a good day. Not a bad day, not a great day. Just a good day and I can settle for that. I went to class, like every other day, saw my friends and it was nice. Of course, I had those thoughts... the ones that tell me I'm worthless, and no one cares about what I have to say, but I'm getting better at blocking those out. I don't think like that very much anymore. In fact, I even opened up to a friend about how I've been feeling- that it feels like they don't want me around, and I asked them why I wasn't getting invited out with them anymore. They said-

FIGMENT ONE

(Loud, but not shouting. Assertive)

No one cares.

PERSON ONE

(Flinches, but continues on.)

They said that it was because they, the group, not just the one person, know that I'm always busy and they were trying to give me time to myself.

PERSON ONE (cont.)

That they do want me around and-

FIGMENT ONE

They don't want you around.

FIGMENT TWO

They're lying to your face. They all hate you.

FIGMENT ONE

They don't want you around.

FIGMENT TWO

They're not your friends.

(FIGMENT ONE AND FIGMENT TWO
CONTINUE YELLING AT PERSON ONE,
REPEATING THE PREVIOUS TWO LINES.
PERSON ONE TRIES TO IGNORE IT
AND CONTINUE ON.)

PERSON ONE

(Quiet now, less certain.)

My friends even invited me to come hang out with them tonight.
They promised drinks and games... a good time in general.

FIGMENT ONE

Do you really think they wanted you there?

FIGMENT TWO

They invited you out of pity.

FIGMENT ONE

They pity you.

PERSON ONE

(Haltingly, as if having a realization.)

But... What if they didn't really want me there? I saw the looks
they gave each other. And she was on her phone, texting him. I...
I know they're my friends... But- we all had those friends in high
school; the ones no one really wanted around, so you take them
under your wing out of pity. What if that's how they

PERSON ONE (cont.)

Think of me? Oh my god. I have to cancel, I can't look at them.

FIGMENT ONE

Imagine being lied to like that. Pathetic. You aren't even worth the truth to them.

FIGMENT THREE

(Sing-song)

HA! You're worthless... You're worthless... You're worthless...

(FIGMENT THREE CONTINUES
SINGING IN THE BACKGROUND)

PERSON ONE

(Desperately)

But.. we're friends... they'd tell the truth... we're friends. I deserve the truth. I know I deserve that.

FIGMENT FOUR

(Gently)

You did what you could. If they lied to you, that shows their character, not yours. Do you really want those people in your life still?

FIGMENT ONE

(Yelling now, over FIGMENT THREE)

YOU'RE PATHETIC!

(FIGMENT ONE continues yelling
In the background, with FIGMENT
THREE still singing.)

FIGMENT TWO

They don't want you around!

(FIGMENT TWO starts laughing,
Adding to the chaos of the
FIGMENTS in the background)

(The noise is unbearable by now. PERSON ONE covers their ears.)

FIGMENT FOUR

(loudly, but drowned by the other FIGMENTS)
They're wrong! They're wrong! They're wrong!

(The four FIGMENTS continue yelling, trying to be heard by
PERSON ONE. PERSON ONE falls to their knees, distraught.)

PERSON ONE
(Almost crying)
They care. They care. THEY CARE.
(crying)
They care. They're my friends. They care. I'm worth something.

(The FIGMENTS become louder, drowning out PERSON ONE and
FIGMENT FOUR completely. PERSON ONE lets out a scream. The
FIGMENTS fall silent)

PERSON ONE
(Crying and visibly shaking)
They care... They care... They're my friends...

FIGMENT ONE
(coldly)
They don't.

PERSON ONE
(Hangs head)
They don't care. I'm worthless. I have no one.

FIGMENT TWO
That's not true.
(Smiling cruelly)
You have us. We watch out for you.

FIGMENT FOUR
You have to listen to the right ones.

PERSON ONE
(crying)
I don't have anyone to trust.

FIGMENT FOUR

Trust me.

FIGMENT ONE and TWO
(unison)

Trust me.

FIGMENT THREE
(Sing-Song)

Trust me.

PERSON ONE
(sobbing, frantically)

I'm alone... I'm alone... I'm alone.

FIGMENT TWO

You don't need anyone but us.

FIGMENT ONE

We're the only ones who care about you.

FIGMENT FOUR

I care about you. I want to help you.

PERSON ONE

(No longer crying)

I'm alone. I have no one but myself.

(Slowly, shakily standing)

I have no one but myself. I trust no one but myself.

(Angrily)

I don't need anyone but myself.

(all FIGMENTS except FIGMENT FOUR are
Grinning at PERSON ONE's decision.)

FIGMENT ONE

Good... Good.

(Lights fade on FIGMENTS, leaving PERSON ONE alone in a
spotlight.)

PERSON ONE

I'm safer alone. I don't get hurt if I'm alone. I'm happy alone. I don't need friends, they don't care about me... They've never cared about me. I hate them. I hate them.

(Pause)

I hate myself more than I hate them. I don't deserve to be here. I'm a waste of space- a waste of air. I don't contribute to the world... I'm a burden.

(Pause, heavy breathing)

Why should I pander to make them happy, when all they do is make me miserable? They don't care about me, so I don't care about them. I'm done going the extra mile for people who won't move two inches for me. I'm done. I'm done. I'M DONE!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

SCENE II

At rise:

Lights up on a stage similar to
The last. PERSON ONE now sits in
A large armchair. A white spot on
PERSON ONE

PERSON ONE

(As if writing in a journal.)

It's been a while. I like to think I'm doing better. I feel fine most days. I can go about my life, get whatever I need to get done... It's just at night sometimes, when I have nothing left to do, my mind likes to wander. The thoughts aren't as bad as they used to be- most of the time. There are still days where I lay in bed and the bottle of pills across the room look like the most appetizing thing... Those days when I stare at the ceiling until it goes fuzzy, wondering why I even bother anymore.

(Pause)

Those days are few and far between.

(Light up on FIGMENT ONE)

FIGMENT ONE

More like every other day.

PERSON ONE

I'm getting better, I am. Sometimes I find myself wondering why it seems like no one cares... The people I thought I could reach out to... They had more important people to care about.

FIGMENT ONE

They didn't care because you don't matter.

PERSON ONE

I've always been the strong one, the one other people depend on.

(Bitterly)

I'm not allowed to need help.

FIGMENT ONE

It's not like you ever helped them.

(lights up on FIGMENT TWO)

FIGMENT TWO

If anything, you made them worse. You broke them down even further.

PERSON ONE

I do what I can for my friends... I do what I would want from them.

FIGMENT TWO

But do you get anything from them?

FIGMENT ONE

Do you really think they want *your* help?

PERSON ONE

I make sure I don't overstep... I'm a good friend.

FIGMENT TWO

Yeah. a good friend to people who don't even want you around.

FIGMENT ONE

You know they don't like you.

PERSON ONE

I do what I can because I'm a good person at the end of the day. If I can make someone's day brighter, that's all that matters to me. Why should it be my problem if they don't like me for being nice?

FIGMENT ONE

Because you're alone. And you can't stand being alone.

PERSON ONE

I'm better off alone. I hold my friends at an arm's length because I don't want to get hurt again. Isn't that good enough?

FIGMENT TWO

So you admit it. You know you don't truly have friends in this world.

PERSON ONE

I have friends. Just... not close ones.

FIGMENT TWO

That's even worse than being alone.

FIGMENT ONE

How pathetic. You can't even admit how worthless your life is.

PERSON ONE

I'm not worthless. I don't need anyone's validation to prove my worth.

FIGMENT ONE

Someone's been reading some self-help books.

FIGMENT TWO

Do you really think your therapist means that? You know they only get paid if you stick around. They'll tell you bullshit lies like that, just to put another hundred bucks in their pocket.

(PERSON ONE looks defeated. FIGMENT TWO grins, knowing they're winning.)

FIGMENT TWO

Even your therapist doesn't care. This world is survival of the fittest. You can't tolerate being lonely for a day- you practically beg people who *don't care* about you for attention. You're a nuisance and a burden on their lives. You fight with your own mind on a daily basis- any normal person would think you're insane. You should think you're insane. Imagine what your 'friends' would think if they really knew what you do to yourself. Do you think they would still be there for you? Would they really want a monster like you in their lives? A beast who mutilates their skin where they think no one can see.

PERSON ONE

I don't know what you're talking about.

FIGMENT ONE

You know.

(PERSON ONE tugs at their sleeves, uncomfortable)

PERSON ONE

You're lying.

FIGMENT TWO

I'm you. I know.

FIGMENT ONE

You're a monster. A freak.

PERSON ONE

No one can know.

FIGMENT ONE

Why not? You obviously do it for attention. We know you secretly long for someone to find it, kiss your scars better. You want your life to be like a movie, but you live in denial of the truth. You're a freak. When you hurt yourself, you're hurting everyone in your life. No one could love a monster like you.

PERSON ONE

(weakly)

No... No. You're wrong.

FIGMENT ONE

Am I? Do you really believe that?

FIGMENT TWO

You can feel in your heart that we're right. You know we're right.

PERSON ONE

No...

(PERSON ONE pulls their sleeves down completely and hangs their head. Lights up on FIGMENT FOUR whose mouth has been taped shut and stands directly behind PERSON ONE where they can't be seen.)

FIGMENT ONE

We're right. No one argues.

FIGMENT TWO

No one can save you but us.

FIGMENT ONE

We don't judge you.

FIGMENT TWO

We love you.

FIGMENT ONE

We don't mind if you hurt yourself.

FIGMENT TWO

It makes me happy. We know you're alive.

FIGMENT ONE

Do it right now. Make us happy.

FIGMENT TWO

Make your *friends* happy.

PERSON ONE

No. NO. I've come too far. I won't do it again. I refuse. Yell every abuse you can think of at me, and I still won't do it. I'm hurt, I'm hurting every damn day of my life but I Won't. Do. That. You aren't my friends- you're nothing but me, and I can't trust you. Remember? I can't trust my friends- I can't even trust myself. But I know- I know in my soul that I REFUSE to pick up that blade again. Nothing good ever came of me ripping myself into pieces, just to pick myself up again. I have no knight in shining armor coming to rescue me. I have stared my demons in the eyes and won. I'll do it again.

(Pause)

I am not weak. I'm stronger than you think I am. I can survive this. I can do this.

(Lights fade on FIGMENTS ONE and TWO.)

Scene III

At Rise:

A virtually empty stage with
PERSON ONE standing in a
White spotlight. In the
Background stand three
silhouettes.

PERSON ONE

(As if writing in a journal.)

Today... Today could have been better. These past few weeks- they.. they could have been better. Everything has changed so much, so fast. It's... I can't keep up. And it seems like every time I reach out for help- Every time I try to lean on something, I'm disappointing someone. I'm just... I'm not allowed to be sad, to be broken. And I feel like I'm cracking under the pressure. I can't handle this anymore.

(A brief pause, continues, almost in tears.)

If everything goes my way, this could be my last entry. I just can't do this anymore. No one understands... or- they do- but... they try to make it relatable and I just feel like I'm not being heard- listened to, but not heard. And- And! The people I look up to, the ones I'm supposed to be able to come to for help- they don't give a shit about me.

(Continuing with Anger.)

I don't know what I did to deserve this. I don't know what I did to make everyone think I was okay. I'm not allowed to ask for help anymore, I can't have a bad day, the second I do I'm letting everyone down. And it's not fair. I'm still a kid- I don't know what I'm doing but I'm expected to be fucking PERFECT and I just can't handle it anymore. I can't keep taking my pain and grief and sadness out on myself- it's not helping anymore. So, I'm just fucking done. I'M FUCKING DONE.

(Pause to catch breath/calm down.)

It's not fair. Life isn't fair, but this is just... Unbalanced. I don't have to do this anymore. I don't have to put up with this bullshit. I'm done, I'm done, I'm done. There's nothing anyone can say or do to change my mind. I'm just so. Fucking. Done.

(Lights up on FIGMENTS ONE, TWO, and THREE. FIGMENT FOUR is missing.)

FIGMENT ONE

You think you're making the right choice?

PERSON ONE

You've been right all along. You know you have.

FIGMENT TWO

You should have just listened to us from the start.

PERSON ONE

(Snappish)

You don't think I know that?

FIGMENT TWO

Just saying.

FIGMENT ONE

Are you actually going to do it? Or are you gonna chicken out, like last time?

PERSON ONE

I have nothing left to keep me here. All I have left to do is disappoint everyone one last time.

FIGMENT THREE

Disappoint?

FIGMENT TWO

Then get it over with.

FIGMENT ONE

I don't think they'll do it.

PERSON ONE

You wanted this too. Remember?

FIGMENT TWO

Get. It. Over. With.

PERSON ONE

Stop it. Give me a little more time.

FIGMENT ONE

I knew it. You're a coward.

FIGMENT THREE

A coward! A coward since birth! Can't stop it now!

PERSON ONE

STOP IT!

FIGMENT TWO

Can't stop the truth. You're a bitch. You couldn't do it, even if you tried.

PERSON ONE

You want to see me do it? Then fine.

(Blackout as we see PERSON ONE reach into their pocket. There's the rattling of a pill bottle.)

PERSON ONE

This is it. Fuck everything.

(The bottle rattles again, and then silence for a few beats before we hear the voice of FIGMENT FOUR yell the actor's name. There is no response.)

(An ambulance siren sounds)

(End of Play)