Monologue #1:

Why does everyone have to be happy?
When did that become the goal?
Maybe I don’t like being happy.
I don’t trust it.
Because as soon as you feel happiness, it’s already gone.
And who knows if you can ever get it back.
There’s this Pressure
To remember every detail --
Everything that leads up to that exact happiness --
So I can follow the steps and make it happen all over again.
And then I do that --
I follow the steps.
And it’s never quite the same.
Even when it’s good
It’s not as good
Or if it’s as good
It’s a different kind of good.
I always end up disappointed.
And after a while
I guess I got used to that disappointment.
It’s nice to be used to something.

So I’m sorry you think being sad is a problem.
But for me, happiness is the problem. It aches and it breaks and it leaves.
Sadness, though.
Sadness stays.
It’s sturdy, and it’s strong.
It burrows into your shoulder --
It stays all night.