

THE STAGES OF FEELING LIKE YOU DON'T BELONG IN THE WORLD AND THEN
REALIZING MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT
By Carolina Chaimovich

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Characters

Gabriella.....Twenty-two, Latina

Time and Place

A one-bedroom college apartment in Washington, DC. It is March of 2018.

Note to actors: there is A LOT of humor in this piece. Don't feel the need to over dramatize.

Scene One

A bedroom in a college apartment in Washington DC. A building where mostly students live, there are hundreds of apartments in it. The room is messy, there are clothes everywhere, as well as half-empty glasses of wine, beer cans, and pill bottles.

At lights up, it's afternoon. Time passes as the play happens in a way so that when we get to the end of it, it is late night.

Gabriella is typing something on her laptop. It is like she notices the audience, stops typing and what happens next is a conversation she has with herself and the audience.

Throughout the play, Gabriella drinks from what is left in the glasses and cans we can see, and takes pills from the pill bottles as she finds them. They don't seem to end, and she doesn't seem to stop.

Gabriella is in a state of mind where her thoughts are coming like lightning strikes. They come and go really fast. At one point, she can be reliving the stories she is telling, and in the next moment get lost in her thoughts. She is a funny girl going through a dark time who is using humor to get through it all.

GABRIELLA

I really wish I could be a handwriting person, I find it really beautiful and really poetic, but what can I say.... my hands hurt. Not made for that.

I feel like a constant failure, like, not like I became a failure, but like my "not failure moments" were a fluke and I just kind of always have been meh. Mediocre. Lazy. The two things I hate the most but don't know how to get myself out of. Maybe I really am lazy. Maybe I just really wanna sleep all the time and maybe I am not made for success. It's not possible that everyone is made for success and that everything has a cure. It doesn't and they are not. Maybe I'm one of those people.

You know how people say "treat mental illness like any other illness?" I'm all for that.

It is like any other illness. It exists and it is real and it deserves to be taken care of just like diabetes or cancer or kidney stones. Here's the thing about it being like any other illness though. The flu? Has a cure. Cancer? Doesn't.

Some things just don't have a cure, some illnesses just don't go away with treatment. No matter how good the treatment is.

Some people just die. Ya know?

I always wonder, am I one of those people who just dies? Who treatments are just not good enough for? I think so. I deeply think so. Is it self-centered to think that way? Maybe. But then again, I'm me.

I want things to end. I want to not exist.

I'm Jewish. Did you know that in judaism suicide is worse than a crime? It's the worst thing you can do. It's worse than murder. If you kill yourself, you're buried in a separate part of the cemetery, made just for people who committed suicide.

That's kind of sick in my opinion.

We believe the Messiah will come, and when he does, the last people he will, I guess, "attend to?" are the ones who committed suicide. A murderer? Sure. A rapist? I guess. A person who killed herself? Absolutely not. What the fuck?! Like I can't stop thinking. If we die and go somewhere, where do we go if we kill ourselves?

Let me tell you a story. How I got to this exact moment right now.

It was about to be Spring Break. We were gonna go to North Carolina. Jane, Anne, Ray, Lizzie and I. My last spring break. Of college. Of life? Who knows.

I hadn't been feeling well at all. I had been in touch with a psychiatrist and a therapist from school, and the therapist was pretty good. The psychiatrist? Not so much. Two nights before spring break. I have 3 panic attacks. I don't sleep at all. I am shivering, and my heart feels tight, like it's about to implode.

Parenthesis: There's been times in my life when I've felt like my heart could implode and other times when I felt like it could explode. Your body feels so specific when that happens. But so different in each situation. Anyways, end of parenthesis. I went to talk to the psychiatrist. I still felt hope. Not a lot, but enough to seek a teeeny bit of help.

I've been taking all my meds since January, I've been to therapy, I've been doing what I am told to be doing. Why is nothing helping? UGH!!!! SO frustrating.

The psychiatrist couldn't see me. I left a note, I said: I don't want to go on my spring break trip feeling that way. She responded, five minutes later with a text: "No worries girl." Girl?!

Excuse the fuck out of me?! Who does she think she is?! “Don’t worry girl. It’s a side effect of your meds. You will be ok.”

Suffice to say, the okayness has not arrived yet.

So, the day of the trip arrives. I am feeling frustrated. Hopeless, helpless, empty.

(Concluding)

Suicidal.

In the car, I was sitting on the window seat in the back.

So, I’m asleep during the entirety of the car ride. Except for when Lady Gaga is playing. It’s like my brain has this weird sensor, and I would wake up, sing all the Gaga songs until the artist changed - not everyone can listen to her 120% of the time like me. Anyways I would listen to Gaga and fall back asleep.

We got there. Oh wow. What a beautiful house. We were two streets away from the beach. It was really cold so we couldn’t go in the ocean, my favorite getaway, but we could still see it.

One of the days we were there, it snowed. It’s always been on my bucket list - to see snow at the beach.

(Morbidly.)

Funny ha? to have a bucket list when you want to be dead all the time?

It was beautiful though, the snow, the ocean, the sand, and us. I wanted to be alone and left alone but didn’t want to be lonely. Ironic? Sure. But then again, me.

I wasn’t fooling anyone I don’t think. Who knows.

We were not sober at all. During the entire trip we were either asleep, high, or drunk. Or I was. I was kind of doing my own thing and they were doing their thing. They went to the beach during the golden hour, you know, when the sun is beautifully golden, orange, bright but not really, just perfect. They took beautiful pictures, and went to a thrift store. I stayed sleeping or I don’t even know what.

They are aware I am doing poorly, but I don’t think they have an idea of how poorly. Maybe, I don’t even know. This may sound selfish and horrible, but I miss the feeling of having someone love me so much they don’t want to lose me. Now I am kind of indifferent to most people. Except my mom, maybe.

They would not stop listening to musical theatre tunes. So annoying. Except for the ones I like. To those I would jam with them. We watched *The Sound of Music* like three times I think. What a good movie. My favorite. But all of the three times we watched it I fell asleep during the first half. Jane had never seen the movie, can you believe that?!

Anyways, the day to come back came.

That day was yesterday.

Funny how I talk about it like it had happened a million of years ago. It was yesterday. But what even is time? The concept of time? What is the now? The tomorrow? Yesterday?

Yesterday we came back. We stopped at Wawa and I ate their mozzarella sticks and they were super yummy. Do you all know what Wawa is? Some people don't and it amazes me, even though I didn't find out about it until not too long ago. It's a place to eat but fast but not like fast food. But fast, and they have snacks, but not like a gas station.

Anyways, North Carolina, Wawa, this building, my bed, here.

If I could only shake this judaism thing out of my head. If I could only know that what comes after death is not worse. If it's nothingness that's better than the numbness I feel now. Anything would be better, but nothing would be best.

(Gabriella searches for something on her phone. She finds it.)

I knew I could find this.

(Her phone rings. By this point she is really out of it, but can still talk and interact.)

Hey girlie.

I'm okay.

Yeah, I'm back.

Yesterday!

Nothing.

(She hangs up.)

Ugh friends can be so annoying just let me live my life!!!

Or not. Get it? Let me not live my life? Lol.

Right! I was about to tell you, look what I just found. This scientist person said that what makes us us, is our brain. Our **brain** is what makes our personality, not our soul. There's no soul. That's bullshit.

(Her phone rings again and again and again. She starts getting a lot of texts. She starts taking more and more pills. Lights start to dim. She does not answer her phone.)

When we die, all of our cells die, that means our brain stops working and it is just as dead as we are. Duh. Since our brain is dead and there is nothing that makes us who we are, we just go nowhere. All of existence ends. Stops.

Goodbye. This is what I needed to find. I can go now.

(She lies down dramatically. She gets up.)

What the fuck?! I said I was ready to go. Why am I still here? This scientist finally gave me what I needed and....

(The doorbell rings once, interrupting her. And then again. There are people knocking on the door and calling for Gabriella. She doesn't answer. She is not there anymore. Blackout.)