

diminished fifth

By: Braydie Aldrich

(Megan is doing her makeup in a bathroom her hair is wet. She has a glass of something on the edge of her sink. As she stumbles through this monologue she proceeds with her makeup.)

MEGAN: This year has been shit. *(drinks)* It's easy to be shit, so that's why it been shit. And when you don't have any energy left to exert, everything ends up being shit. After a while you keep thinking things will get better. Say, oh I'll get some rest. But when you pass out at three in the morning, get up at three in the evening, have coffee at three fifteen. Your day is already over. Why even make coffee? Why even get up? You know it's a shit day. It's been a shit week, a shit month, a shit year. Just stay in bed. Oh God, you're just putting me through it this year aren't ya. *(To God)* You know, I apologize for not talking to you as much this year. But there is only so much I can take. You take away everything and I am supposed to thank you for it. *(sarcastically)* Well, thank you! Thank you so much! Wish your son a very happy birthday from me! I'm so sorry I didn't send you a Christmas card this year. *(Tries to dry her hair)* I didn't have anyone left to make it with! *(a fuse blows)* Shit!

(Lighting a match in the basement, and looking for the right fuse)

But the crazy thing about life is, you still feel things. Even when you think you can't. When you feel like you like you're worthless. You still feel worthless. When you can't stop crying you're sad. When you feel nothing, you feel like shit. You can feel like shit. I've felt like shit for a while now. It's always difficult this time of year. The holidays, Christmas. Christmas used to be my favorite. When you're younger, the lights seem to shine brighter, Christmas trees look bigger. You're excited for presents and Santa coming down the Chimney. I miss that. Christmas is the worst time of the year. It just makes you dwell on everything used to be. How you wish things were now. That's why every year, you think of... *(she flicks on the right switch)*

(Back in the bathroom blowdrying her hair.)

...all of the things you took for granted. And you're left alone. You're stuck in a rut. It's more of a hole, a pit that is one thousand feet deep. You're stuck there, with no one but yourself. You have no climbing gear and it wouldn't do you any use anyway because you are so tired. You don't have the energy to get out! So you stay there. You figure that's all you can do. So each day fades into the next one, the seasons continue to change, but the pit just feels the same. No rescue.

No one is there to help and you won't ask for help because this pit is so fucking deep that if someone tried to come rescue you, they would never find their way out! The pit is too deep. *(she turns off the blow dryer)* Then that's when you think of why you're in the pit. How you even made it into the pit in the first place. Then you remember. And you're glad you're in the pit because moving forward doesn't seem to be an option. *(beat)* I know you never cared about how I looked or how I dressed, but I hope you can see me today. I'm trying for you.

(Megan gets her keys and some flowers out of a vase)

(In the car)

Everyone seems to die around Christmas time. I think Santa Claus and the Grim Reaper go hand in hand. I used to play checkers with my grandmother this time of year. The only time I would ever play checkers was with her. I've forgotten how to play now. We would always spend Christmas at her house, my dad and I. She decorated for Christmas better than anyone ever could. I mean she had a real tree in her living room, the fire was going. Elves that were constantly moving and nutcrackers everywhere. On Christmas Eve, we would always make a batch of cookies together. I don't know what she actually put in those cookies but they always turned out amazing. We ate almost all of them when they were still hot and melting apart. But we would always save a few for Santa. I never understood why you would give someone breaking into your house some cookies, but since Santa was my dad I think it was ok. This one Christmas my grandmother passed away. She died on the 26th, so it was after Christmas, but to me Christmas time takes place all of December. I think she really wanted to spend her last Christmas with us. It was always a really special time that we shared together. She died in her bed, softly. My dad was holding her hand. Just like I held...

(At the grave)

his. I'm sorry about the flowers. Nothing is open on Christmas you know, so they're a couple days old. I know you don't mind though. If you can see me right now, I hope you're proud of me. It's been a tough year and I haven't really done anything impressive. I hope next year will be better. I made a gingerbread house last night. It was just like how we used to make them. The houses that would only stand up for a couple of minutes and then fall apart. Mine fell apart in about thirty seconds this time. Thank you for making Christmas special. It's hard being in the house without you. I've been saving up for an apartment. If I can sell the house, I think I'll be in good shape. I don't know when I'll be back, hopefully, your birthday. It's not easy coming up here, but it's always good to talk with you. I miss you. Merry Christmas dad.