

SAMPLES FROM:

*Suicide
Monologues
For Actors
and Others*

This document includes the start of each piece in the collection.
For the complete pieces, see the book.

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Chez Jim Books • North Hollywood, CA

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Stop

The Voice

Why keep hanging around? No one wants you here. You'd be doing the world a service. Doing something useful for once.

Why bother to go on? Why keep trying to find a reason? Why keep convincing yourself that things aren't that bad?

They are, you know, and they're only going to get worse...

The Life of the Party

I was the life of the party. Even when there was no party. I made one happen. I made people laugh. I made myself laugh.

I worked good and hard to make myself laugh. Lord, you could hear my laugh from a block away.

"Isn't he something, that Lester?" people would say. "Always happy. Look at him. Always with the smile."

Hell, even I thought I was happy. As long as I wasn't alone. I can't tell you how I hated that, being alone....

Thank You Note

Before I write another word, I must tell you: last night, you outdid yourself. The décor, as always, was superb; all those pastels, the pink and white roses. And that string quartet. However did you get them to come? They haven't played together for years. Or so I'm told. I don't follow such things these days. But your guests were suitably impressed. And, as always, suitably impressive. That Arab ambassador, the prince, insisted I go out on his yacht. It was very kind. I told him I'd love to. That I'd call him next week.

But I was lying...

Stop

I just wanted it to stop.

You couldn't hear it, could you? You thought I was fine.

But I wasn't. It kept getting louder and louder, no matter what I did. No matter how much I blocked it out.

I did everything. I drank, I drugged, I slept around. Nothing worked.

It's easy to say, "You should have held on. You should have been stronger." You didn't hear it. No one did. They heard music, talking. Birds singing. Different sounds. Good sounds.

Me, I only heard one thing. And it just kept getting louder.

Imagine a train coming right at you....

Hurt Someone

He always wanted to hurt someone. That's what it felt like. Even when he laughed, there was something mean in it.

The amazing thing is, people liked him. He got to them somehow. Like they thought, given time, he'd grow out of it. Out of all that anger.

Only, he was forty. Not a kid. He'd had his time, his time to get over it. And he hadn't. Not at all. He'd cuddled up pretty close to it, if you ask me. But he did have that trick. That trick of seeming like he was basically a sweet guy, a guy who'd had some bad breaks...

Almost Doesn't Count

Ah yes. The pistol. Properly placed, it opens the back of the head, or puts a bullet neatly through your heart. You might factor in, however, the shaking of your hand, lack of practice or just plain poor aim, in which case, alternate outcomes occur: severing the spinal chord, for instance. The result of this would not be good, but it would not be death, either. And there you'd have gone and done it. Made yourself a burden to your friends.

Oh, I'm sorry. You don't have any friends, do you?...

White Wine

One day we decided enough was enough. Or maybe she decided. I was past decisions by then. And stone broke. We'd both stopped working months ago. "Let's be done with this," she said. She had some pills she'd saved up. And we had some wine. Cheap white wine.

"Do you want to write a note?" she asked. "No," I said, "Why bother?" We each took a handful of pills, and washed them down with the wine. Then we sat back on the couch, and waited....

Steady

Everybody in the building's been nice. They keep saying how glad they are to see me back at the front desk. And I'm doing rounds again. But only inside.

I'm not ready for outside.

Yesterday, I tried it. Walking around the building. When I got near that spot, my heart started beating. I kept flashing on that blur, whizzing past my eyes. And waiting for the thump...

Red Ropes

If you're watching this on the evening news, the first thing I want you to know is, I didn't do this to get to Heaven. Least of all a Heaven filled with virgins.

I've been with a virgin or two, and let me tell you: not a good time.

Another thing I want to make clear is, I wasn't born poor. No way was I one of the oppressed. In fact, I was a spoiled little...

Oops. Never mind. Got to keep this media-friendly, you know?

Let's put it this way: I lived to party. Red ropes gave way at my step...

Angel

My daughter was killed by an angel. An angel who fell from a church. A girl her own age. A girl who didn't want to live. So she climbed to the top of the church, step by step through one of those old towers, up those winding stairs, and came out, ignoring the tourists and the view – that beautiful view of the city –, walked to the edge, leaned over, and flew.

Did she think she was going to Heaven? Maybe she did. Maybe she thought it was that easy: push free of the gargoyles and the saints, and launch out into the air. Who cares what happens after that?

Who cares where you land?...

Barge

My uncle had a barge, a barge he'd done up inside with varnished wood and brass fittings. It looked like a rich man lived there, instead of my uncle, who barely got by and had a hard face from all his drinking, and lived there alone because no woman could stand him for long, and his nearest neighbors were all scattered farther down the river, and that's why no one could hear me scream when he raped me the day I turned twenty.

My sister usually came along but she'd stopped doing that like she stopped doing everything else and so I had to go see him by myself, which always made me uncomfortable, but he was all the family we had left, and you want to have someone, so sometimes you take what you can get.

I don't remember my father, he left when I was little...

Midway Down

Midway down, I changed my mind.

The bridge was above me, the water below, and suddenly I saw it: Life hadn't been that bad. Sure, I had a ton of debts, no love life and a long list of aches and pains.

Jumping off a bridge had made perfect sense.

Until I did it. Now it seemed, well... stupid. I had a life – a whole LIFE, dammit – beyond all that stuff and I'd just thrown it away.

Here I was, about to die, and all I could think was: "What a jerk. What a jerk you are."

That really sucked.

And I hit the water.

Only, I didn't die. I...

One Shot

Gun Chant

Pretty, pretty gun. Pretty, pretty glittering gun. Pretty little shiny toy. Shiny, shiny trinket. Pleasing little object. Shiny metal object. Turn it and turn it and turn it around. Watch it sparkle.

Watch it glitter. Watch it wink.

Wink-wink.

Look it straight in the eye. Go on, I dare you...

Truck

You'd think we'd be used to it. But most of the time it's not so bad. People hang themselves, they turn on the gas. If you get them soon enough, it's bearable. Even later, when you get the smell and rot, the maggots, it's not the same.

This one shot himself in his truck. Good-looking guy. He didn't put the barrel in his mouth. Guess he wanted to spare that face. Which was a mercy. But what he did do was aim up from the side, right through the liver towards the heart. Like he wanted to hit a line of vital organs. What a mess. He might as well have split himself open....

Share Your Pain

You don't have to lie to me. Everybody knows he shot himself.

I wish you could hear what they're saying: that he didn't seem like the type; that he must have been drunk. He did like his liquor, didn't he? Oh I know you tried to hide it. Everybody knew.

Always making excuses, always trying to cover. But people see through that, you know. People have eyes.

That must be a relief, no? Not having to hide? Aren't you glad to be done with that? Oh my God, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying you're glad he's dead....

Selfish

How could he do that to me? I can't even go down to the store.
They'll all be looking at me, talking behind my back. Pretending to pity me. Saying I was a bad wife.
How could he humiliate me like this in front of the whole town?
Wasn't it bad enough he owed everybody money? Or that everyone knew he ran around? I tried to hold my head up, to let people know I was above all that. That I'd married beneath myself – which I had, you know....

Target

My dad was mean to me. I don't mean grumpy or unpleasant mean. I mean vicious, targeted, get under your skin mean. The kind of mean that leaves you thinking about it for days. I don't know why, except maybe I was growing into a man at the same time he was growing old. Or maybe he was mad at himself, so down on himself for being a failure that he didn't know how to do anything but be awful to the rest of us, most especially me, and every time he called me an idiot or a fool or looked like he wanted to hit me, that was him telling himself how worthless he was.

Do you think that was it? Do you think that's why he was such a bastard?....

Fall

You should have seen her on the high dive. She loved it. She loved launching off into space.
Like a little girl leaping into her father's arms...
Back then, she had no fear. No fear at all.
She doesn't do a thing now. No sports, nothing. If you ask, she'll say she lost interest. Just lost it. Like a child losing a tooth.
She won't say a word about what happened....

Done

Did you think I'd be sorry? For what? For the way I treated you? For not understanding you?
For Godssake, grow up.
That's what I'd say, if you could somehow get the guts to pull together your dust and come back as a halfway decent ghost, and ask, "So what do you think of me now, huh? How do you feel about it all now?" I'd ask you right back, "Do they have a kindergarten over there? Nursery school? Because I don't care how old you were when you threw it all in, you've got a long eternity before you get to first grade."
I can just see you, hunched up in your little corner, thinking of how you'd stick it to us all..

Hole in the Sky

He tore a hole in the sky. That's how it feels. It'll be a beautiful, sunny day, hardly a cloud in sight, children screeching as they run about; everything as it should be. And yet there'll be this hole, right there in the blue, waiting, waiting with its steep, jagged walls, and its bottomless depths.

I try to ignore it, to focus on the blue sky, to listen to the running and the screaming, the happy fake screaming of children who need something to be scared of, who look for monsters, things they can run from, alive with their own gleeful panic. I try to hear that, and to feel the breeze, to breathe in the light, but the whole time I know it's there, that gash in the sky, and I think of him making it.

I think of him leaving...

Not Like Me

The Club

You're not like me. Not at all. Not the same class, not the same style, not the same age. We don't wear the same clothes, we don't speak the same way, we don't share the same beliefs.

We're not alike, you know. Not alike at all.

So how did we end up together? How did this one event seize us and bind us each to the other? Who exiled us, drove us from a place we never knew was blessed?...

Confidante

So your father killed himself, huh? That must have been tough. And you're not over it, are you? Even years later.

Of course you aren't. You can't fool me.

I wouldn't tell you this, but... well, you've been through it. It's not like it would shock you. Both my parents killed themselves.

That's right. Both....

The Beautiful Daughter

Your daughter dances so beautifully. You must be very proud of her.

They can be such a joy, children. Even the ones who don't do well. They don't have to be talented or accomplished. You love them for themselves. Just because they're there.

Though it's easy to forget, isn't it? To forget to tell them that. To let them know you love them, even if they do nothing at all. Even if they never get up on that stage.

It's hard because you do want them to do well, so you may push them, just a little, to be better. Because you love them, you know? Because you want them to shine...

Foreclosed

Henry!

Hey man. I wanted to touch base on the Fowler situation.

The big guy says to hold off on foreclosure. At least until after the funeral. We don't need videos all over the Web of her grieving family being put out on the street.

You know the funeral's this weekend, right? The way she did it, they'll have to go with a closed casket. You can bet the papers will splash that all over the front page with "FORECLOSED" stamped across it.

Tacky, huh?...

The General

When I told them to shoot the children, and the mothers too, I did not think of my daughter, safe on our terrace back home, sipping chilled wine while she studied.

She was made to be a doctor. She had always been so caring.

I had left her a gun, only because she was a woman alone. And who knew better than I what could happen to a woman alone?

Sometimes at the front we got the foreign papers, the ones that called me “the Butcher”. “Lies,” my men would laugh, “All lies! Let them show proof.” But of course we made sure there was no proof. And when I called my daughter, I told her, “Don't believe that propaganda. They welcome us here. With flowers and parades.”....

Dancer

He danced with me, and I was so proud, almost as if I was twelve again, as if I'd never gone to college or had a career. It was that simple, that familiar, to lean again against his chest, and I spun away and I returned, and he moved with his old grace, hesitating here and there, but still the expert, still the one I'd trust, wherever he went...

Something Out There

Something Out There

What would it take to make you do it?

Let's say, right off, you're not depressed. Seriously depressed. That worm eating your being, and no one can see it, and no one can cure it, and every trick you try keeps sending you back, back down that hole.

Say it's not that.

What about loss? What about losing someone you never dreamed you'd be without, and suddenly you're alone, and those eyes, that voice, that person who completed you, or made life magic, or simply understood you – that person was gone. Would you follow? Would you simply give up?

Probably not. Probably you'd get over it.

The Rush

"You're gonna kill yourself," I said.

"But it's such a rush," he told me, "There's nothing like it."

"I get that. I do. But how many times have you almost bought it? I mean, cashed out entirely."

"More than once," he says, "More than once."

"And that's what I'm saying," I said. "You won't always be so lucky. One day - "

"One day," he says. "But it hasn't happened yet."

"Well no," I said, "no. You've got me there. It hasn't happened yet."

"Right. Look at me. I'm still alive. Completely alive."

"But that's luck," I said, "blind luck."

"Isn't it though?" he said, "Isn't it just?"

Wonderful

This reporter just left. She wanted to know how I did it. How I came so far so fast. What's so special about me, she wanted to know, that got me ahead of the pack? Wasn't it wonderful, she asked, to have so much happen all at once?

"Yes," I said, "wonderful. Simply wonderful."

Then, the moment she left, I went over to the window and threw it open. I leaned way out, looking down to the street, eight stories below, and I thought how wonderful it would be, just wonderful, to let go, and fall...

The Code

It is noble to die for honor. To die at the hand of an enemy is best. But if you prove unworthy to fall, then the greatest honor left to you is to die by your own hand.

You have no right, however, to cast away your own life lightly.

You must do it with measure and respect. There must be incense; there must be chanting.

And pain. You must bear great pain.

Do not neglect this...

Lucky in the End

So I bought a gun. That's easy, right? We live in America. Anyone can buy a gun. And bullets. I almost forgot those. The kid at the counter should have reminded me. But he was glued to his cell phone, chatting up some babe. He just wanted me out of there. On top of that, two minutes later, I'm back. He was so not glad to see me. Grabbed a box, threw it in a bag and rang me up.

When I got home, I moved all my stuff away from one wall, backed my easy chair up against it. One good coat of paint and no harm done. They could dump the chair.

Next I went to write a note. On my computer. But halfway through it the sucker hung. It's done that a lot lately. I could have rebooted, but come on... A simple note, for cryin' out loud.

So I decided to write it by hand. If I could find a pen. My last one had died while I was writing a check. I almost went out for another one, then I thought, "To pay a bill? Why the hell am I still paying my bills?"...

The Number

That number was still in my book. I'd forgotten it was there. But I was thumbing through the pages, my mind somewhere else. And there it was.

I hadn't even thought of it, since... Since before. Then I knew it by heart. But since... Since then, I'd blocked it out. Scraped it from my brain cells. So this was like I'd tripped over it, and fallen flat on my face.

That's how hard it hit me. It all rushed in again, all at once. All that failure. All those regrets. Washing over me, dragging me out with the undertow. And I had nothing to cling to. Nothing at all...

The Expert

Why do people commit suicide? One might suggest a number of reasons: because they are depressed; because they are in pain; because they feel abandoned.

But such answers tell us nothing. People not only live with crushing depression, with chronic pain, but live to create, to lead, to make a name. In a word, to triumph. How many millionaires once were ruined? How many athletes overcame injuries to win?

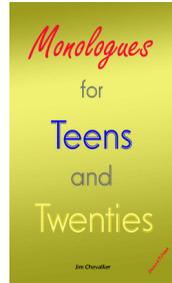
Oh, many, myself included, have studied the subject, have compiled statistics, analyzed social norms, interviewed twins and adoptees, trying to find the fault line, the place where some split while others stay whole...

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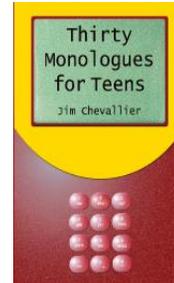
Monologue books



The Monologue Bin



Monologues for Teens and Twenties

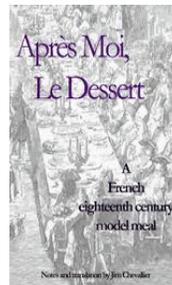


Thirty Monologues for Teen

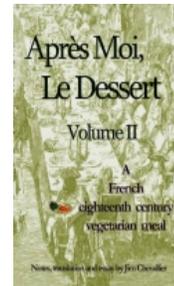
Historical recipe books



How To Cook A Peacock

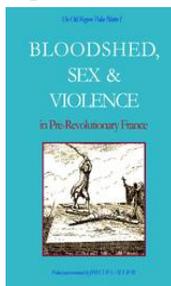


Après Moi Le Dessert:
A French Eighteenth Century
Model Meal

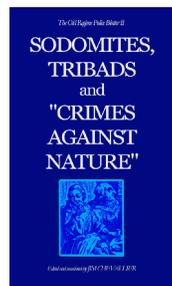


Après Moi Le Dessert:
A French Eighteenth Century
Vegetarian Meal

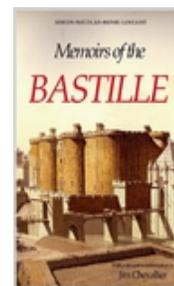
Criminal and prison history



The Old Regime Police Blotter:
Bloodshed, Sex and Violence in Pre-
Revolutionary France



The Old Regime Police Blotter:
Sodomites, Tribads and
“Crimes Against Nature”



Memoirs of the Bastille