



LIFE SUCKS  
PROFESSOR AUDITION SCENE

ELLA. When did you become such a flagrant prick? You weren't always this way, were you? Or were you, and I just couldn't see it?

PROFESSOR. (*Truly taken aback*) I have no idea how to answer a question that asinine.

ELLA. There's contempt in your voice, Robert, and that can't be a good thing! Vanya can be as annoying as it gets, but he's not an idiot and he's not the devil, and we're trying to make nice here, / not piss everyone off

PROFESSOR. (*Agreeing sheepishly, perhaps*) I know, I know, you're right, you're right. ..

ELLA. And I'm sorry if your whole life has "gone to shit;" but I'm still part of that life/ and I'd appreciate it

PROFESSOR. That's not what I meant ... !

ELLA. if you'd pull your head out of your ass and make a fucking effort!

PROFESSOR. Oh, God, I don't feel well.

ELLA. (*Having tread this path before*) No, no of course not.

PROFESSOR. It's not my fault. I'm all achy ...

ELLA. Did you have dinner?

PROFESSOR. No. I couldn't bear the idea ...

ELLA. Oh, great, now I get the Trifecta: Sick, tired, and hungry. Now you'll be cruel on top/ of being cranky and pouty

PROFESSOR. Oh, I'm so sorry if my pain is inconvenient to you!

ELLA. so you'll be *completely* unbearable.

PROFESSOR. I thought I was already completely/ unbearable. Aren't you-

ELLA. More unbearable, extra, super-duper unbearable why in God's name would you choose that to pick a fight about/ in the wee hours ...

PROFESSOR. Go to bed, then, go I to bed ..

ELLA. You go to bed! You go!

PROFESSOR. Oh, so you can go chat with Vanya! Or/ the doctor! Or

ELLA. Oh, please, you are so pathetic!

PROFESSOR. I am, I am pathetic, I love you/ so much, and I know you

ELLA. Oh, God, no, not that, please anything but that small, clingy, ingratiating horseshit, do you want to drive me / away forever. .. ?

PROFESSOR. I know, I know, I'm sorry, I I just

ELLA. You're so infuriating! I'm going for a walk! / Goodnight!

*She exits*

PROFESSOR. Wait, come back, I-

*(Abruptly to us )* Well, that didn't go well.

You know what I hate worst about aging' About turning into an old man '

You get a little pain. A little ... condition. Some insignificant nothing, but it hurts, so now you can't exercise, so you gain a little weight, and that's depressing, so you drink a little more scotch, or eat a little more ice cream or indulge whatever your particular predilection may be to stave off the encroaching depression, and the awful cycle has begun ... more pain, more weight, more indulgence, more depression, pain, weight, indulgence, depression, and on and on and on and ... Same thing psychologically, right? One day you just feel kind of old. Or wrinkled. So you get a little low, a little insecure. Which is less attractive. And she sees you're insecure. So you get more insecure. So you retreat. So she retreats. Or attacks. So you attack. Or overcompensate. And she fucking hates that. And so on and so on till death ... or divorce ... or disdain ... or the most common of all the awful Ds ... disengagement. And then there you are. The rest of your life. And it sucks. All because of a gouty knee. Or gray nose hairs. Or any of the thousand and one tiny indignities of the irreparably aging human body. It isn't fair. And it isn't kind. It is, however, sadly inevitable.

But the thing is ... the key thing you have to understand about life is this:

Beat. Beat ...

Oh, fuck it, I'm too tired. I'm gonna take some pills and see what dreams may come to visit this decaying mortal coil... Nighty-night.