



**LIFE SUCKS**  
**SONIA AUDITION SCENE**

ASTER. Ummm ... what did you want to know again?

SONIA. Why are you sad? Why do you drink so much? You could be so ... What's the matter with you? That's what I want to know. What's wrong?

ASTER. Wow. Okay ... Well, kid, I guess the truth is I just can't-I can't quite seem to ... care, I guess. I just find it kind of hard to ... you know ... care. About anything.

SONIA. But you seem to care about everything.

ASTER. (*Bottom line.*) And that's why I'm sad.

*Beat. Beat ...*

SONIA. I have a friend ...

ASTER. Oh?

SONIA. And she's .. well, a little obsessed, I'm afraid, with a man maybe a bit like you. Successful ... handsome, charming ... slightly eccentric, maybe, but with many positive virtues. But older and still unsettled. And drinks, too, like you.

ASTER. (*Joking-ish*) You're not just talking about me, are you?

SONIA. No! No, not at all. That would be creepy.

ASTER. Oh, okay. Sorry ... Go on ..

SONIA. Anyway ... This man doesn't seem to notice her ... you know ... as a woman.

ASTER. I see. And ... ?

SONIA. What should she do? I don't think she wants to love him, but I don't think she can help it. I don't want to overstate it, but it's kind of. .. you know ...

ASTER. What?

SONIA. Ruining her life. It's kind of ruining her life.

ASTER. Is she pretty?

SONIA. No.

ASTER. Oh. Not at all?

SONIA. Not so much.

*Quick beat.*

*(Small and dark )* Nice hair. Nice eyes ...

ASTER. Too bad. Tell her to run away as fast as she can. He sounds like a fucking nightmare. If he's anything like me he's a perfect recipe for disaster. I'm a trap. You know what my second ex-fiancee called me?

SONIA. No.

ASTER. "A perfect lover in every way except all the most important ways:"

SONIA. That sounds bad.

ASTER. 'Bout as bad as it gets. *(Pulling himself up)* I should probably be / on

SONIA. My mother used to say that our house was full of Radiant Invisible Butterflies.

ASTER. *(Taken aback )* Oh?

SONIA. Yes. And every so often she'd call a Hunt and a wild family excursion for Radiant Invisible Butterflies ( or R.I.B.s.) would be on. I was really young, but I remember these episodes quite clearly. They were high points. But when I got older-I don't know, maybe seven or eight, I finally asked her The Question. The Big One: Were they real? Were there really Radiant Invisible Butterflies fluttering around our house? Were there really?

ASTER. And what did she tell you?

SONIA. She told me they were just as real as I wanted them to be. She told me that the world was what we made of it. She told me that we had cause and effect all wrong, that we thought the world did things to us, and that that was the cause of our joy or suffering or sadness or whatever. .. But she said that that was totally wrong. She said we were the cause. She said we choose to be joyful or to suffer or to be sad ... and that we could always choose differently. That anything was possible. If we could imagine ... new possibilities.

Beat ...

ASTER. Listen: Tell your friend ... Run Away. Fast. Good night.

*He leaves.*

SONIA. Oh. My. God. "I have a friend"? And butterflies? "Invisible butterflies"?  
Where did that even come from?!? I just told him some insane story about Radiant Invisible Butterflies when all I wanted to say was "Please, please, please, take me upstairs right now, tear my stupid clothes off my stupid body with your teeth and fucking fuck me so hard and so well and so long that that that. .. that the bed breaks, and the universe disappears, and the sun stops in its rotation to see what all the fuss is about and the world comes crashing to a stop and our epic, ridiculous, sublime love-making is the last thing that the universe ever knows!"  
But instead ... I made up some story about invisible butterflies in a pathetic attempt to let him know I understand him and that he could do with me as he would ... and I could see, totally clearly in his face that he didn't get the message. Not even close. It never even occurred to him because he cannot see me as a woman. Because the women that are real to him aren't like me.

*Ella enters upstage somewhere ..*

They're a lot more like her. ..