

Thom Pain (based on nothing) by Will Eno

LADY GREY

(No age or description. Talks about serious topics in an often humorous manner.)

I'd like to talk about suicide, but, am afraid one or more of you would laugh, yell something mean, try to discourage me from the idea, of raising such a serious topic. Don't lose hope, maybe later. That's surely what we all want. A moment, and somebody in it. I don't know. Here I am.

I need to sit.

She tries three distinct ways of sitting. None satisfy her.

I need to stand.

She stands.

How to be, or, not, or, what, because, you try, and get hurt, and wait in lines, you stand around humming, and for what form exactly? And do you want to change, or just leave? Meaning what? I have no idea. What a life, I guess, what a *life*, ours. Very pretty really, if you have someone to talk about it with. I suppose. Don't know. This is just one person's opinion.

She sits.