

# ANTI-DEPRESSANTS

A TEN MINUTE COMEDY

By Jeff Weisman

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## ANTI-DEPRESSANTS

*A Ten Minute Dramatic Comedy*

**By Jeff Weisman**

**SYNOPSIS:** A depressed college student and a happy-go-lucky clothing store clerk share their half-empty, or half-full, points of view in the waiting room of a therapist's office.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 1 male)*

JAMES (m) .....Age early 20s. Depressed student.

*(47 lines)*

MONICA (f) .....Age mid 20s. Clothing store clerk.

*(50 lines)*

### SETTING

Waiting room at a therapist's office. A barebones waiting room. A few chairs, an old table, a small window. There are no decorations or anything with much life or color. The entrance door is offstage at stage right, and the patient room is offstage at stage left.

### PRODUCTION HISTORY

*Anti-depressants* premiered at the University of Iowa's 8 x 10 Festival, February 2008.

**AT RISE:** *JAMES sits in one of the chairs. He is reading, but is distraught by the weather as he periodically glances out the window. He has a grey bike helmet on the seat next to him, and holds a coffee cup. MONICA enters through the door at stage right wearing headphones. She wears brighter colored clothes, carries a coffee cup and seems generally carefree.*

**MONICA:** Hello. (*JAMES glances up at her, and then immediately retreats back to his book. After some loud rustling, she settles into a chair opposite JAMES. She pulls out a camera, and starts looking through pictures. She makes a broad range of exaggerated and slightly obnoxious reactions to each photo. JAMES looks up from his book at her.*) Oh . . . sorry. (*No response. Pause.*) My friend Susie had this wild party . . . anyways . . . I'm sorry.

*JAMES sips his coffee.*

**MONICA:** Oh . . . a Starbucks fan too, I see. I probably just pulled in as you pulled out.

**JAMES:** I doubt it. I rode my bicycle . . . except, now it's raining.

**MONICA:** Don't you just love the rain?

**JAMES:** What's to love?

**MONICA:** It's just pretty . . . a beautiful imperfection.

**JAMES:** I mean, it's cold and wet. I'd rather it were eighty degrees and sunny.

**MONICA:** That's no fun. That's like . . . being hopped up on a bunch of anti-depressants.

**JAMES:** I guess . . . but what's wrong with that?

**MONICA:** Oh, right. Therapist's office. (*Laughs.*) Is that why you're here?

**JAMES:** Excuse me?

**MONICA:** Are you actually depressed, or do you . . . you know . . .

**JAMES:** What?

**MONICA:** Just like to party. Wink, wink.

**JAMES:** I'm not sure I follow.

**MONICA:** Here, let me show you. *(She puts an exaggerated frown on her face, slouches in the chair, and says in a dead-pan voice.)* I don't know where my life is going, doctor. I need something more than just anti-depressants . . . well, I guess maybe they will make me feel better.

**JAMES:** You mean you're here for the drugs?

**MONICA:** Duh . . . why else?

**JAMES:** Actual uncertainty, depression, loneliness, the pressure to succeed, confusion, lack of interests or hobbies . . . the feeling that you have no place in the wor -

**MONICA:** Hey, you're a pro at this. They'll probably just hand you the keys to the pharmacy.

**JAMES:** Except, I don't want all those pills for recreational use.

**MONICA:** Can't knock it till you try it. *(Beat.)* So which one of those is the reason you're here?

**JAMES:** I don't know . . . all of them.

**MONICA:** *(Pause.)* Would you mind if I came and sat next to you?

**JAMES:** You may want to keep your distance, my parents say it's contagious when I act "this way."

**MONICA:** *(While rising to sit next to him.)* Honey, please. Who doesn't get grief from their 'rents? What are you drinking there anyways?

**JAMES:** Coffee. Black coffee.

**MONICA:** How boring. Here, try this.

**JAMES:** That's OK -

**MONICA:** It's a quadruple iced caramel macchiato with an extra pump of syrup.

**JAMES:** I don't deserve anything sweet.

**MONICA:** What is your deal, buzz-kill? Everybody deserves something sweet.

**JAMES:** It's quite alright. Why is your drink in that cup anyway? Don't they usually put the iced drinks in the clear cups?

**MONICA:** *(Laughs.)* It's a really funny story. Want to hear it?

**JAMES:** Why not?

**MONICA:** OK, so I was in this women rape and self-defense seminar for work.

**JAMES:** OK . . .

**MONICA:** And one of the sections was about improvising with what you have as weapons. Well, coffee was one of the things. Are you following?

**JAMES:** Yeah, I'm with you so far.

**MONICA:** OK, well about a week after the seminar, I am walking down the street, drinking my macchiato and I feel somebody grab my shoulder.

**JAMES:** Oh jeez . . .

**MONICA:** So without thinking, I turn and throw my coffee in his face!

**JAMES:** Jesus.

**MONICA:** I know.

**JAMES:** So you burned him pretty badly then?

**MONICA:** No, I only drink iced coffee. See, I thought it was the acidity in the coffee that would eat away at his flesh.

**JAMES:** *(Pause.)* Hmm, so what happened?

**MONICA:** He got wet and then stole my wallet. So now, I keep my iced coffee in a hot cup. I play the part to perfection. Here, watch. *(She picks up the cup, fumbles it between her hands like it is scalding. She hesitates before taking a baby sip, as if it is too hot.)* See?

**JAMES:** That is . . . actually . . .

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