

Coaster Excerpt

**I.xiii.**

Lights up on a coffeeshop.

CARRI, alone at a table with a cup of coffee. She smokes.

CARRI

I don't believe in hypochondria. I don't believe in the word. I believe that there are things out there that you can't see that are just as deadly as all the microorganisms and all the germs and all the bacteria that people say they can see. I believe you can be flattened just as bad by a gust of bad energy as you can get flattened by a Dodge Truck. I believe that bad people are just as contagious as germs, and their moods are worse. I believe the right person's hand on your ass can do just as much good as a bottle full of St. Joseph's orange-flavored chewable aspirin for adults. That's just what I believe. I believe all the world's truths, such as they are, can be found in song lyrics. And not just in good ones, the bad ones most of all, like "Love the One You're With," "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?" and "You Gotta Stand For Somethin' Or You'll Fall For Anything." I believe the smallest things in life should make a person happy—the smell of a rose, the yawn of a Labrador puppy, rain falling on a spring day. So why the hell am I so depressed all the time? I don't know. People tell me all the time I should become an actress, that I've really got a knack for it, but I wouldn't know how to do that. I don't know how you can make a part of yourself not real. I'm a very spiritual person. I know I was here before and I was a much happier person then. I know I was here before that and I was a much sadder person then. I believe drugs are natural as water and both can cure you and both can kill you. I think of all the evil things in the world, the worst thing of all of them is a liar, but I believe that even the biggest liars in the world think on some level they're telling the truth. I believe anyone who says they don't believe in God is lying to herself. And the same goes for anyone who says they do. I believe every word ever invented in any language is a little kind of lie. I believe truth only exists in movement. I believe truth exists only in action and everything else is a lie. There was one night when the moonlight was shining in through the blinds and I watched my shadow on the floor of the studio sliced into pieces by the blinds, and as I moved, I was transfixed by the image of my body moving on the floor and as I watched the broken shadow, I realized at that moment that everything it was doing was right and everything I was doing was wrong. You could say that the two were the same, but if you said that, all that would mean is you didn't understand what I just said. All opinions are shit. That's why I work in the restaurant. It helps pay the bills.

Blackout

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