

MALE 1

He stopped believing, that's it, that's why he failed...he quit. So much talent, so much potential but he stopped believing in himself...he lost his way cause he couldn't figure out what to do next with his career and I guess all the stress added up and finally broke him...his music was great...I would listen to it all the time...it would get me into a pumped up emotional state and his lyrics never got old...no one gave him a chance but I think that in today's world that doesn't matter; he didn't give himself the chance to take control of his career the way I knew he could have. Maybe it was fear from doubting himself and it crippled his ambition.

He did it for so long with no financial gain, no recognition for his genius and he couldn't do it no more...he gave up and that's why he hung himself in his studio; he couldn't do it anymore.

It pains me because I believed in the guy more than he believed in himself. He forgot the number one lesson which is to do what you love for the sake of the journey...nothing is more rewarding than that. He lost sight of that. He forgot what it's all about. It's not about money or fame or compliments...it's about expressing yourself creatively because it's what your soul needs to do and enjoying the process. He lost track of that enjoyment and instead found himself caught up with what most people get stuck on...

I wish I somehow knew how deep he'd fell off in his belief cause I—

(pause.)

I will miss him very much, he was a dear friend and a talented artist and the world has been robbed of his contribution to humanity.

It hurts. It's sad. It didn't have to happen this way.

MALE 2

I dropped her off, that night, about a quarter to two. I should have asked her to come over. Or at least asked her if anything was wrong. But she seemed normal. Not happy, exactly. But... like herself.

I met her freshman year, in Introduction to British Literature. We made each other laugh. She was... bitter, and cynical, but still, really nice... I knew she had depression... but... it was weird. We had fun together, you know? I never really made sense of that.

That night, we saw a play. And then we went to a midnight movie. I was nodding off through the last half of it, I'd gotten up early that morning to go running. And, I keep wondering... if there was something... in the play, or in the movie, some trigger, or... some reason. Something that could... set her off, you know? Something I missed. I just keep trying to look for clues. For answers. She had survived so much. Why that night?

MALE 3

Drew: You don't get it. I've been afraid of my father all my life. I spent every waking moment trying to keep him from exploding. Trying to do everything just right - and not just believing, but knowing... that one day he would kill me. That he'd kill us all. My first memory... is the day my brother spilled a can of paint down the stairs. My parents were painting the house. Ricky thought he was helping, but it was too heavy for him, and... paint just went flying, everywhere. I held my breath. I don't know why I thought that would help.

My father put his fist through the wall. I screamed. Ricky and I started crying. And the whole time that he... the whole time, he kept yelling at us to stop crying. I couldn't. I thought he was going to kill us both, and my mother couldn't stop him. I was four years old. Ricky was two.

And I have been living in that hole in the wall, ever since.

I can't forgive him. I won't pretend. So go read "Footprints in the Sand" if it'll make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Today my father's going in the ground. Except I don't remember having a father. A father couldn't do that to his kids.

MALE 4

I'm not the kind of guy who spends hundreds on a last minute flight back to New York, tears across town, then runs up six flights of stairs and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door in order to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicably romantic night.

So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker for Christ's sake. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out. It's nuts! Soul-mates? I don't believe in them. Never have. So how can I be yours? The fact is, you hardly know me! And I hardly know you!

Now, your boyfriend, I've known since kindergarten. Am I really willing to throw all those years of friendship away based on...what? Some feeling? Some intense, aching, gnawing, burning, torturing feeling that's telling me I must be with you or I'll die a slow and horrible death as my heart slowly breaks into a thousand pieces? No!

I mean, this is the kind of thing that only happens in the movies – and we're not in the movies. We're on McDougal Street, two blocks south of Bleecker – that's where we are. That is an indisputable geographical fact. A solid, rational, clear, black and white fact. And all the facts are pointing to one thing: we can't do this. All the facts say I shouldn't be here.

Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. Because the fact is I'm not the kind of guy who falls in love. That's a fact. A cold hard fact. And facts are supposed to be true.

But the problem is....see...the problem is...despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. Because the truth is despite all facts to the contrary...I still love you madly. And it just defies all reason. All morality. All sense. But I do. I love you madly. And it's not like me. And I don't want to. But I can't help it.

I'm yours, Audrey. Completely, totally, hopelessly, and utterly...yours..

MALE 5

You give up so easily! You don't get validation, you walk away. You don't get enough attention, you take some pills. That's the problem with your generation, really. You're over-indulged by your parents and you're spoiled and impatient and entitled. Hence the so-called suicide attempts. You don't want to die, you want people to pity you. It's pathetic.

If you wanted to die, you'd be dead. You would keep trying, over And over, until you got it right. But you don't drink bleach. You don't hang yourself or jump off a bridge or crash your car into a wall. You take pills. You stick your head in the oven. It's a cry for help. So stop wasting your time idealizing and romanticizing death and accept the fact that everyone is miserable. Life is hell for everyone. They just fake it better.

Who are you to think you deserve to be different? Just grow up already! Lose 80 pounds, buy some new clothes. Get a haircut and put on some make-up. Stop looking for fairness and authenticity and inspiration, because they don't exist. Get a job at a bank and get a manicure once a week. Marry a dentist. But for God's sake, don't have children, because your DNA is filled with idealism, and no kid deserves to be saddled with that. When you're unhappy, go shopping. Run five miles a day and grow your own tomatoes. Volunteer at a soup kitchen. Read to visually impaired gay senior citizens. All you have to do is quit whining, show some willpower! You're not special. You are just like everyone else. You think you're in pain, but that's all in your head. Just SNAP OUT OF IT.