

Monologue #1 from *The Extinction Therapist* by Clem Martini

Glen Merrick is male and forty-something, and is speaking with his therapist.

Glen But *that's* the problem! That is exactly the problem! I know that I *shouldn't* feel anxiety or remorse for lying. But I do.

I wake nights sweating. Heart racing like it's going to explode.

The public may not especially hate lying per se, but you must lie *fearlessly* because oh-my-good-god, they detest politicians who are insecure about their prevarication. They want a bold liar and will take you to the ground if they detect any weakness. And other politicians are very sensitively attuned to that skill or lack thereof. The premier, my boss, can smell that particular weakness, it's uncanny. He's like a weakness bloodhound. I can sense that he is testing the air and selecting someone else who will be able to lie much more effectively than I can – Oh fuck me blind.

(He gasps)

Oh –

(Glen continues panting and clutches his chest.)

I'm finished. I can't breathe.

(He slides off his chair to the floor.)

I'm dying professionally, the public will chew me up and discard me. I'm this close to being erased.

And I can't breathe!