My Crazy Stupid Brain

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Synopsis: A monologue which describes the physical stages a person goes through while experiencing panic attacks, and the thoughts that accompany it.

Cast of Characters

Narrator: Human of any gender with anxiety and depression who experiences chronic panic attacks

Setting:

Any time, any place, every time, every place
Most people don’t know what it looks like to have a panic attack, let alone what it feels like. I wish I could be so blessed. A panic attack isn’t being nervous, or a little anxious, it’s losing control, of your emotions, and sometimes of your body. Something happens, and so suddenly, your world begins to collapse. It feels like the earth is shattering and the stars are falling down around your feet. You look down, your hands are shaking. The world is spinning faster, faster, faster. You grab at your clothes, your hair, your skin. As everything spins and falls the thoughts that are usually only in your head are surrounding you. It’s a tornado of thoughts echoing “You’re too stupid to ever succeed” “No one actually likes you, they just pretend” “You have four assignments all due at midnight and four more due tomorrow morning” “Why are you so stupid, and lazy” All those thoughts you have but never admit too. It’s all too much, you’re drowning in the words, falling apart just like the world. Everything is too much and too fast, pressure consumes you. You fall to the ground rocking back and forth. What’s that on your face? You’re sobbing uncontrollably. Suddenly, you start choking, you think you’re dying. “I can’t breathe” you think, or yell. You’re rocking, sobbing, choking on your lack of oxygen, and everytime you try and calm yourself whatever you think about just fuels the fire. There’s no way to stop it, you just have to ride it out. Every millisecond that passes feels like you’re dying, exploding all over the place. There is no happiness in a panic attack, only pressure. The pressure is so much so fast and it consumes you. And then just as suddenly as it started it stops. All the words in the tornado freeze and drop to the ground, the world stills and the silence is deafening. You stand up. Your body aches and your head is throbbing but it’s time to dry your tears and collect yourself. It’s all over. Everything is right with the world.

(Walk away and then stop and turn before delivering last line)
Until the next time that is.