

BEANS audition sides – Charlie

CHARLIE

I don't want to be loved!

(BEAT.)

(CHARLIE meant that. They regret it, but they meant it. BOBBY is floored by this.)

Helping me find another job where I make shit, stagnate, and get fired, again because fuckall is just a waste of your time. Ditto to finding a therapist that'll try to help make *that* or *me* suck less. Why? Because I fucking suck! Everything sucks! All I do is weigh you down and let you down, and see the way you look at me, and I just hate... *THIS* for you! All I do is fail. I mean christ, I just cost you twenty bucks plus the cost of two drinks! I'm a fucking pit!

(CHARLIE takes a breath and collects themselves.)

Mom said the same thing before I moved out here. Dad wound up in the hospital after he tried to kill himself, so that Mom and I would feel bad for him just so he wouldn't have to ever get the courage to say sorry. Mom didn't know what to do with herself, so we'd just go see movies, and do whatever we wanted. It was great, at first, because we knew we weren't gonna get yelled at for having a good time. I wouldn't have to spend hours with a clinched fist because Dad was too chickenshit to take a swing at me, after I'd pumped enough iron and got big enough to make him think twice, and Mom wouldn't be getting pushed in the kitchen. I didn't go to college. I just went to work and went home. Then, he died in the hospital after a few months and stuck us with the bill. I wanted to talk about Dad and *what he'd done to us*, and she didn't. I grieved alone.