

## William Finn "I'm Breaking Down"

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(The lights come up on TRINA, tying her apron.)

TRINA:

I'd like to be a princess on a throne,  
To have a country I can call my own.  
And a king  
Who's lusty and requires a fling  
With a female thing.  
Great... Men will be men...  
Let me turn on the gas.  
I saw them in the den  
With Marvin grabbing Whizzer's ass.  
Oh, sure, I'm sure he's sure, he did his best.  
I mean, he tried (meant) to be what I was not.  
The things he was are things which I've forgot.  
He's a queen.  
I'm a queen.  
Where is our crown?  
I'm breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
My life is shitty  
And my kid seems like an idiot to me.  
I mean, that's wrong (sick).  
I mean, he's great.  
It's me who is the matter,  
Talking madder than the maddest hatter.  
If I repeat one more word,  
I swear I'll lose my brain.  
What else should I explain?  
Oh yes, it's true I can cry on cue  
But so can you.  
I'm breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
Down. Down.  
You ask me "Is it fun to cry over nothing?"  
It is.  
I'm breaking down.  
(Speaking:)  
Oh, darn, don't have time for a breakdown now.  
Have to get back to my banana-carrot surprise.  
(She cuts her finger while chopping.)  
Oh, that really hurts.  
(Singing:)

Now let's consolidate our simple thoughts.  
A healthy fruit is healthy till it rots.  
I agree.  
We sat beneath the apple tree.  
Marv, his friend, and me.  
Now, speaking of friends,  
Whizzer is sweet and trim.  
I think he sets the trends.  
I think in fact I'll marry him.  
He wants me!  
I wanna hate him, but I really can't.  
It's like a nightmare how this all proceeds.  
I hope that Whizzer don't fulfill his need.  
"Don't" is wrong.  
Sing along.  
What was the noun?  
I'm breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
I'll soon redecorate these stalls.  
I'd like some padding on the walls.  
And also pills.  
I wanna sleep.  
Sure things will prob'ly worsen,  
But it's not like I'm some healthy person.  
I've rethought my talks with Marv,  
And one fact does emerge:  
I think I like his shrink.  
So that is why I could use a (should turn to) drink.  
I'm on the brink of breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
Down. Down.  
I only want to love a man who can love me  
Or like me  
Or help me.  
Marvin was never mine.  
He took his meetings in the boys' latrine.  
I used to cry.  
He'd make a scene.  
I'd rather die than dry clean  
Marvin's wedding gown.  
I'm breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
It's so upsetting when I found  
That what's rectangular is round.  
I mean, it stinks.  
I mean, he's queer.  
And me, I'm just a freak  
Who needs it maybe every other week!  
I've rethought the fun we had,  
And one fact does emerge:  
I've played a foolish clown.

The almost-virgin who sings this dirge  
Is on the verge of breaking down.  
I'm breaking down.  
Down. Down.  
The only thing that's breaking up  
Is my family.  
The only thing that's breaking up  
Is my family.  
But me, I'm breaking down.  
Down.  
(She collapses.)  
(Blackout.)

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