

GETTING OLD
By Kelcie Beene

*Jenny (22), Hard headed, matter of fact, professional, with an emotional air.
Evan (23), Biting, sarcastic, also hard headed, believes a change in subject fixes everything.*

Your not so cliché college students...

NOTE: Avoid the melodrama... There is a lot of history and tension between these two. Their conversation patterns are extremely rhythmic at times. Think of short waves—they are consistently on the defensive and the slightest comment can set them off. Take your time.

Jenny enters Evan's room. There is a long awkward silence before:

EVAN: How are you feeling?

JENNY: Fine.

EVAN: You want to lie down?

JENNY: I am a little tired.

Jenny lies on Evan's twin sized bed.

JENNY: Your bed's not made.

EVAN: Sorry princess. *(Pause)* You want a beer?

Jenny stares daggers at Evan.

No, it is... Sorry I forgot you have this thing against fun.

JENNY: I think I gave up on fun when you knocked me up.

EVAN: You're pregnant?!

JENNY: Fuck you.

EVAN: Too late for that now isn't it, wouldn't want to risk pokin' ole Junior in there now would we?

JENNY: I'm going home.

EVAN: No, come on. I'm sorry. Jenny. I. We should talk.

JENNY: Great. Let's *talk*.

Pause.

This is just getting pretty fucking old.

Pause. He hesitates, then:

EVAN: Hey. What's the problem with getting old? I can tell you that when I turn 60, eh, maybe 70...if I live that long...I'm going to start doing more drugs. Lots of drugs. I'm going to die anyway so I might as well be high while I do it. It's going to be great.

Pause. Jenny is relieved to be playing along.

JENNY: Right. When I get old, I'm just going to be a bitch. Who's going to say anything? "Shut the fuck up, I'm old." If I haven't made a statement on the world before I'm 70, there's not going to be one and I might as well just get crabby.

EVAN: What's that Dane Cook joke? Where he shoves the ice cream cone in the kid's face and says, "You remember me forever!" I want to do that.

JENNY: You did do that. To me. Yesterday.

EVAN: Ha! Yeah. And you remembered.

JENNY: It was yesterday. When you don't constantly kill your brain cells, you tend to remember day to day. *And* you tend to think Dane Cook is a douche.

EVAN: Jesus, your horse is so fucking high.

JENNY: Better on a high horse than in a shallow grave.

EVAN: You're such a bitch!

JENNY: Your vocab is astounding.

EVAN: I'm not the only one with dicey decisions.

JENNY: Could you elaborate on that one?

EVAN: Get off your fucking self. Are you a virgin?

JENNY: Um, pregnant. *(She points to her stomach)*

EVAN: Sarcasm, much? I only asked out of a courtesy you don't deserve. You leave for six months and all of a sudden you're a brand new person? Bullshit—leading people on

—and, excuse my *vocab*, fucking for pleasure, not for love.

JENNY: Love? You have the audacity to use the word *love*? To me.

EVAN: I think I know more about it than you.

JENNY: Shit, one relationship with an older woman who broke your heart and you think you're Confucious. And how long was it before you came to me to pick up the pieces.

EVAN: And what about you? "He's 27, he's cultured, he *loves* me for *me*." Yeah we saw how great that worked out. Long distance is a fucking joke.

Pause.

You think he was being faithful to you?

JENNY: No.

EVAN: Is that what you tell yourself when your conscience gets to you?

JENNY: We had an open relationship. I don't believe in long distance either.

EVAN: Perfect, so you have no problem dropping your lacey little panties in good conscience.

A Long pause between them. They stare at each other.

Jenny turns away.

JENNY: I didn't want to fuck you.

EVAN: (*with daggers*) You didn't want to...

JENNY: I'm going home.

EVAN: You didn't want to have sex with me?

JENNY: No, NO. I did! Sometimes the desire between two people that—and sexual desire is—It's something that is important to... (*again near tears*) you know, I had this whole speech prepared to try to make this ok, but now I just...

EVAN: So you're saying...what are you saying?

JENNY: That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying... (*trying to convince herself*) I believe that this was a big mistake.

EVAN: Something that is so ritualistic for you, I can't believe you would make mistakes.

Pause.

JENNY: What do you want from me?

Pause. He starts to say something, then...

EVAN: I don't want you to keep it. Stop, before you object I just want you to think about it because...

Pause

We're pretty young. And I'm moving and you're moving. And there's no telling if I could even support the damn thing—not the *damn* thing, I'm sure it's going to be a great thing. *Would* have been a great thing. I just... I'm sorry.

Pause

I don't want it.

JENNY: Fuck you Evan...And you can take that in whatever context you want.

EVAN: Not what you wanted to hear...

Pause

Huh...?

JENNY: Oh for fuck's sake. *(Pause)* No. No it's not.

EVAN: Guess you should go.

JENNY: Are you serious?

They stare at each other.

It's that easy. To get rid of both of us.

EVAN: For all I know it might not even be mine.

JENNY: What's that supposed to mean?

EVAN: Just what it sounds like. You've been throwing these men in my face for as long as I've known you. I've been the friend, the one that you loved but could never be with because it was "too complicated" well now I see what uncomplicated is to you. And I'm

just trying to play along. So again, I don't want it. Uncomplicated as ever.

Jenny remains motionless. She tries to cry.

You can't even fake good tears.

JENNY: No. Because I'm so fucking numb. From what you've put me through. From telling me you're my friend but taking every chance you could to condescend me. Always on top. Always one step ahead.

EVAN: I can't help it. Life long problem with authority.

JENNY: That's the biggest piece of bullshit I've ever heard. I've never asked anything of you.

EVAN: Until now.

JENNY: IT'S YOUR FUCKING CHILD.

Pause.

EVAN: Does my room smell funny to you?

Pause

JENNY: What?

EVAN: Does it smell funny?

JENNY: What the fuck are you talking about?

EVAN: Your face. It just twisted and so I thought maybe my room smelled or I smelled...

JENNY: You just told me to get an abortion. That's what that face was, ass.

EVAN: Just thought I'd try for another direction.

JENNY: Well wrong way.

Evan picks up his guitar and starts to play a few chords. Jenny sits in silence.

EVAN: You remember when you were born?

JENNY: No. Do you?

EVAN: Sometimes I think I do. I think about the hospital, coming out of my mother, seeing the doctors face. Seeing my mom's face. My dad's face.

JENNY: That's impossible.

EVAN: It's not.

Pause

What do you think about water births?

JENNY: I don't know I'd never really thought about it.

EVAN: Do you really regret sleeping with me?

JENNY: Well I am regretting the repercussions.

EVAN: But when we had sex, did you hate it really?

JENNY: No.

Pause

EVAN: I don't know why I asked, it's not like you would pass up sex anyway.

JENNY: Why do you think that about me? Why do you think that I'll sleep with anything?

EVAN: Because you've told me how little sex means to you. I just thought I would be different.

JENNY: Well so far you are.

EVAN: That's not what I mean.

JENNY: We both decided that it was just going to be sex. We're friends.

EVAN: Friends.

JENNY: And it's not that sex means little to me. I just don't think it needs to be weighted with as much as people seem to weight it with.

EVAN: You mean love.

JENNY: It's a physical reaction to touch. If I kiss you, you get turned on. If you kiss the back of my neck or slide your hand up my shirt and rest your palm on my chest, I melt.

But not because we're in love. Because that's what our body is trained to do.

EVAN: Have you ever told anyone you loved them?

Pause

JENNY: Yes...

EVAN: Have you ever said it and meant it?

JENNY: Yes...

EVAN: During or after sex?

JENNY: After.

EVAN: And how does that make sense with your theory?

JENNY: I don't know.

EVAN: You don't know cause it's bullshit.

Pause

I don't know if I hate you because I don't love you. Or I hate you because I'm so in love.

Pause

Maybe you're right and love doesn't exist.

JENNY: I didn't say it doesn't exist. I just don't think it has anything to do with sex.

EVAN: So by having sex, I ruined any chance of being in love with you? That doesn't make sense.

JENNY: I never said that I didn't love you.

EVAN: I drove across the country to visit you for 48 hours.

JENNY: I know.

EVAN: And what were you thinking when I did that? Why did you even let me do that if you knew you didn't love me.

JENNY: I wanted to see you.

EVAN: Why? Cause it made you feel special? And we almost had sex then, do you remember?

JENNY: Of course I remember. And we didn't cause it would have been a mistake.

EVAN: I think we didn't because you love me.

JENNY: What?

EVAN: I think you love me. I think that's why this has been so complicated. Because you can't admit that maybe you actually do have feelings for someone.

Pause. Jenny shifts uncomfortably. She gathers her things to leave.

Wait. Don't leave. I—I think that we should...

Jenny stops. Turns to Evan. They stare at each other. Jenny rushes to Evan and kisses him. They kiss passionately for a long moment.

Jenny pushes away and starts to leave again.

EVAN: I want to keep it!

Pause

I want to do this. I want to be with you. And I want to be a father.

JENNY: No.

EVAN: No, I mean it. I think we could make it work. I know we could make it work. We don't have to get married. I don't believe in marriage. But I want to take care of you.

Jenny starts again for the door. Evan grabs her arm.

Jenny, wait. I know it... I ... I love you! I—

JENNY: It's gone! I already got rid of it! There is no child! There is no us. There never will be an us.

EVAN: Wh—What did you do?

Pause. Jenny begins to sob. She yells through her tears.

JENNY: It was getting too complicated. You said it yourself. We're pretty young, and who would even want the damn thing?

Pause

I didn't know what else to do. So I just ended it.

EVAN: You... you really did it.

Jenny nods.

Get out.

Jenny reaches out for Evan.

JENNY: Evan I'm sorry. Evan I'm—

EVAN: (calm) Get the fuck out of my room.

Pause.

And I never want to see you again.

JENNY: Evan, I love you!

EVAN: Don't—just get out.

Jenny runs out of the room and slams the door behind her.

Evan sits on his bed and puts his head in his hands.

Lights fade out.