

Sometimes

by Jayme Kilburn

Jayme Kilburn
220 E. State Street, Apt 4
Ithaca, NY 14850
805-403-3813
Jayme.kilburn@gmail.com
jayme-kilburn.com

Characters:

Jay: I thought a woman but can be whatever gender you like

Tee: I thought a man but can be whatever gender you like

Setting: a shared living space.

I'm leaving you.

Jay

Okay.

Tee

I'm serious.

Jay

I know.

Tee

I packed a bag.

Jay

Only one. Seems like you'd need more.

Tee

I wish you would stop me.

Jay

I know you do.

Tee

I'm serious this time.

Jay

It seems like it.

Tee

I want better. Something more.

Jay

You deserve it.

Tee

Jay

Why don't you love me?

Tee

Sometimes I do.

Jay

I love you all the time. You know that, right?

Tee

Yes. I know it.

Jay

How can you be so cold? I said I love you.

Tee

Me too. Sometimes.

Jay

I deserve someone who loves me as much as I love them. I was watching Oprah the other day and she said I need to be my authentic self. And when I'm with you I don't feel like I'm being who I truly am. You know?

Tee

I guess.

Jay

Forget it. You're hopeless.

Tee

I just think that sounds kind of stupid.

Jay

It's not stupid.

Tee

I mean, authentic self? Your authentic self is whoever you are.

Jay

But I don't like who I am with you. You never talk to me. I feel so alone when I'm with you. Like right now. I am physically standing next to you and I feel more alone than when I am actually alone. I want to be with someone who stays up all night sharing stories with me. And

calls out of work so they can lay in bed with me. And when I cook them something special for dinner they make a big fuss about it and kiss me all the time. And surprise me with gifts and make my friends wish that they had someone who loves them so much too. And I can say “oh, that’s just how he is.” And I can act real cool about it as they sit in envy at my wonderful life. My wonderful relationship. With the perfect person for me. And when I come home I’ll tell you about my day and my jealous friends and we’ll laugh and laugh at how lucky we are.

Tee

That doesn’t sound very authentic.

Jay

You are not listening to me!

Tee

I just don’t think what you’re saying seems achievable. Like, the reality of that seems like it would be pretty awful. I feel like I would probably lose my job in that scenario. I can’t stay in bed all day. I would get bed sores and you would probably find those pretty gross. You find everything gross. And how am I supposed to kiss you all the time? That feels excessive. Like, I’m trying to prove something. It just seems a little. You know. Not authentic.

(Pause)

Jay

Do you love me?

Tee

Sure. Sometimes.

Jay

Why can’t you say it?

Tee

I love you.

Jay

Do you think about other women?

Tee

Sometimes.

Jay

What do you mean sometimes?

Tee

Sometimes I think about other women.

Jay

Having sex with them?

Tee

Yeah. Of course.

Jay

I think about other men too.

Tee

That's natural.

Jay

(Exasperated sigh) I don't think about other men! The only person I think about is you. All the time. Jesus Christ. I can't believe you think about other women while all day I'm thinking about what you're thinking about. Like, whether you are having a shitty day at work. If people are being nice to you. Is your office chair comfy? Or is it making your back hurt? What are you eating for lunch? Are you treating yourself to something yummy or trying to be good because I know you want to lose weight. Not that I want you to lose weight. I love your body. I think it is really nice and cushy like a used teddy bear. You know, that someone loved a lot. But I know you want to lose weight so in my mind I am supporting you. In my mind I am giving you whatever form of support you need. And if you are being good are you skipping meals or eating a salad? Because if you skip a meal I know you might be cranky later and I'd rather know if you are cranky because of the lack of lunch or because of me. Or because of some third thing I haven't thought of. And if you're eating a salad what kind of dressing are you using? Is it a creamy dressing? Or a lemon wedge? Or a salsa of some kind? Is there chicken on the salad or steak? And if it's steak is there bread on the side? Because if there's bread on the side then it's really more of a sandwich. So why didn't you just get a sandwich? All day these thoughts are going through my head and then you don't even care enough to hide the fact that you think about other women.

Tee

I wish you wouldn't ask me questions if you don't really want to know the answer.

Jay

I wish you could just tell me the fucking answer that I want to hear.

(Pause)

Jay

Who do you think about?

Tee

Erin, from work. Usually. But sometimes I'll see a pretty girl at a bus stop and make up a name for her. Like Caitlin or Aoise or Rosalie. Or maybe I'll just call her Erin. I think Erin is a nice name. And in my mind she sees me and sits next to me. And we just sit there for a little while and eventually she holds my hand. And we sit there in silence holding hands waiting for the bus to come. That's what I think about.

(Pause)

Jay

I won't stay forever. I will seriously leave eventually.

Tee

I know.

Jay

You have to do better. Okay? I need you to be better.

Tee

Okay.

Jay

I want this to work. We've put in the time. I think it can work. It needs to work.

Tee

You just said the word work a lot.

Jay

It's good work. Right?

Tee

Sometimes.

(Pause)

Jay

Okay.

Tee

Okay.

Jay

Okay.

Tee

Okay.

Jay

I'll make dinner.

The end.