

ELEVEN YEARS

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JENNY, 28, in a matching sweatshirt sweat pant outfit is drinking a glass of wine on her couch. Jenny has her brown curly hair thrown up into a clip.

She is listening to her Captain and Tennille record "Love Will Keep Us Together". After each sip she silently lip synchs to the song.

As Jenny lip synchs she sheds a few tears, not quietly. She tries to muffle her tears into a pillow. As she sobs into her pillow, her front door slams open. Jenny looks up suddenly.

It's MARK, 28, unshaven, hair outgrown past where he usually wears it, and is in a fitted blue suit.

Mark stares at the post-sobbing Jenny in pity. Jenny looks at him horrified.

JENNY

Why are you wearing that horrendous suit?

Mark closes the door and walks closer to her.

MARK

It was Diane's Ocean themed party.

Jenny rolls her eyes.

JENNY

What was her inspiration, Ursula?

Mark smiles and sits on the couch next to her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

No. Leave.

MARK

What?

Jenny moves to the chair across the living room.

JENNY

I want you to leave.

Mark stays still.

MARK

Jenny, I messed up.

JENNY

You chose the sea witch. Go swim
back into her urchin hands.

Mark furrows his brow.

MARK

I left the party for you.

JENNY

(dry)

How compassionate. How brave. How
romantic.

MARK

Jenny, I told you I loved you.

Jenny stands up and does a slow clap.

JENNY

It must've taken every particle of
your two brain cells to render
those words into a meaningful
statement, however I DON'T care.

Mark looks appalled. Jenny walks over to the bottle of wine
on the counter and takes a huge swig.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I told you I loved you first and
you still chose Diane.

(beat.)

I met you FIRST and you still chose
Diane.

(beat.)

For FUCKS SAKE, I dated you first
and you still chose DIANE. Who you
are, the version standing in front
of me is not who I dated, or to be
frank, who I was friends with. For
the past eleven years of my life
you have dragged me along on a
barbed wire, and when YOU
accidentally dropped that wire,
"letting me go", you now want me
back. You think I'm dumb enough to
put that fucking wire around my
neck again? What we had was an epic
love story. And you sold out for
some girl who was your groupie.

They look at each other in silence. Mark puts his head in his
hands. Jenny walks towards her chair, but she passes her
mirror.

Jenny looks at herself, noticing the mess she has become. Her hair, her makeup stained face, her raggedy clothes. She stares for a long moment.

Jenny lets out a shriek.

Mark looks up.

MARK

What's wrong?

Jenny turns to him.

JENNY

She isn't the groupie. I am.

(beat.)

I-I have become totally obsessed with us, for ELEVEN years. You never loved me, you loved me being in love with you. This is basically Stockholm syndrome, Mark! I've given you all of me. I gave up my dream job to follow you here. This isn't even your fault, it's mine. I gave up everything for you. When did I become a shell of myself? When did I let my personality revolve around some prick I went to high school with?

(beat.)

Diane was never the problem. I was too scared to admit that before. We're the problem, and we dragged that poor woman into this dumpster fire of a relationship. I tried to sabotage her happiness, to get validation from my high school boyfriend. That's insane. We were never Harry and Sally, we're Harley Quinn and The Joker.

Jenny finally sits down.

MARK

What do we do now?

JENNY

Get therapists.

They both laugh.

Mark gets up and turns her record player off. He gives her a small smile then walks out the door.