

RAW PROVOCATIVE HUMANE PLAYS

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FORSAKEN
a play in one act
by
Kitt Lavoie

Sun pours into the window of the well-kept but relatively spartan living room/kitchen of a one bedroom apartment outside of Seattle. White walls and unmatched furniture. Creatively draped fabrics and neatly displayed knickknacks give it the feeling of home. The home of a young couple.

ANNA, 23, sits quietly on the couch watching JON, 25, as he scans through the books on a nearby shelf. He pulls a pair off the shelf and adds it to the stack he has tucked under his arm. He walks to the coffee table and places the stack of books into an open, nearly full cardboard carton.

He scans around the room, looking for something. He goes to the closet. Nothing. He paces into the adjoining office. A moment later he returns empty-handed. He stalks into the bedroom. The sounds of rummaging. He emerges from the bedroom and stands in the doorway, scanning the living room.

ANNA

What are you looking for?

JON

My jacket.

ANNA

Which one?

JON

The gray one. With the pockets.

ANNA

You never wear it.

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JON

It's my favorite and I want it.

ANNA

I wore it to Beth's last night. It's in my closet.

Jon disappears into the bedroom again. He returns pulling on a gray coat. He goes to the cardboard carton and picks it up. He looks at Anna for a moment, then turns and heads for the door. He gets to the door and stops.

A beat.

JON

This is the stupidest thing. This is the stupidest thing, Anna.

ANNA

Then why are you going?

JON

Because you don't want me here.

ANNA

Of *course* I want you here.

JON

You don't.

ANNA

I do.

JON

Then why didn't you call? Two weeks I've been gone and you didn't call.

ANNA

Because you *left*.

JON

I didn't want to go.

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ANNA

I didn't want you to go.

JON

Then why did you let me?

ANNA

How was I supposed to stop you?

JON

You could have said, "I don't want you to go."

ANNA

I didn't. I'm sorry I didn't say it.

JON

You could say it now.

ANNA

I don't want you to go.

JON

So...

ANNA

Are you?

JON

I don't know.

A beat.

ANNA

I love you, Jon.

JON

I love you, too.

A beat.

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ANNA
Are you going to go?

JON
I don't know.

ANNA
This isn't what a divorce is supposed to be.

JON
No.

They just look at each other a moment.

JON (cont'd)
I was happy, you know. A month ago, I was happy.

ANNA
I wasn't.

JON
Apparently.

ANNA
I was happy with you, Jon. But I wasn't happy with me.

JON
That's a nice way of putting it. Because you'll excuse me it feels an awful lot like you're not happy with me.

ANNA
I'm sorry you feel that way.

JON
I don't feel that way. *It* feels that way. This isn't me doing this.

ANNA
I'm not the one with the car full of boxes, Jon. You're ending it. I'm not ending it.

JON
You "wonder what it's like to have another guys thing in your mouth" and *I'm* ending it?

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