

# SCENE FOUR

## JEN & DELLA

JEN. When we first started talking – Macy and me – we'd be on the phone, and I'd be online, looking up every other word she said. Writing them down. She's good with words. Especially when she's nervous.

DELLA. And so – how did you two meet?

JEN. Oh, um. That assistant job that I got, at that magazine? When I moved back up after Mom died? Macy responded to an ad to do some freelance articles for it. I did a phone interview with her, and after we hung up, she called back and said, "Can we talk more?" She said my voice made her feel "tight." And I said okay because I had never in my life had a better time talking to anyone. So we met up. And we talked more and more, and more. And then we just – kept talking. It was – unexpected. I did not expect it.

DELLA *just nods, trying to stay normal, polite.*

DELLA. Well. Life is full of surprises!

JEN. It is!

I totally get it. / I don't want you to think that I don't get it.

DELLA. No, I'm sorry that / I –  
Hm?

JEN. Why you can't – why you're too / busy –

DELLA. I am so sorry, I looked again, and October is just going to be / impossible –

JEN. Della.

It's okay.

I promise.

*Beat.*

DELLA. Okay.

*Beat.*

What about that nice boyfriend who came to visit a few times? He was so sweet, he was so sweet to your mama.

JEN. Yeah, she liked him. He was a very nice boyfriend. But something was. Wrong.

DELLA. I should ah. I should get home. To Tim.

JEN. Yeah.

*Beat.*

I'm sorry I haven't been down. As much.

DELLA. Oh sweetie, that's alright. You got your life up there.

JEN. I do.

DELLA. A whole other life.

*Beat. She tries:*

How, ah. Is your daddy excited about the wedding?

JEN. He's trying to be.

DELLA. And so, ah. How does that work? Do both of your daddies walk both of you down the aisle, together?

JEN. No, ah. Macy and her dad.

They don't – so much – have a relationship. Anymore.

She hasn't invited him, yet.

But I mean, would it even be a wedding without somebody mad at somebody?!

DELLA. Honey, it would *not*.

*They share a small laugh that makes them each the tiniest bit more comfortable.*

She's very...smart! Your. Lady. Is that the right word?

JEN. I call her my person.

DELLA. Your person.

JEN. And she is smart. It's scary sometimes.

But she makes me smarter.

DELLA. Hey, I say you're plenty smart! You won that – you got that academic achievement award your senior year!

JEN. I was good at memorizing things. Not internalizing or dissecting them.

Turns out memorizing is actually not what "smart" is.

DELLA. Stop it.

**DELLA.** Well sure, it takes a while to find the right person, but –

**JEN.** I used to cry after we – when he and I –  
Because I didn't want to do it.

And it made me wonder if I was messed up somehow.  
In that category. Of life.

Which I kinda was, I mean I *am*. Or I was, for a while.  
Because my mom never. Discussed with me.

I mean, there are some kids whose parents tell them  
from an early age what exactly sex is and what it is for  
and why it's special and why it's beautiful and sacred  
and then there's just the rest of us left drunk out of our  
minds grabbing at each other's hoo-has in the dark.

**DELLA.** It's a strange thing we do, but when it happens  
between two people who love each other, two married  
people – it can be beautiful. When it happens.

**JEN.** It wasn't, for me. It wasn't beautiful.

**DELLA.** That doesn't mean you're "messed up."

*Beat.*

**JEN.** When I was first trying to understand – what it was –  
I was like thirteen? – I used to think that you go to this  
– place – to have it. To do it. And you don't want to go  
but you have to. You get Sent.

**DELLA.** Sent where?

**JEN.** To this – place?

And if you're a girl they tie you to a table. Like an  
operating table. Not tie, bind. Metal handcuffs come  
up around your limbs and keep you there. And you're  
naked and cold and you don't want it but you have to.  
And then there's this scientist person making sure  
you're strapped in tight.

Then they leave the room but they're watching through  
a little window in the door like a dentist taking an  
X-ray. And you're laying there and the room goes dim.  
And there's a metal sound from above you.  
And then the boy descends.