

## AND ALL I LOVED

*Gary, a 26-year-old social worker, met Julieanne, a 24-year-old art school graduate, a few months ago at an "arty" bar in Boston on "lesbian night." As it turns out, Julieanne was there to make sure her artwork was properly hung. Gary had gone with a woman friend to keep her company. Gary and Julieanne began talking and immediately hit it off. Julieanne warned the flirtatious Gary that she wasn't good with relationships, but Gary turned on the charm. Julieanne ended the night by asking Gary to come home for a one-night stand. Gary was startled and reluctant but agreed after she told him there was no chance she would consider dating him. In the months since, they have become friends but have never gotten romantic again. Julieanne introduced him to her very warm and religious roommate, Mary, hoping he would fall for her instead. As it turns out, Gary has fallen in love with Julieanne despite himself, and Mary has fallen for him. Today, Gary has decided that he can't bury the truth anymore. Gary has been driving around for hours this evening when he sees the light on in Julieanne's apartment. He unexpectedly comes to her door.*

GARY: Hey you, want to dance? I know I'm not a woman.

JULIEANNE: How many shrinks did it take to figure that out? (He smiles.) I was a little feisty that night, huh? Actually I should consider myself lucky. I mean, how often does a girl get hit on by a guy on lesbian night, sleeps with him, and later becomes friends with him? I think it's a rarity. You're lucky I wasn't a lesbian.

GARY: Yeah, lucky. You probably would have smacked me.

JULIEANNE: No, I probably would have taught you a lot

about women. Would have told you to stay away from my type. Anyway, what's up?

GARY: Is this too late?

JULIEANNE: No. But what's going on?

GARY: Well . . . I've wanted to talk to you for a couple weeks.

I was driving around thinking and . . .

JULIEANNE: Funny. I was going to call you tonight too. I have some . . . some news.

GARY: Really? What?

JULIEANNE: Um. No. You go first. There's no rush.

GARY: Well, I guess I wanted to catch you without Mary for once.

JULIEANNE: Oh. Well, no such luck. Mary's home. But she crashed about an hour ago.

GARY: What about the rally? I thought it was supposed to go all night?

JULIEANNE: You don't understand Mary-speak. "All-night" generally means nine-thirty. Those self-righteous Christians never have the energy of us sinners. They have a way of falling asleep at the most crucial moments. (Putting her finger to her lips.) Don't tell Jesus.

GARY: I'm surprised she ended up going. She knew how you felt about it. Are you angry?

JULIEANNE: Not at all. I absolutely, positively disagree with her. I think that kind of thinking will send women right back to alley abortions, but at least she's committed to her cause. How do you feel about it? I've never heard you take a stand.

GARY: I don't know. I think it's for the woman to decide.

JULIEANNE: Yeah, why should you bear any responsibility for the choice if you don't have to?

GARY: Okay, fine. The truth is that I don't believe in abortion. If it were me having a baby, I wouldn't do it. But I won't ever be the one carrying the baby. It's the woman's body, so it's up to them to decide.

JULIEANNE: And when or if the woman decides to abort the

baby, you tell everyone it wasn't your choice, but you stood by your girlfriend.

GARY: I guess.

JULIEANNE: You end up smelling like roses. No responsibility and you're not the one to blame.

GARY: Who says they'll be any blame? And I *would be* responsible. I'd be part of the decision process.

JULIEANNE: If it were your child, would you take care of it—raise it on your own?

GARY: On my own? I don't know. It would depend entirely on the circumstance. I suppose I don't feel like I could afford it or would know anything. I would find nice parents to adopt it I guess.

JULIEANNE: Strangers?

GARY: I don't know. Why are we talking about this? This is not what I came here to talk about.

JULIEANNE: Sorry. I didn't mean to get into any heavy-duty debate on it. I was just curious. So I heard from your agent friend today. He likes some of my stuff.

GARY: That's great! Is that your news?

JULIEANNE: (*Shakes her head no.*) No. But I am happy about it. Thank you.

GARY: Welcome. I brought a bunch of photographs of your work, even the new self-portrait.

JULIEANNE: He probably had a good laugh at it.

GARY: I think he used the words "frightening and provocative" actually.

JULIEANNE: It was hilarious.

GARY: Hollowed-out eyes. Funny as Hiroshima. (*Beat.*) Why?

JULIEANNE: It seemed accurate. Besides, what do you care?

GARY: I care a lot. I wonder what's going on with you sometimes. I think you hold a lot inside.

JULIEANNE: Oh, that's deep, Gar. That's why you and Mary make such a great couple.

GARY: Couple? Julieanne, Mary's great. She's fun and sweet . . . the kids at the home love when she volunteers but—

JULIEANNE: She's a great woman. She's been my best friend since forever.

GARY: I know, but that's not what I'm getting at.

JULIEANNE: She really likes you, you know?

GARY: (*Surprised.*) What? No, she doesn't. Not like that.

JULIEANNE: Yes, she does. She told me tonight. She's a good person, Gar. I know she's kinda thick on the religion thing these days, but I think it's just this weird phase. She had a hard childhood.

GARY: Don't you get it? I'm not interested in Mary.

JULIEANNE: Oh, you doin' someone on the side?

GARY: No! I mean . . . no, nothing like that. I mean . . . I'm interested in you.

JULIEANNE: Oh God.

GARY: Gee, you know how to put a guy at ease.

JULIEANNE: We all have our talents. It's just, it would really complicate things.

GARY: Like what?

JULIEANNE: Look, I told you from the start I didn't want anything that would pin me down here.

GARY: Can't you even consider us for one second? You were attracted to me from the first moment we met. I could tell. Why can't we go back to that moment?

JULIEANNE: Yes, I was attracted to you. And I wanted a fling. I wanted some physical attention that night, but that's all. I was honest with you about not wanting to be involved in anything ongoing. And I don't feel any differently now that I know . . . Look, my best friend has feelings for you now.

GARY: No, she doesn't. Not really. She's just lonely. Besides, this is not about Mary. It's about how I feel about you. Why do you keep pushing me and Mary together? You know I've always wanted you.

JULIEANNE: Very unhealthy of you by the way. Look, basically I'm telling you, Gary, there's no possibility for us.

GARY: I don't believe you.

JULIEANNE: Well, that's not my problem. It's yours. This is

so weird. This whole day. Of course, you don't know the half of it. You do know, though, that none of this was supposed to happen?

GARY: Well, what was supposed to happen? Do you know that?

JULIEANNE: Sure. I was supposed to go away and paint like mad. Be some sort of recluse in California for twenty years. Pop out for art openings. Never get tied to anything or anybody. Just free. I don't do connection right. It hurts too bad when it runs amuck. And it always runs amuck.

GARY: How would you know? You never let it go that far.

JULIEANNE: I watched my mother. She had one disposable relationship after another. Each time the man professed his love and devotion. Each time—gone. Maybe when I'm forty-something, I'll settle down. When I don't need anybody, but I'll enjoy the companionship. Some recluse type. A lousy poet slash burnt-out social worker type like yourself. But until then, I fly solo. That's the plan.

GARY: And if the plan is circumvented by passion or love?

JULIEANNE: Love? I don't know if I believe in that. Once the challenge is gone, that's when things change.

GARY: No, when the challenge is gone that's when you can allow yourself to be at ease. You can express your love even more without worrying that you'll be rejected.

JULIEANNE: *(Pause.)* You'll change your mind like Dennis and all my mother's men.

GARY: Who's Dennis? I've never heard his name before.

JULIEANNE: He was my high school boyfriend. First one.

GARY: High school? Well, I hope you're not holding him accountable for changing his mind. He was a teenager. That can be chalked up to youthful naïveté.

JULIEANNE: Yes, but all love is naïveté. *(Beat.)* I was crazy about Dennis. He wore saddle shoes and he didn't think it was cool to get drunk and throw up.

GARY: Very mature—this Dennis.

JULIEANNE: In the right ways. He was thrilled when I asked

him to Sophomore Semi because most girls thought he was a complete nerd.

GARY: Sounds familiar.

JULIEANNE: Until I took him to the dance. Everyone realized that he had this great sense of humor, and he could draw these cartoons. He drew them all over the napkins that night. Girls started to notice his beautiful eyes and his incredible talents. He called me every day for a week afterwards. He adored me, and we had the best talks. Real equals. We even made out a bit. Only, this girl, Cynthia, began to call him too. She would laugh hysterically at his jokes. She never told her own. I could tell he liked her. Once Dennis and I were having this great conversation about Donald Duck at this party and Cynthia got jealous and went out on the steps to cry. He saw her crying there and was overwhelmed at her emotion for him. She told him she was jealous, and falling in love with him.

GARY: She just sounds high-maintenance to me.

JULIEANNE: All my witty replies and interesting quips could never add up to how she cried. I tried to cry for him too, but I couldn't. I still can't cry even though if anyone had a right to cry it would be me. Sometimes I just can't feel things. A stone face is nice for poker but of little use in a relationship.

GARY: *(Quoting Poe.)* "From childhood's hour I have not been as others were. I have not seen as others saw. I could not bring my passions from a common spring. From the same source I have not taken my sorrow. I could not awaken my heart to joy at the same tone; And all I loved. I loved alone."

JULIEANNE: Umm, deep. Yours?

GARY: Poe's actually.

JULIEANNE: He's cheery. You're lucky I'm not a slit-my-wrists type.

GARY: You don't have to feel what you don't. I like a stone face. When you finally crack a smile, I'll know I really earned it.

JULIEANNE: You'll resent having to earn it eventually. Trust me.  
GARY: Maybe if you trust me, it'll all come easier than you think.  
JULIEANNE: Nothing's going to be easy between us, Gar. It's all very complicated now.  
GARY: It doesn't have to be.  
JULIEANNE: I'm afraid it does. You don't know about our problem yet.  
GARY: Problem?  
JULIEANNE: Yes. I went to the doctor today. I was worried for the last three months. I thought it was just stress, but . . .  
GARY: (*Realizing.*) Um . . . Are you saying you're . . . ?  
JULIEANNE: Yeah. I'm pregnant.  
GARY: Are they sure?  
JULIEANNE: Oh yeah.  
GARY: What are you going to do?  
JULIEANNE: What are *you* going to do? It's yours as much as mine. I guess we had quite a one-night stand, huh? (*Pause.*) Don't feel like serving up any more poetry?  
GARY: That's not fair. I'm shocked. This is all coming at me all of a sudden.  
JULIEANNE: Yeah, well, this all comes naturally to me of course.  
GARY: And it's definitely mine?  
JULIEANNE: What?! How can you ask me that? You've seen my social life.  
GARY: I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I'm glad it's mine. I'm just confused since I seem to remember using a—  
JULIEANNE: I know. Ninety-eight percent reliable. We must be special.  
GARY: Really special.  
JULIEANNE: (*Beat.*) Is your infatuation wearing thin like our protection?  
GARY: No. I just . . . am surprised. Shocked. I don't know what to say.  
JULIEANNE: Look, you can walk away from this. In fact, it's

what I want you to do. I know with all your professing tonight, you think it'll make you look bad, but it may be for the best. I just felt I had to tell you.  
GARY: I don't have any desire to walk away, Julieanne. And I don't want to be just your friend. Okay, I'm not sure what to do about this situation. But I still meant every word I said to you. (*Beat.*) What do you want to do?  
JULIEANNE: Well . . . if you're not going to walk away . . . What I'd really want is . . . How would you feel about raising the baby?  
GARY: (*Beat.*) Wow. I don't know. But I think we should consider it.  
JULIEANNE: No. I didn't mean *we*, Gary. I meant you. I can't do it. I have too many dreams that I can't let go of. Even if I'm not a total recluse, I want to travel and paint and be free. I'd resent you keeping me from that. I'd resent our child.  
GARY: I don't know what to say. I'd have to think about it. I don't know how I'd even afford it. And a baby, *your* baby would be a constant reminder of you . . . of all I want with you.  
JULIEANNE: That's how you feel right now, but your feelings for me will fade. You're the kind of guy that falls in love hard. You deserve a woman who'll love you as fully as you think you love me right now. Look, you said you can't stand the idea of abortion. Well, the truth is I can't either. But forgive me if I won't give up nine months of my life to give my baby to a complete stranger. A stranger who may or may not do right by my child. But for you, for you I'd have it. And I'd have no regrets. Because I know you'd be a great father. I've seen you with the kids down at the home. (*Beat.*) And I know you can't possibly make up your mind right now. But think about it. Will you?  
GARY: (*Nods.*) Absolutely. If you will think about us one last time?  
JULIEANNE: I don't think that's a—

GARY: Please. Just ask yourself . . . When your artwork is being rejected by some snooty gallery in L.A. and the traffic drove you crazy on the way home and your manager at your day job made a pass at you again, who will you turn to? Who will be your shoulder? And when things are going well, your first big show is a hit with the critics, who will you share it with? Who will you celebrate and laugh with about the pretentiousness of it all? And who will you go home to? Who do you want that to be?  
*(She looks as though she's going to speak, but can't.)*

## FAMILY PORTRAIT

*Georgie, 20s, was born and raised in a small town in Maine. Neither of her parents were happy when she went away to New York to study art and photography at N.Y.U. Her father, mid 50s, a former alcoholic, took it as a direct assault on his lifestyle. He always enjoyed small-town living. As a family portrait photographer, Edison made a decent living taking pictures of the nice folks in the surrounding communities. He would have made an even better living if he hadn't had a habit of hitting the bottle. In the last few years, listening to the demands of his wife, Maggie, and daughter, he has managed to clean up his act. His wife's condition was a great influence on his sobering up. Two years ago, she started to have headaches. Soon after, Maggie began to forget things—strange things. She was too young for senility, but her confusion only worsened. After a series of tests, the doctors concluded that it was a brain tumor. The family was devastated, but Dr. Wu said it would probably disappear if they used both medication and radiation. In the last week, Georgie has received several calls from her parents' neighbor, Frieda, who is concerned about her mother's welfare. Apparently, her mother and father are acting strangely. Georgie has just driven in from New York to find out what's really happening.*

EDISON: Snapshot? What are you doing here? Why didn't you call?

GEORGIE: I did. I tried, Dad. Last night. And no one answered this morning either.

EDISON: I didn't hear it.

GEORGIE: *(She gives him a look.)* So how ya doin', Dad? *(She goes to hug him.)* How's Pops?