PUT ASUNDER

by

Craig Pospisil
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(JULIA, in her forties or fifties, sits in a chair, reading from a notebook. From offstage there is the sound of a door opening and closing.

PAUL, also forties or fifties, enters. He stands in the center of the room. They look at one another.

Long pause.)

PAUL
I’m leaving you.

JULIA
(pause)
All right.

PAUL
(pause)
All right?

JULIA
If that’s what you want.

PAUL
(slight pause)
That’s all you have to say?

JULIA
What do you want me to say?

PAUL
Well, . . . I thought you’d have more of a reaction.

JULIA
Were you hoping I’d try to talk you out of it?

PAUL
No, I just . . .
(pause)
Well, yeah, I guess I thought you would.
JULIA
So, I guess I’ve disappointed you.

PAUL
Don’t start with that. It’s not a question of disappointment.
It’s just that you . . . no, not you really. I . . .

JULIA
What?

PAUL
This isn’t working anymore. We’ve hit a point where . . .
I feel I’m stuck in one place, I’m stagnating.

JULIA
And if you leave me you won’t be stuck anymore?

PAUL
. . . that’s the idea.

JULIA
(pause)
Are you just going to stand there, Paul? Why don’t you
sit down. Unless you’re walking out right now.

PAUL
I just wanted to tell you and go.

JULIA
All right. So you’ve told me.

(Pause. Neither of them moves.)

JULIA
Was there something else?

PAUL
No. Look, Julia, I’m sorry. I . . . I didn’t want to do this
over the phone or something. I thought I should tell you
face to face. I thought I owed you that.

JULIA
Well, . . . thank you.
PAUL
You’re welcome.

JULIA
But why do you say you owe me?

PAUL
What?

JULIA
Well, I mean, you stomp in here with no warning and say you’re leaving. You won’t tell me what the problem is. It doesn’t seem like you care what I think or feel. So why would you say you owe me anything?

PAUL
This . . . this is not going the way I thought it would. I mean, . . . damn it.

JULIA
Damn what?

PAUL
Damn you, okay?! Damn you!

JULIA
Finally.

PAUL
What?

JULIA
Finally you said something I believed.

PAUL
You didn’t believe me when I said I wanted to leave?

JULIA
Not entirely.

PAUL
Well, I do. I am.
JULIA
So why are you still standing there? Get out.

PAUL
Finally.

JULIA
What?

PAUL
Finally you sound angry about this.

JULIA
Of course I’m angry. I don’t know where this is coming from. You must’ve been thinking about it for some time, but you haven’t said a word. Yeah. I’m angry.

PAUL
So, why didn’t you get angry?

JULIA
Would that make you feel better?

PAUL
Yes.

JULIA
Why?

The sample ends here, but if you would like to read the rest of it or ask about the performance rights, please contact me at Craig@CraigPospisil.com or contact my manager Bruce Miller at BMiller@WashingtonSquareArts.com.