

excerpt from
*Not Entirely Platonic:
Variations on a Confession*
by Kitt Lavoie

The mood is somber. Sasha is undressing. A black dress hangs next to her. Scott sits in his boxers and a T-shirt with a black suit laying across his lap, distractedly polishing a pair of black dress shoes. This goes on for a moment. Sasha begins to put on her make-up. She applies lipstick, then turns to Scott holding up the dress in front of her.

Sasha Can I wear this shade with this?

Scott (*noncommittally affirmative*) Mmm.

Sasha goes back to her make-up.

Sasha Make sure that I bring my yearbook. Her mother wants me to say something. I'm nervous. But she's been so good to me, you know. So I thought I'd read the message she wrote me when we graduated from high school. It had this great Thoreau quote about how... I think that'll be nice. Or is it tacky? I don't know. (*she turns and sees that Scott is still polishing his shoes*) We're running a little late, honey.

She returns to her make-up as Scott rises and slowly begins to put on his shirt.

Sasha Poor Aaron. (*she stops and looks at Scott in the mirror for a beat*) I can't even imagine.

A moment passes as Sasha continues dressing.

Sasha We should do something for his birthday. Dylan is in town in January, yeah? We should get... Or is that to...

Sasha finishes dressing in silence. She checks herself in the mirror, then turns to Scott

Sasha How's that?

Scott is sitting in his boxers, socks, a dress shirt, and a tie. His suit and shoes sit in his lap.

Scott Mmm-hmmm.

Sasha crosses to Scott and strokes his hair.



Sasha I know. *(she gently lifts him from the chair and hands him the pants from his suit)* Now come on.

Sasha waits until Scott starts dressing, then returns to the mirror. She starts experimenting with accessories. The two continue their dressing in silence for a few moments. Scott still doesn't get very far. Suddenly...

Scott I was in love with her.

Sasha turns to Scott. She says nothing.

Scott I was in love with her.

Sasha *(crossing to a bookshelf)* I should get the yearbook out now. Put it with my purse.

Scott Sash--

Sasha If I forget it, I don't know if I would be able to think of anything to say--

Scott Sasha--

Sasha And I'd just be up there with nothing to say and wouldn't that be embarrassing. *(unable to find it)* Maybe it's in that stack by the door.

Sasha starts to leave. Scott stops her.

Scott I need to know you heard it.

Sasha Put your shoes on.

Scott Sasha, I was in--

Sasha Please, no. Not now. If you have to do that... a few days. Please. I have to find the yearbook.

Scott No. Sash...

Scott goes to a stack of books and pulls out Sasha's high school yearbook. He holds it up.

Scott Here it is. It's right here. *(a beat)* This isn't a bad thing. I promise. I just need you to know.

Sasha Why? Why now?



Scott I just felt, suddenly... like I was... being unfaithful. (*Sasha gives him a quizzical look*) To her. God, I know it sounds. How can I be unfaith--

Sasha Stop it. I need you. Today. Tomorrow you can say whatever you want. But today I need my boyfriend. To love *me*. So, please...

Sasha signals with her hands "stop it," then turns to leave.

Scott Marry me.

Sasha stops in her tracks, but doesn't turn.

Scott I just needed to say it. And now it all feels right. And, I know what you're thinking, and it's not that. I have always loved you. And I always knew that I would marry you. There was never a choice between you two. It was always you. But I loved her. And if I couldn't tell you that, if I couldn't be that honest, then I didn't deserve you. I'm only sorry it took this long. I always imagined standing on the altar next to you and seeing her standing over your shoulder as your maid of honor. I knew that you wanted her to... And I'm sorry that my taking so long to be honest took that chance away from you.

Sasha turns to him.

Sasha So that... So now you've earned me?

Scott That's not what I--

Sasha Just answer me one question. Why?

Scott (*unsure what she is asking*) I'm sorry...?

Sasha Why did you tell me. Today. For me or for you?

Scott For us. I needed for you to know--

Sasha That's what I thought. That's what I thought.

Scott I needed you to--

Sasha You didn't have to tell me.

Scott You knew?

Sasha Oh, I don't know if I knew. I could have guessed. Or, at least, I'm not completely surprised. But whatever I thought or didn't think was going on for you, I knew two things. I knew that you would never act on it.

Scott Never. I never did a thing.

Sasha And I knew that you weren't making it my problem. You were dealing with it yourself. But now you just have to get it off your chest, and it lands square on mine.

Scott I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I thought... I knew that I needed you to know, but I just didn't think--

Sasha Yeah.

Scott But we can work this out. We'll get as much pre-marriage counseling as they--

Sasha Scott. No.

Scott But, we can--

Sasha Scott. No. *(she checks her watch)* I'm supposed to meet Mrs. Katzon in ten minutes.

Sasha heads for the door.

Scott Wait, I'm almost ready. We can talk on the way--

Sasha No, Scott. I think I really need for you to not be there.

Scott What? I can't not--

Sasha Scott, I really need for you not to be there.

A beat.

Scott I love you.

Sasha Mmm. I'm going to move back with my parents. For a while. But, for tonight, could you stay with Sean or someone? I don't want to have to take the train out.

There is no response. Scott is reeling.

Sasha Please.



No response. Sasha turns and heads for the door. Just as she reaches the door, Scott speaks.

Scott Sasha.

Sasha slowly turns, steeling herself.

Scott The yearbook.

Scott holds the yearbook out. Sasha walks over and takes it gently. They both look at the book exchanging hands-- they can't look at each other.

Sasha I'll say goodbye for you.

Sasha exits. Scott just watches her go