

# PROFESSOR

PROF Oh, so you can go chat with Vanya! Or / the doctor! Or

ELLA Oh, please, you are so pathetic!

PROF I am, I am pathetic, I love you / so much, and I know you

ELLA Oh, God, no, not that, please anything but that small, clingy, ingratiating horseshit, do you want to drive me / away forever...?

PROF I know, I know, I'm sorry, / I just

ELLA You're so infuriating! I'm going for a walk! / Good-night!

PROF Wait, come back, I—

[She is gone]

↓ START

## 2.2 GREY NOSE HAIRS

PROF [Abruptly to us...] Well, that didn't go well.

You know what I hate worst about aging? About turning into an old man...?

You get a little pain. A little... *condition*. Some insignificant nothing, but it hurts, so now you can't exercise, so you gain a little weight, and that's depressing, so you drink a little more scotch, or eat a little more ice cream or indulge whatever your particular predilection may be to stave off the encroaching depression, and the awful cycle has begun... more pain, more weight, more indulgence, more depression, pain, weight, indulgence, depression, and on and on and on and...

Same thing psychologically, right? One day you just feel kind of *old*. Or *wrinkled*. So you get a little low, a little insecure. Which is less attractive. And she sees you're insecure. So you get *more* insecure. So you retreat. So she retreats. Or *attacks*. So you attack. Or overcompensate. And she fucking hates that. And so on and so on till *death... or divorce... or disdain... or the most common of all the awful D's... disengagement*.

And then there you are. The rest of your life. And it sucks. All because of a gouty knee. Or grey nose hairs. Or any of the thousand and one tiny indignities of the irreparably aging human body. It isn't fair. And it isn't kind.

It is, however, sadly inevitable.

But the thing is... the key thing you have to understand about life is this:  
*[Beat. Beat...]* Oh, fuck it, I'm too tired. I'm gonna take some pills and see  
what dreams may come to visit this decaying mortal coil... Nighty-night.

↑END

~~2.3~~

~~PRE-ABSTRACT~~

*[Scene shifts. ELLA & VANYA enter, mid-conversation. He is more following ELLA than walking with her. She is agitated and frustrated. It is late...]*

ELLA            Why aren't you asleep?

VANYA        Why aren't you?

ELLA            I wish I were.

VANYA        I wish I were pre-abstract.

ELLA            What? I mean—what???

VANYA        That's what I wish. I wish I lived before the dawn of abstraction.

ELLA            *[Puzzling through a quick beat before...]* What does that even mean?

VANYA        Imagine The Garden, before... you know, before the snake fucked the goose  
and we all got kicked out on our metaphorical asses.

ELLA            Are you drunk?

VANYA        Some.

ELLA            Oh, God...

VANYA        Doesn't that sound wonderful? To be pre-abstract. Think about it!

ELLA            Is this another of your ridiculous-- because I have a pedicure a year from  
Thursday, so I might not have / time to fully...

VANYA        I'm just saying: The Apple is *Abstraction*.

ELLA            Which apple?