



# The Weekly Man

## Episode 22: Sunday – Jackie

ROB: (angry, clenching fists at his sides) This is crazy, Kay. I love you. I've always loved you. You can't do this to me. (gets down on hands and knees and crawls around in a circle) I woke up his morning and you were on my mind!

KAYLA: (opens purse and takes out a switchblade knife) I'm sorry, Rob. I'm so sorry. But you're just too good to be true. And I'm nothing but a lie. (goes down on knees and stabs Rob continuously in the back until he collapses)

ROB: (gasping for air, lifts arm and puts right hand on Kayla's cheek) I... (he dies)

KAYLA: I... (head slumps forward and she cries) I'm just not me.

THE END

Jackie let out a long sigh. She'd written the entire play in one sitting and she was drained. But it was a good feeling. She felt that this play was her best yet. It expressed so clearly how she felt about herself and because of those feelings about herself, how she felt about other people. She would wait another day to start the editing, a process that generally took longer than writing the first draft.

*Maybe I'll get dressed and go out for a glass of wine or two tonight. I think I've earned the right to treat myself. Never written a play this fast before. Maybe this is a sign that things are going to be different. Maybe I should make things different. Maybe it's finally time that I took*

*control of my life and made it MY life and not someone else's, whomever that someone else is. But you know who that someone else is, don't you? You know who it is and you still don't do anything. All these years living like this. All those years lost because you've never really been yourself. You've never experienced life as yourself.*

*And who is yourself?*

She slipped out of her housecoat and walked, nude, to the bathroom. Light from passing cars played across the surface of a tall frosted glass window beside a green porcelain shower with a sliding glass door. Across from it, a six foot mirror with four copper lights reflected her body.

She looked down at a flaccid penis hanging below a patch of black hair and sighed.

"It's time, Jackie...that has to go."