

FORGOT

It's 7:30 on the same Friday night in the same alternate suburban reality. Lights up on Jill and Kevin in the dining room. They are eating dessert: Jill's birthday cake. The cake is covered with a lot of blown-out candles. Before it was cut, there were around 40 candles on it. Kevin is excited about his slice of cake. Jill is just staring at hers—and at all those candles.

KEVIN. Mmm! I really like the buttercream.

He eats some cake.

Mmmm! Mmm! It's good! I think it's really good, what do you think?

Jill is not listening. She is preoccupied with the cake.

Sweetheart?

JILL. *(Snapping out of it.)* Hm? *(Unintentionally insincere.)* Oh, yeah, mmm, delicious!

KEVIN. I really like it. The recipe called for a lighter whipped cream kind of thing, but I tried that buttercream you said you liked, and it works, I think. It's really good!

He notices that Jill hasn't eaten her cake.

Jill, you haven't even tried it, sweetheart.

JILL. Yeah—sorry—I'm just—...

She starts to laugh.

That's a lot of candles, huh? On my cake!

She laughs more. A strange laugh.

KEVIN. Oh, I guess, yeah. I mean, we're not gettin' any younger!

He laughs at his joke. Jill laughs harder.

JILL. Nope! Nope! We're not!

She laughs even harder.

KEVIN. Are you okay?

JILL. Yeah, yeah. Just...

Her laughter subsides.

got me thinkin'...

KEVIN. About what?

JILL. *(Not angry—an honest question.)* Whatever happened to that baby we said we wanted so much?

KEVIN. *(Receives and processes.)* Huh?

JILL. *(Really wondering.)* Whatever happened to that baby we said we wanted so much?

KEVIN. *(At a loss.)* Um...

JILL. I only ask 'cause I saw Lori and the girls today. They had a little birthday lunch for me.

KEVIN. Oh, that's nice!

JILL. Yeah, and Lori brought Sophie with her.

KEVIN. Oh! // Aw!

JILL. Yeah, she's seven months old now!

KEVIN. Get out! // Wow!

JILL. Yeah, and—anyway—we just got to talking... and Lori asked me... what about us.

KEVIN. *(Receives and processes.)* What about us?

JILL. *(Just a fact—not blaming her husband.)* She asked me if we were ever gonna have that baby we said we wanted so much.

KEVIN. Uh-huh.

JILL. Yeah, and I said I didn't know. That we were talkin' about it—

KEVIN. Oh?

JILL. Or at least thinkin' about it.

KEVIN. Oh—

JILL. *(Not blaming Kevin.)* Yeah, and she said that we'd better stop talkin' about it and thinkin' about it... and *do* something about it soon because... the window is closing.

KEVIN. *(Not understanding.)* What... window?

JILL. *(Urgent—but not mean.)* Of opportunity. It's closing. For me. Because I'm not young anymore. I mean, I'm not old, but I'm not young anymore. And... I don't quite know *how* that happened or *when* that happened, but somewhere along the way... we forgot to have the baby!

KEVIN. *(Receives and processes.)* What?

JILL. We forgot to have the baby, Kevin.

KEVIN. What do you mean we forgot to have the baby?

JILL. Here, look.

She presents her phone.

Read this.

Kevin reads from the calendar function on the phone.

KEVIN. Friday, June 9th: meeting with Marie in marketing.

JILL. Yup. Went great.

KEVIN. Good. >

JILL. Mm-hm.

KEVIN. Lunch with Lori and the girls. >

JILL. Mm-hm.

KEVIN. SuperCenter.

JILL. Yup—we were out of a couple of things—and... (*Pointing out a specific event.*) ...what's it say right there?

KEVIN. (*Reading.*) "Have the baby?"

Kevin receives and processes. He looks at her.

Have the baby?

JILL. (*Not blaming Kevin. Just a fact.*) Yeah. I didn't do that today. I did all that other stuff. But not that.

KEVIN. Sweet//heart—

JILL. Today was our target date.

KEVIN. Our what?

JILL. Our target date. For having the baby. We picked it a few years ago, remember?, And I put it in my calendar. (*Refers to her phone.*)

KEVIN. I don't remember picking an actual day.

JILL. (*Here's where the pain and, eventually, the rage start to come out.*) Well, I do. We said that by the time I was of a certain age would be a good time to have a baby. >

KEVIN. I don't remember us saying that. >

JILL. And I'm of a certain age now, Kevin! >

KEVIN. I thought that was just a general kind of "Wouldn't it be

nice if..." >

JILL. I am of a certain age today, Kevin! >

KEVIN. Kind of thing. I didn't know you had picked an actual day!

JILL. (*Topping him.*) I mean, I woke up this morning and checked my phone to see what I had to do today, and BAM!, There it was!, "Have the baby!"

Beat. Then, violently to her phone:

That's why I HATE these things! Everything's too SMALL! And you can only see the day you're IN! Pieces of it! You can't see what's COMING! And how are you supposed PLAN and live your LIFE when you can't see what's COMING?!

She slams her phone on the table.

GOD!!!

Beat. Kevin is at a loss.

KEVIN. (*Finally, trying to help.*) Sweetheart, there's an alert function. You could have set an a/lert—

JILL. (*Cruelly.*) KEVIN!

Little beat. Then, kindly:

I'm sorry—but how did we let this happen? How did we forget to have the baby?

KEVIN. (*Receives and processes.*) Jill: I don't think we forgot to have the baby. We've just been...busy, I think. I mean, we've been so busy lately.

JILL. Yeah, I guess. But...doing what? What have we been so busy doing that we forgot to have the baby?

KEVIN. Well—I think we've just been busy getting stuff in order so we can have the baby.

JILL. What stuff?

KEVIN. Well, I don't know—do you want some coffee?—

JILL. No—what stuff have we been getting in order?

KEVIN. Just, you know, I thought we wanted to get all our ducks in a row before // we [have a kid].

JILL. Our ducks? >

KEVIN. Yeah.

JILL. We don't have any *ducks*, Kevin!

KEVIN. I k//now, I just—

JILL. What are you talking about?!

KEVIN. Well, I don't know, exactly. I just I thought that there were some places we wanted to go and some things we wanted to do—unencumbered—b//efore we—

JILL. (*Not mean—a real question.*) We've had *nine* years, Kevin. To go places and do things. And in *nine* years, where have we gone? KEVIN. Lots of pl//aces.

JILL. And what have we done?

KEVIN. Lots of things! We've got a good life, Jill. I'm happy. And I thought you were happy. And I thought *we* were happy, just *us*.

JILL. We are! I just think we could be happier: I want a baby, Kevin. >

KEVIN. Sweetheart—

JILL. Do you?

Little beat.

KEVIN. Can we talk about this later? >

JILL. No!

KEVIN. Why don't you just eat your cake, and let's // talk about this later.

JILL. Kevin, I don't want to eat my *cake*!

KEVIN. Why not?, I // made it for you!

JILL. Because...that *cake*...is a pretty big part of the reason why I feel like the window is closing!

KEVIN. Wha—why?

JILL. All those *candles*, Kevin!

KEVIN. Huh?

JILL. (*An attack.*) Why would you put that many candles on my birthday cake?!

KEVIN. Well, because that's how old you are.

JILL. Yeah. Why would you remind me of that?

KEVIN. I'm not reminding y//ou—

JILL. Why would you remind a woman of a certain age how old she is?!

KEVIN. Sweetheart—I just thought they'd be pretty—

JILL. Well, they aren't pretty. They're ugly! >

KEVIN. Jill!

JILL. Because they look like what Lori said: that the window is closing!

KEVIN. Jill: Why do you keep saying that!

JILL. Because it's closing, Kevin! It's closing!

KEVIN. (*Trying to help.*) Well, you know what they say: Another one'll open! Another one'll open!

JILL. (*Shutting Kevin down.*) That's doors, Kevin, that's doors!

Little beat.

KEVIN. [That was unnecessarily mean.] You know what I mean.

Jill knows she was out of line.

JILL. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just—... I thought we wanted a family.

KEVIN. We did. But I just thought that *this* [you and me without kids] is what we wanted now.

JILL. No! I think we *forgot* what we wanted.

KEVIN. I thought we forgot on purpose.

JILL. No! I didn't! I had it planned! I've been planning on it!

KEVIN. Well, I haven't been.

Little beat.

I like our life, Jill, // and—

JILL. But don't you think it could be better?—

KEVIN. No. I don't.

JILL. (*Receives and processes.*) Oh. Okay.

Little beat.

Okay.*

Beat. Kevin defeatedly starts to clear the dishes. Birthday party's over. He exits into the kitchen as the lights fade on Jill. Existential space vacuum sound/musical transition. And we move on to...

* See notes on "Forgot" on page 105.