

Six Years

By Jim Martyka

Jim Martyka
9650 Columbus Ave.
North Hills, CA 91343
(818) 497-3701
JimMartyka@gmail.com
www.JimMartyka.com

Cast of Characters

WOMAN - 30s-40s, quiet, scared, damaged from an abusive past relationship

MAN - 30s-40s, the abuser trying to apologize for his past mistakes

Scene

Coffee shop in a very public place

Time

Now

Six Years

Lights up on the WOMAN sitting in a coffee shop. She is clearly nervous and frightened. As the MAN walks in and sees her, it turns to terror, but she struggles to control it. The MAN notices.

MAN: Hey. I'm sorry, maybe this was a bad idea.

The WOMAN stays silent, but tries to look up at him.

MAN: I can go. Or I could just say what I came to say and then go. I promise this won't take long.

The WOMAN nods slightly and the MAN sits across from her. He fidgets for a second and then looks up at her.

MAN: I hope this isn't inappropriate, but it's good to see you. You look good. Gosh, it's been a while, like maybe--

WOMAN: Six years.

MAN: Yeah, six years. *(pause)* Thank you for meeting, I know this must be hard. I...I know what I did to you. To us. To--

The WOMAN looks away, even more uncomfortable.

MAN: Let me just say right away that I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. We were young, I was stupid. I didn't know...no, that's not...of course I knew. It was horrible, what I did. I...I was horrible. The worst part is that I truly did love you and I loved the idea of us being a family. I'll never forgive myself, especially for that night.

The WOMAN buries her face in her arm. It remains there until she speaks again. There is silence for another second.

MAN: I've gotten help. A lot of help. I know that probably doesn't mean anything to you. Why would it? But I have gotten...better.

Nothing from the WOMAN.

MAN: I really have. I've got a job, a dream job really. I have a wife and a baby boy.

The WOMAN stirs at this.

MAN: I don't know why I'm telling you this and I'm sure you don't want to hear it. But I have changed. And it was because of you, because of what happened. I guess...fuck, this isn't... I guess I just want you to know some good came out of it. I know not...oh my God, this is going horribly. I'm not saying this right. I've been thinking about this moment for--

WOMAN: Six years. Our child would have been almost six years old.

The MAN looks down.

MAN: Yeah. I'm sorry I even mentioned my son. I know you can't...oh Christ, I'm so, so sorry.

He starts crying.

MAN: I know I don't deserve it, but can you ever forgive me?

WOMAN: Yes.

She takes a long beat and her demeanor changes as she looks at him. From this point on, her eyes never leave his face.

WOMAN: But I don't know if Janet will.

The MAN looks up, perplexed.

MAN: I'm...what?

WOMAN: You always did go for the blondes.

MAN: How do you know my wife's name?

WOMAN: Janet, or Jan, sorry. No, Jan might take a bit to come around, if at all. She won't blame you at first. No, she'll lean on you. From what I could see, you guys seem pretty strong. Close, tight. That's good. You'll need that, especially now. She's beautiful, by the way.

MAN: I don't understand.

WOMAN: *(ignoring him)* Yes, you'll be each other's rock. But you'll also both have so much time to think. And eventually you'll have to tell her that you know I was involved. That I did

this. And then you'll have to tell her about me...and why. You'll have to tell her what happened, what could have driven someone to do something like this. And then, the more time goes on, the more it'll sink in and she'll see where it really all started. And she'll look at you differently and for the first time she'll see you for who you really are.

MAN: What are you talking about?

WOMAN: Time. Time to think and see.

MAN: What...what did you do?

WOMAN: He truly is a beautiful baby boy. Jonathan? After your grandfather, right? You always wanted a boy.

MAN: *(confused and panicking)* What?!

The WOMAN gathers her things and gets up to leave.

WOMAN: It was good seeing you and I do appreciate the effort. Truly, I do. It gave me a little bit of closure, at least. I hope you get the same. I hope you get to say goodbye. I was never able to, but of course, you knew that. Anyway, that's neither here nor there anymore.

MAN: *(hysterical)* WHAT DID YOU DO?!

WOMAN: Take care of yourself. I hope you find peace. I hope...yeah, I hope you find him.

She starts to leave and then right before she exits, she turns back.

WOMAN: Or what's left of him anyway. Let's do this again sometime. See you in six?

WOMAN walks out.

LIGHTS.