

We Never Stop Moving
By Jake Lane

KENNEDY.

I need you to just not judge me and just help me with this, just listen to the words I'm saying and try and help me to find a—to locate the correct words to say, because it's difficult. It's a weird and difficult thing and I need your help.

JACQUELINE.

You know that this space is free of judgement.

KENNEDY.

I know that, yes, in theory, and I appreciate that because, well, because that's your job and because that's the nature of our relationship.

JACQUELINE.

Yes.

KENNEDY.

But our entire... transaction? Not transaction, but... yes, transaction, okay, for lack of a better word, all of that hinges on my emotions and on your ability to, or desire to, or just, like, inclination towards reading those emotions and helping me understand them, too.

JACQUELINE.

Not only that, but to identify why you may be experiencing certain emotions, and to help you to find the best way to cope with them.

KENNEDY.

Yes, and so... and so I don't know what I'm supposed to say, here today, because I'm not... I can't find any emotions. Any feeling.

JACQUELINE.

You mentioned you had a letter you were working on, something you wanted my help with. Should we take a look at that?

KENNEDY.

Here it is.

JACQUELINE.

Do you mind if I read it aloud?

KENNEDY.

It's for, um, it's written to my ex. The one that I've, you know, I've mentioned a lot. Yeah, you can read it.

JACQUELINE.

If you want me to stop, just tell me.

KENNEDY.

Alright.

JACQUELINE.

It's a very wise, very brave decision to write all of this down, instead of keeping it bottled up.

(beat. KENNEDY acknowledges this.)

Alright. "Sawyer, I don't know how to tell you this, but I feel as though I never quite learned how to love. I know that sometimes you'd get angry with me, that you'd feel as if I couldn't understand what you were feeling, as if I didn't appreciate the things you'd say and do for me. That couldn't be farther from the truth. I knew, always, the way that I felt for you wasn't something I could ever fully know or put into words. I found new pieces of it every day, and I fought hard to show it, to let you know that I had this inside myself, but I could never quite squeeze it out into the surface. And now you're gone, and I'm afraid that I'll never find someone quite like you again, that you, that every person I've ever known, will always find someone else, another person who they wish to know deeper and more honestly than they ever knew me. *(beat.)* I know you don't need to hear this, and that it may seem like I'm trying to win you back, but I'm not. Writing this helps. Saying this helps. It allows all the pieces inside of myself to somehow breathe. My therapist says I've become—"

KENNEDY.

You don't need to read the rest.

JACQUELINE.

You wouldn't like me to?

KENNEDY.

I don't think I'll send it. I needed him to know, to hear it, I thought, but I don't even like hearing it.

JACQUELINE.

This showed great bravery. I don't want you to lose sight of that.

KENNEDY.

I'm—I know, yes. I know. I try to connect too many things to him, I think. Like if everything can be explained away by just how one person made me feel, maybe then I'll stop feeling certain things. Like if I know where they come from, well not come from, but why I feel them, they'll stop, right?

JACQUELINE.

Well it's important to find the root, but that doesn't always solve everything. There are still things we need to evaluate.

KENNEDY.

Alright. Okay. Yeah.

JACQUELINE.

Writing this letter was a great thing.

KENNEDY.

I know that it was, yes, yeah.

JACQUELINE.

How did writing this make you feel?

KENNEDY.

Like I finally had a voice. Like I was no longer angry at him for not being patient with me, but that I was finally *saying* something, showing something that I hadn't before. That I had, for a second maybe, for however long it took to write that down I felt like an entirely different person. Like finally my words weren't completely betraying me.

(beat.)

JACQUELINE.

The last time you were here, you talked about the idea of movement. You had that dream where you were stuck on the train. Have you thought anymore about that?

KENNEDY.

Not that same dream, no, but I've had some others, some that are not quite—well, I mean, they're entirely different actually—but it's the same idea, sort of, and I just can't stop thinking yanno, like,

we never stop moving. And the entire world is moving, right? Obviously, the entire earth is spinning always, constantly, but sometimes I feel like I just stop moving. And nothing else does, nothing else even slows down, it's all moving really fast, pulsing in circles in and out, and I'm running to try and catch up some of the times, and then other times, I'm just... I don't know. I just don't really care if the world spins without me. Not *that* exactly, I'm not saying... it's just... I don't have any desire to move faster. *(beat.)* I had this dream the other day that I was sort of swimming in the middle of the ocean. Just floating, really. And I thought, "hey, maybe I'll just sink." Because, you know, I wasn't really *doing* anything, just floating. And then I didn't sink, but, like, the water did. The water level was just going down, down, down really fast but still I was just at the top of it all, just riding it down until there was no water left, I just landed gently in this great expanse of sand, everything all around me was just sand. Dry. And that's a big change, right? Like, that is massive. And I did nothing through all of it. I was just floating.

(long beat.)

JACQUELINE.

And how do you feel now? Are you floating now?

(beat.)

KENNEDY.

No. No, I'm—I'm moving.