

Georgia by Anna Medley

ALICIA has just come home from the hospital after she gave birth to her baby girl, GEORGIA, who was unfortunately stillborn. She is talking to herself but also the baby's father, JAMES. JAMES and ALICIA are not in a relationship. The (...) indicate a beat.

ALICIA: *(enters with some bags and things. Sets them down)* All right, I think that's everything. Thanks for all your help *(silence)*. Do we hug here or....yeah I agree. *(they don't hug)*. Well um, I think I'm going to go upstairs and take a nap. You can make yourself at home. I mean it's not like you haven't been here before...*(notices JAMES is not moving, but is just staring at her and looking around)*. Don't be all weird. I'm good, you're good. We're good...I mean I guess we aren't really "good," but when have we ever been?....*(goes to her bag and looks for some pain medicine. A toy that JAMES bought for the baby falls out. She takes a moment with it. She isn't emotional, but indifferent)*.....Do you want this back, just in case you have one with someone else? *(he takes it)* Well, I'm going to take a nap. *(starts to go upstairs, stops, turns back around and takes the toy from JAMES)*. Actually, you know what, I'm going to keep it because it's mine and she is mine. She is mine. Not yours. She is my daughter and you are just the boy who let it happen *(she looks at the toy, holds it a little too tight)*. You know, if you want to leave, you can leave. Please. Leave. *(he starts to leave)*. **ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO LEAVE?** After all this, you are actually going to leave? Well of course I hate your fucking guts, but you are really going to be *that* guy and walk out on me?.... This is all your fault. If you hadn't given me that one glass of wine four weeks and 2 days ago, we probably wouldn't be in this position...yeah, I kept track. Because that glass of Barefoot Moscato with the blue wrapping has been haunting me....like those little dots that stick around when you look at the sun for too long? That is what you are to me, those little dots that stick around way too long and you would look at anything else to get rid of them but you JUST. CANT.....*(more internalized thought)* Or maybe it really was my fault...if I had just taken those vitamins or went to those classes like you told me to.....you always cared so much. Always called to check on me and were always there in a second if I needed you....*(long beat)* Dammit. Dammit. Dammit. Fuck Fuck FuCK....why. why. Why. Why. Why. Why.... Why. *(takes a moment to look at him)*. I can't love you. I can't. because whenever I look at you... I see her. And not how I want to see her. I see her blue face and your TEARLESS face. While I looked like a complete mess, there you were standing there like a stone. You feelingless piece of shit.....I can't . I can't. I can't have you here telling me to take my vitamins or telling me I should go to therapy or that I should not sleep so long when all I want to do is SLEEP. I want to sleep for the rest of my life.....because if I open my eyes. All I see is her. Georgia. Georgia....that was your idea. Because you loved the Atlanta Braves, but I swore that I would never name her Aaron, but spelled with the "A A" after Hank Aaron, like you wanted. So after weeks of fighting, we decided on Georgia.....Georgia. Georgia May Brown *(looks at him, smiles.)* She wasn't going to taking your last name asshole. *(chuckles. Long beat)*. I'm sorry this can't be what we thought. I'm sorry that I am not what you needed me to be. I'm sorry that....we can't have her. That you can't have her....you are going to be a great father.....and I don't think that will be with me, but I can't wait for her to have this. *(hands*

back the toy). I'm going to take a nap (beat. Starts to go upstairs. Turns to look at JAMES). Will you stay until I wake up?...just to make sure I do?.....and also you're buying me a burger. (she smiles and goes upstairs).