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The Idea of You

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The Idea of You

By

Julia Zygier

GIRL: I'd really like to kiss you. I'm still deciding if I'd like anything to come of it but at the very least I'd like just one kiss. After we *could* date. Dating could happen. But you don't seem like a person people date. Rather you're fleeting, a crush, a brief infatuation, you occupy all thoughts, actions for a few weeks at most and then you fade out person's consciousness, momentarily forgotten but immortalized in memory forever. So I would very much like just to kiss you because... Because... I just love your eyes. They're so bright, so open, so full of... well, everything. So expressive.

(She sighs, continues speaking softly, sweetly)

Beautiful. I could go on forever about how beautiful you are but I probably shouldn't. So just know that, I don't know, I'm... really into you.

(He is taken aback. Unsure of how to respond, he stutters out)

BOY (confused): Was that supposed to be complimentary or a really round about way of putting me down?

GIRL (disappointed, much less excited than before): Oh. It was meant to be romantic, sort of. It wasn't?

BOY: Well, yes. I mean— It was. But (long pause) What— people don't date me? What does that mean?

GIRL (smiling now that she understands his apprehension): It means what I said. You exist briefly in other people's lives. To an extent we all do. Don't get upset about it, it's not that big of a deal.

BOY: Uhhh, I don't—

GIRL (cutting him off, frustrated that this 'confession' isn't going the way she wanted it to):

Listen, all I meant to say, really, is that, I'm attracted to you. I love the way your eyebrows move and... I said the eye thing but I love those too, and your stubble because you don't seem to like to shave and how your voice drags over a word like you have to get your energy up for every syllable and even though I hate smoking I'm still very attracted to you. For fuck's sake I stood downwind from you while you were smoking your 5th cigarette of the evening last night!

(BOY gives her a look of exasperation, she realizes she's insulting him again. Collects herself, tries again, becoming increasingly embarrassed by having to explain herself so much)

You have charisma. You make funny jokes and everyone loves you and sometimes you just stare off into nowhere as if you're contemplating the meaning of life, though I guess you could just be thinking about the pot brownie you had for lunch! I'm just so... I felt like I might explode if I didn't tell somebody. And who better than you? I was hoping to maybe get some kind of resolution from this.

BOY: You... you talk a lot, huh?

GIRL: Somebody has to. Imagine how awkward this would be if I didn't.

BOY: Okay (deep sigh, displaying annoyance) We've known each other for like, 2 weeks. And even saying 'known each other' is kinda an overstatement. Obviously you don't just 'want to kiss' because you (he searches for the idea he wants to articulate) You seem, like, obsessed or like you're overthinking literally everything... I mean, 10/10 for performance, I guess, but that's

just it. It feels like performance. Even if you do feel some of that you've exaggerated it so much to the point where you're just lying to yourself and it bleeds through.

GIRL (laughs bitterly): Now who's—

BOY (interrupting): Ah, ah, time to let someone else monologue. (pause as he tries to remember what he was saying)

Anyways. Sorry, but you don't know me at all and all of this is just... an idea. A person who doesn't exist. And I'm not in the business of getting used and then having to deal with disappointment when I don't live up to the person in your head.

(He watches her, obviously worried about her reaction)

GIRL (thoughtful): Yeah, I definitely like the idea of you, but I'm really not seeing how it would be an issue. Really, I just wanted to kiss. (speaking slowly, trying to word this carefully) As I said, dating... does not look like a feasible solution. And I don't feel like I made up some idea of who you were, but whatever. (annoyed) Worth a shot I guess. See ya.

BOY (astonished): You're just going? That's it?

GIRL (scoffs): Well I'm certainly not going to grovel and if that's what you want then I guess my *idea* of you was wrong.

BOY (dissatisfied): Well— Good.

GIRL (nonchalantly): Great.

(walks off)