

PROFESSOR. (*Abruptly to us...*)

You know what I hate worst about aging? About turning into an old man...?

You get a little pain. A little...*condition*. Some insignificant nothing, but it hurts, so now you can't exercise, so you gain a little weight, and that's depressing, so you drink a little more scotch, or eat a little more ice cream or indulge whatever your particular predilection may be to stave off the encroaching depression, and the awful cycle has begun... more pain, more weight, more indulgence, more depression, pain, weight, indulgence, depression, and on and on and on and on...

Same thing psychologically, right? One day you just feel kind of *old*. Or *wrinkled*. So you get a little low, a little insecure. Which is less attractive. And she sees you're insecure. So you get *more* insecure. So you retreat. So she retreats. Or *attacks*. So you attack. Or over-compensate. And she fucking hates that. And so on and so on till *death...* or *divorce...* or *disdain...* or the most common of all the awful *Ds...disengagement*.

And then there you are. The rest of your life. And it sucks. All because of a gouty knee. Or gray nose hairs. Or any of the thousand and one tiny indignities of the irreparably aging human body. It isn't fair. And it isn't kind.

It is, however, sadly inevitable.

But the thing is...the key thing you have to understand about life is this:

*Beat. Beat...*

Oh, fuck it, I'm too tired. I'm gonna take some pills and see what dreams may come to visit this decaying mortal coil... Nighty-night.

*...the shifts. Ella and Vanya enter, mid-conversation. He is following Ella than walking with her. She is agitated. It is late...*

A. Why are you asleep?

TYA. Why are you?

A. I wish I were

TYA. I wish I were

A. What? I mean—

TYA. That's what I wish I had lived before the dawn of abstraction.

A. (*Puzzling through a quick* before...) What does that mean?

TYA. Imagine The Garden, before you know, before the fucking the goose and we all got out on our metaphorical asses.

A. Are you drunk?

TYA. Some.

A. Oh, God...

TYA. Doesn't that sound wonderful? To be pre-abstract? Think about it!

A. Is this another of your ridiculous—because I have a year from Thursday, so I might not have / time to fuck

TYA. I'm just saying: The Apple is *Abstraction*.

