101 Breakups
by Jason Pizzarello
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(Jack and Jill have bumped their heads and fell in love along the way, so Jill thinks.)

JACK: We have to break up. (Beat.) Sorry. (Beat.) I know we're not even together but I see where this is going. (Beat.) And I know we just said we love each other! I know. It was beautiful. I meant it. I do. And I think we'll date very briefly before we get engaged. I don't have any doubt about that. And we won't wait long because we won't be able to. We'll have the most beautiful wedding. Not in this park. But near a waterfall. We'll barely be able to hear our vows over the rushing water. And we won't wait long either before having a little bird in the nest. A girl. And then another. A boy. And then another. A girl. And as we raise our three amazing children—oops we had one more—four. Our four amazing children we struggle and fight and make up and challenge ourselves again and again and fall more and more in love. Before we know it our children have children of their own. Except for that last one, he's in the peace corp. Anyway, life doesn't pass us by. We absorb it. And we grow old with grace and ease and still after all those years, are madly in love. And at the end of our lives we can't imagine it going any other way or ever being apart. The thought of being apart even in death, breaks me. I can't. I can't handle the loss of you. The pain of losing you is worse than never having you in the first place. And so I think it's better if we just...don't.