

Completeness *by Itmar Moses*

Molly, twenties Molly, a graduate student in molecular biology, is conflicted about her feelings for Eliot, a graduate student in computer science and her supposed boyfriend.

MOLLY:

This is what it's like. It's like you walk off down the road. And you think you're making all this progress. You're feeling great! And then you stop, and look down, and you're like, OH DAMN: he is the road. And so then the question becomes: what am I supposed to do? Like, does that mean I shouldn't try again with someone new, or that I definitely should, like, right away? Like, is waiting the answer? Or is it the problem because the answer is not waiting? And if I don't know - then how am I supposed to tell somebody else I want to be with him and mean it? And, if I do like someone, and if that makes me forget my sadness for a while, then does that mean that that guy makes me happy? Or does that just mean that, once that fades, once he's not useful anymore, for like masking or replacing all my pain, then nothing will be left, except this guy who through no fault of his own will just be, like, repellent to me now, because he's just this other thing, with all of its own crap to deal with, just this extra burden on what I was carrying already? Or, is this actually just unfixable now, if these feelings are just a part of me? Then is the right person someone who can just accept and live with them? And even if I find someone who can, what if I can't?