

# **ENTROPY, MAN**

by

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**ENTROPY, MAN**

SETTING — Urban.

CHARACTERS — OLD GUY: male, thirties.

AT RISE — OLD GUY is having a cigarette and, evidently, talking to himself.

**OLD GUY**

College students are back. My commute today was crotch to ass, both ways. I felt old. All these kids... these young, eager bodies and minds... I have nothing for them. And besides, I guess... the obvious... there's nothing they have for me. I don't know why this makes me feel less than. There's a light they have. Maybe that's it. My light's got to be pretty dim by now, and getting dimmer every day. Entropy, man. The slow decline has begun. The young see it on you immediately, even if you've only just started to notice the glimpses of scalp through your hairline. Your face looks heavy. Not fat, just tired. You burp a lot, and for no apparent reason.

(beat)

It does not help at all that you work two blocks from your alma mater. You catch yourself searching for familiar faces, but they're long gone, and they wouldn't look like these kids anyway. They would look like you. But you will never get over this: These kids sharing a cigarette on the stoop. Those ones in a tight group wearing uncertain smiles. You will never get over this. You and yours sat on that stoop! You got to know your friends and lovers there! You expressed interest! You made plans! And that group—that was your group! You lived on that same floor! Ate at that same dining hall! Wore that same uncertain smile!

(beat)

They should know you. Shouldn't it matter, all the things you hoped and feared and hated and hated yourself for doing but did anyway? Shouldn't these buildings and those sidewalks have a muscle memory of everyone who passed through? Shouldn't someone be keeping a record of what and when and how it mattered?

(beat)

They can't see you, but you're still here—the last keeper of whatever the hell that time was. You don't feel old when you see these kids. You feel like a ghost.

OLD GUY stubs out the cigarette and exits.

**END OF PLAY.**