

Female late 20s / 30s

**JUMP / CUT by Neena Beber**

I'm sorry, but I don't think moving in together is a "see how it goes" proposition. I think it's a turn my life upside down, put my faith, and my hope and my esteem in the hands of another human being, sacrificing my independence and my freedom and my self-sufficiency -- which I'm willing to do, on a leap. As an act of belief. But not on a dare, or a gamble, or a "see how it goes what the hell." You know, I've always wanted to be one of those "what the hell" girls. You know the ones I mean, they usually have a little tattoo, say, a dolphin, on their ankle that they got on a spur of the moment, because it was trendy. What the hell? And they smoke cigs and they drink too much. What the hell? And they've *all* been with other women. Even the straight ones! What the hell? And they're sexy, despite their usually stringy hair and un-made-up faces because, oh they think they are, and they're young-ish and they're skinny, and they live with this guy, and that guy, without losing faith or innocence or pride. What the hell? Great way to save on rent! And hey! It's fun for a while -- cool and carefree and shit and I am just NOT, never have been, carefree. I will move in with you Paul. What the hell. But you should know that I didn't ruin a romantic moment -- it was more like a toaster moment. A blender moment. A perfectly utilitarian *non*-moment moment. Okay?