

Excerpt from So This is Love

By

Keith R. Huff

not for duplication

keithrhuff@gmail.com

ACT IScene 1

The stage is black. lights up with a single pool of light. A steps into the light and begins

A:

Can you tell me what love is? If you could touch it; taste it, feel it on the tip of your fingers with a simple touch; what would that be. Could it be tangibly described or so easily coaxed into a corner of words or does the deserving definition illicit no more than a whisper of hushed syllables that drop as pins silently echoing on the hard wood floor. Could you write a tale of ecstasy where the simplest mumbling of your name could evoke a warming of the blood and your presence would linger in the room long after you exit it? And your breathe still placid on the base of my neck as it curls up in a ball and rests on the base of my lips. I've never felt that...never had that.

One by one the actors come onto the scene and begin to create a tableau image but they are clumped. Each actor adds to the next and they create 14 images in all as the clump morphs during lines. The images should be more abstract/symbolic/representational of the idea of love. The realistic or natural should be avoided

A:

I need

B:

I need something

C:

You can't define

D:

You

E:

Maybe

(Image one complete)

A:

Here

(CONTINUED)

No	B:
Questions	C:
Goodbye	D:
For one night	E:
(Image two complete)	
Maybe	A:
If you're up to it	B:
I	C:
Think	D:
Maybe	E:
(Image three complete)	
I	A:
Could understand it a little more	B:
If you could	C:
Okay	D:
Maybe	E:
(Image four complete)	
Sometime	A:
Some	B:

Other C:
Night D:
You and I E:
(Image five complete)
Could connect A:
And maybe B:
Just maybe C:
We pretend D:
That E:
(Image six complete)
Nothing A:
Exists B:
But you C:
And I D:
For E:
(Image seven complete)
A A:
Moment B:

The world C:
Stands D:
Still for us E:
(Image eight complete)
Just A:
For B:
Us C:
You D:
And E:
(Image nine complete)
I A:
Are connected B:
Always C:
Through time D:
Forever E:
(Image ten complete)
No matter where we go A:
What we do B:

That C:
Will D:
Never E:
(Image eleven complete)
Change A:
So B:
Here is to C:
Now D:
Then E:
(Image twelve complete)
Tomorrow A:
And B:
All days C:
In between D:
Lay your head against mine E:
(Image thirteen complete)
And you'll A:
Be B:

Home C:

Where D:

You E:

(Image fourteen complete)

Belong A:

D:
I asked her what is love?
(All actors move behind D in a straight line)

For a moment she just looks at me

Before she rolls up her sleeve and sticks out her wrist

(Actors behind D mime rolling up their sleeves and sticking out their wrists)

I don't ask because it's obvious

But maybe there's a narrative there

just below the wrist that she wants me to know

So I ask again what is love?

She says Love is an inch blade

And its kiss is the closest thing to god

And like her scars are some timeline etched into her skin

she begins to tell me about each one

This one is six months

(A leaves)

This one is two years

(C leaves)

This one is one night

(B leaves)

And this one should have never existed

(E leaves)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D: (cont'd)

She stops and I can see that the last crosses the rest

She said the shittiest thing about love

is that it hits you like a ton of feathers

One by one it doesn't seem like much

but when the weight of all of that hits you

It's crushing

I listen to this girl make poetry out of air

and all I can do is stare at the fractured image of her self

For she loved like a book on the shelf of a library

One by one they checked her out

brought her back a day late and never paid the fees

Bright pages

That were once like new

Became strewn with shit that she didn't want

She's been Hidden under beds and lost in translation

There's only so many times you can bend a page before it
rips

And every time the binding breaks a little more

Till the truth is stored in that old cliché about a book and
its cover

She said this is not a sad story

It just happens to be a story that's sad.

I say why do you do that

She says what

I say why do you do that to your self

She says some people get tattoos

To prove to themselves that they were there

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

D: (cont'd)

So these are mine

Just Finding ways to countdown the time

But time is relative

And all it ever does is keep moving forward

So I ask again, what is love

She says love is a waiting game

Even if you're picked last for the team

Once you're playing it doesn't matter

Me

I'm just waiting to be picked