

John Eller's Evolution

Love Time

MAN: Late 20s, talking with his girlfriend.

Darlin, I'm right here. I'm not far off. The only thing's changed from yesterday is you're crying. But believe me, your tears feel like the marrow leaving my bones. I don't know how I did that. I never meant to.

Did you know a hundred years back most folks died 'fore fifty? Funny thing, huh? We keep dying older and older yet more alone. It's like all the happily-ever-afters' got used up by fairytales and folk songs. My grandparents died a month apart in the very same bed. The only thing they got that we don't is a tendency toward blind eyes and lying tongues. I remember going to their house and thinking everything was so clean and... white. The truth is they painted those walls with smiles and white lies. White lies that were just barely big enough to crawl inside and not see.

I slept with her cuz I needed to. Something stormed up inside me and wouldn't stop. The hurricane kept coming stronger and I realized whether I did or didn't I wanted to... So what's the difference? If I buried that I'd be lying to myself. Maybe I shoulda kept quiet 'bout it but... I don't wanna lie to you neither.

I love you Annabelle. I love your smiling heart and cynical mouth. I love your tiny slippers and how your toenails are always painted black. Nothing's ever gonna change that. I don't know how we're gonna make honesty last forever. But I sure wanna try, lovely.

(He tries to rest his hand on her leg again but she walks a few paces toward audience. After standing a moment with her back to him she returns to the bed and sits just as the lights go out.)