

All That Matters

Characters:

Christopher (boyfriend)

Jennifer (girlfriend)

Setting: bedroom, female sitting on bed, male sitting on floor against bed

Christopher: A local poetry contest?

Jennifer: We should both enter! Better watch my poem doesn't beat yours!

C: *reading from his phone* Romance: Yesterday and Today. Write a poem portraying the romantic side of the old days while emphasizing what's still romantic about today.

J: Sounds like so much fun! Maybe I'll write about the moon.

C: Romance? *flirtatiously, leans toward girl* What do I know about romance?

J: *rolls eyes, smirks* You better get writing then, Prince Charming.

C: Is that who your main character is going to be? I'm usually the one with the corny ideas.

J: Listen, it's getting late.

C: It's only 10PM, the night is young!

J: But 10PM feels like 3AM, I'm an old lady. Go home and start your poem then, you nightowl.

C: You're just giving me more time to do my best Cyrano de Bergerac impression writing this poem.

J: Get your nose out of the air! See you Saturday?

C: Saturday it is. Goodnight, sweetheart. *end scene*

Transitions between Christopher's bedroom and Jennifer's bedroom, light dims on other when not speaking

Setting for Jennifer: Sitting at the desk in her bedroom, using an old typewriter, 9AM, she still wears her pajamas and drinks out of a large coffee mug

Jennifer : I wonder how I should start this poem. All my poems are about the moon or the sea. Maybe I should try something different. It's just fascinating how nature has always surrounded human beings, regardless of the era. We stand on the same shorelines that people stood on centuries ago. We fall in love under the same trees and under the same stars. I can't help it. I love nature. I think I'll just let this poem flow out of my fingertips.

*Transition into Jennifer writing poem

Love soared in the past
through American air,
filled with dreams of lasting
marriages. True love was not rare.

It is different today.
We swipe, meet, and kiss.
Is it worth it today?
We could love, lose, and miss.

Setting for Christopher: sitting at desk on computer, single desk lamp (dark), late at night,
wearing plain blue t-shirt and pajama pants

Christopher: Well, it's not like everything was perfect in the past. The problems were just less talked about. The men went to war. How many wives cheated on their husbands? How many husbands cheated on their wives? People were perfect at no point in history. I'm overthinking this whole thing. I bet Jenny's having a much easier time writing this, something simple about butterflies or rainbows.

*Transition into Christopher writing poem

On the past we reminiscence
Of how things used to be,
Love was once built to last,
And full of chivalry.

Courtship turned to marriage,
Couples then were young.
Whole streets knew their neighbors well.
At swing dances, girls were flung.

*Transition to Jennifer pondering

It is different today. It's intimidating to meet people off of these dating apps. You "click" and you enter into a relationship, hoping it will work out. It's funny how no matter the era though, we are all just looking for love. No amount of technology can replace the need for human connection.

*Transition into Jennifer writing poem

Maybe we did not meet, like our parents
and grandparents, at cute diners
and drive-in theaters. This torrent
of affection came from texted one-liners.

*Transition to Christopher pondering

Christopher: *excited* How cool must it have been to go to those old time swing dances!

begrudgingly Now everyone just wants to go to the bar. *sarcasm* That's a story to tell your kids, how mom was drunk and spotted me across the room. She offered for me to buy her a drink and ooh, that's when the magic happened. *cringes* *ranting* At least in those days your mom would come home one day, "I saw a nice girl at the grocery store. Her name was Mary, or Susan, or the best, an Italian girl named Frankie. You're getting married this Saturday." *dreamily*

Those must have been the days.

*Transition into Christopher writing poem

But when we say the past was great,
We lose track of here and now.
Without our presence in the present,
Happiness we won't allow.

When I hear my partner laugh,
A smile falls on my face.
What a shame it would be
If I weren't in this time and space.

Or when she hugs me nice and tight
On a calming summer's eve.
To let my mind go to another time
Is a thought I can't conceive.

*Transition to Christopher pondering

Christopher: But what if they don't like my poem? *sigh turns to confident tone* No,
Christopher, we are not doing this. Remember what your therapist said, "If what you write makes
a difference to one person, that's all that matters."

*Transition into Jennifer writing poem

It does not matter to me.
I hold your hand now.
All that matters to me
Is that I hold your hand now.

*Transition into Christopher writing poem

For love is present, it is right here,
If you make it so.
But if you're stuck back in the past,
You will miss it though.

*Transition to Jennifer pondering

Jennifer: It's a short poem and I'm uncertain about my skill, but I love it anyway.

*Transition to Christopher pondering

Christopher: It rhymes, good. Decent rhythm. Kinda corny, yep! At the very least, she'll love it, and that's what matters.