

Love Is Too Strong A Word

A 10 Minute Play

By Lisa M. Konoplisky

Lisa M. Konoplisky
330 N Hillside Terrace
608-712-5609
lkonoplisky@mac.com
<https://newplayexchange.org/users/15107/lisa-konoplisky>

COPYRIGHT

**This script is copyright protected and may not be reproduced, distributed, or disseminated without the prior written permission of the author.

CHARACTERS

WOMAN #1 - WHITE, EARLY 30S, SISTER TO WOMAN #2 AND MAN

WOMAN #2 - WHITE, MID-30S, SISTER TO WOMAN #1 AND TWIN OF MAN

MAN - WHITE, MID-30S, BROTHER TO WOMAN #1 AND TWIN OF WOMAN#2

Time and Place: Hospital Waiting Room. The present.

WOMAN #1 and the **MAN** are sitting on crappy modular furniture in a hospital waiting room. The chairs seem cushioned but aren't very comfortable. There is a couch and a single chair. **WOMAN #1** sits on the single chair. **MAN** is on the couch, as far towards one end of possible. He has the quality of hiding.

The **MAN** is tapping his foot--with no discernible rhythm--to some invisible beat or song inside his head.

WOMAN #1 is staring straight ahead, stunned, as if in a trance.

WOMAN #2 ENTERS as if she's just come from a private hospital room. She sits on the couch, but as far away from **THE MAN** as she possibly can. They are at opposite ends of a couch see-saw. **WOMAN #2** clears her throat. **MAN** looks up at her. Then lowers his eyes and goes back to his tapping. **WOMAN #1** continue her staring straight ahead. **WOMAN #2** begins to examine her hands with greater attention than they seem to warrant--this is both out of boredom and a desire not to engage.

WOMAN #2 clears her throat again and speaks but without looking up, attention still focused on her hands.

WOMAN #2

The nurse said to take as long as we need. It's not like the situation is going to...

MAN

....change?

WOMAN #2

Yes. It's not going to change.

WOMAN #1

(Coming out of trance slightly)

What was that?

MAN

She was just saying--

WOMAN #2

*(Interrupting, to **WOMAN #1**)*

What?!

MAN

I was just/

MAN

It was just a simple...

(Sighs, giving up)

Oh, never mind.

WOMAN #2

Let's not get ahead of ourselves, OK?!

MAN

That's prudent.

WOMAN #1

(Coming out of her trance again, slightly)

Are we?

MAN

Are we what?

WOMAN #1

Ahead of ourselves.

MAN

(Beat)

I don't...

WOMAN #2

(Interrupting)

I'm just asking for calm. That's all I'm asking for.

WOMAN #1

But you're not calm. You're a bottle rocket.

WOMAN #2

(Repeating WOMAN #1's words with an affronted sigh)

I'm a bottle rocket.

WOMAN #1

(Coming out of her trance even more)

You're a bottle rocket.

WOMAN #2

I don't even know what that means.

WOMAN #1

The words are right there. What else do you need?

WOMAN #2

Humor me.

WOMAN #1

It's a rocket. Fashioned from a bottle. It could be a coke bottle, a beer bottle, or any kind of bottle. One of those guava drinks, for example, the Mexican ones. The kids love those things nowadays. You see them everywhere.

WOMAN #2

I've never seen one.

WOMAN #1

Which? What?

WOMAN #2

The Mexican guava drink

WOMAN #1

Well, maybe your circle of association is very limited. I can't explain to you why you've never seen the things that you've never seen. That's not my job. That's within your purview.

WOMAN #2

Within my purview? Are we in federal court? Is this a deposition?

MAN

I've seen one. A bottle rocket.

(Beat)

And that Mexican guava drink too. It's actually quite good. I wouldn't go so far as to say refreshing. But, yes, definitely good.

WOMAN #2

Where the hell are you going that you're drinking Mexican guava drink?

MAN

Here and there. I don't make a habit of it, but I've done it. It's not a crime.

(To WOMAN #1)

Like you said, this isn't a deposition.

WOMAN #2

I'm just saying that you never mentioned it. And you'd think, if you were all *out there* drinking fruity drinks from exotic locales I'd at least hear about it. That's all. That's all I'm saying. Don't turn it into a capital case.

MAN

Again with the legalize. (*Beat*) I feel like I'm being roped into something.

WOMAN #2

Well, if you are I'm being roped in right along with you Mister.
(Indicating WOMAN #1)

And that one too.

WOMAN #1

(To WOMAN #2)

Speak for yourself.

WOMAN #2

Oh I do. I always do.

WOMAN #1

So should we all.

MAN

So say we all!

WOMAN #2

What is this, fucking *Masterpiece Theatre*?

WOMAN #1

You're thinking of *Battlestar Galactica*.

WOMAN #2

I think I would know if I was thinking of *Battlestar Galactica*. A show, which, by the way, I've never seen.

(Beat)

You know I hate science fiction.

WOMAN #1

No I didn't know that. Not that it really matters. But I was unaware.

MAN

(A mild explosion)

It's just a phrase, OK! Also, I happen to love science fiction, if anyone even gives a damn. How could we all have grown up in the same goddamn house and not know that

two out of three of us loves science fiction and the other one despises it. How is that even possible?

WOMAN #1

So say we all!

(Beat)

Actually, let me amend that statement. I don't *love* science fiction. I'm occasionally intrigued by it. But love is too strong a word.

WOMAN #2

Do you two freaks really use that phrase *that* often? How did I not know this? It's like the damn guava drink.

MAN

Not *often*.

WOMAN #2

My point exactly. So *I* say Masterpiece theatre.

WOMEN #1

You're simplifying.

WOMAN #2

Oh, I'm *simplifying....that's* what I was doing?

WOMEN #1

Real talk and masterpiece theatre talk? Those are our only choices? This is America I'll have you know.

WOMAN #1

Well, what about southern slang?

MAN

"Happier than a dead pig in the sunshine"

WOMAN #1

Midwest Slang

MAN

"Yeah, no. Fir sure, doncha know"

WOMAN #1

Philly slang

MAN

“Yo, grab me a cherry wooder ice.”

WOMAN #1

Urban Slang

MAN

“This Chipotle slaps!”

WOMAN #2

(To MAN)

I have no idea what that means.

MAN

I read Urban Dictionary.

WOMAN #2

No, you’re just a pathetic white person.

MAN

I think it’s fair to say that we are all pathetic white people.

WOMAN #1

So say we all!

WOMAN #2

If you two don’t stop I’ll come over there and show you how I slaps.

WOMAN #1

Threats will get us nowhere.

WOMAN #2

Actually, if you look at the long arc of history, threats are actually *quite* effective in getting *many* people to *many* “wheres”. Again,

(*Motioning towards private hospital room with her head*)

we all grew up in the same house.

WOMAN #1

So that’s the plan then? Threats, bullying, emotional king of the mountain every time someone opens their mouth. Is this how we’re going to handle this mess?

MAN

(*Confused. FOMO*)

Wait. Do we finally have a plan?

WOMAN #2

Don't get your hopes up, buddy. I think it's fair to say that we are probably the worst three people ever when it comes to plans.

(Again, motioning her head towards the direction of the hospital room.)

We learned from the best.

A long beat while they all allow this statement--the truth of it--to sink in.

MAN

I've never made a real decision in my life. I just let things happen to me.

Another long beat

WOMAN #1

Decisions terrify me. I don't want the responsibility. So I do nothing.

Another long beat.

WOMAN #2

I hate decisions. But I make them. I *make* them.

Another long beat

MAN

Wow

Another longer beat

I guess...I guess there really *is* all kinds of talk, eh?

Both WOMAN #1 and WOMAN #2 turn to him simultaneously and then simultaneously turn away. A beat.

WOMAN #2

Yeah, well, *that* slaps.

WOMAN #1

Agreed. It slaps...(beat)...but seriously, do we even know what that means?

MAN

Whether we know what it means or not, I think we can say that we all agree it slaps.

WOMAN #1

OK, we're agreed. So what are we gonna do?

WOMAN #2

Leave him on.

WOMAN #1

Or take him off.

MAN

Maybe we should ask him.

WOMAN #2

But he can't...

MAN

If we listen hard enough...

WOMAN #2

Do you really think...?

WOMAN #1

We might be able to hear. (*Beat*) Somehow.

MAN

I agree.

WOMAN #1

Agree with what?

MAN

That love is too strong a word.

They all pause for a moment, considering the possibilities but unable to move.

A beat

WOMAN #1 slowly returns to her trance state, as in the beginning. **MAN** returns to tapping his foot--with no discernible rhythm--to some invisible beat or song inside his head. **WOMAN #2** returns to examining her hands, carefully and with great intensity.

10.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY