

# **Little Love: A Journey through Space, Time and Love**

A ten-minute play by Hendrik Riemens.

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*Lights up on **Mary** and **Jerry**, who are frantically pacing back-and-forth in the middle of their living room.  
Something they find traumatic has clearly just taken place. They are centerstage right.*

**Mary:**

Oh Jerry, I'm worried.

**Jerry:**

I know Mary, I know. I'm worried too, believe it or not.

**Mary:**

He's just never behaved like this before. This is so unlike him.

**Jerry:**

What can I say Mary? We raised a strong boy. A rebel. A rolling-stone. He obeys no man and kneels to no creator.

**Mary:**

But to do something like this? Something so violent, so rash, so insensitive? I just, I can't believe it.

**Jerry:**

I'm sorry honey. And I'm even sorrier to tell you it'll probably happen again/

**Mary:**

OH NO! *(Nearly faints, but like, not at all. She's fine)* If he slams another door in this house I'll really faint!

**Jerry:**

Perhaps it'd be best if we give him some alone time.

**Mary:**

Or perhaps we should talk to him, show him that we're there for him and that we still love him.

**Jerry:**

Oh drop the act woman! It's not the end of the world for Christ's sake. Mary you gotta keep it together. We need to show a firm hand right now... Jesus H. Fuck, you really put the mother in smother, you know that—

***Jerry** gets interrupted as lights go out on Stage Right and immediately lights go up on Stage Left, where downstage, a lot closer to the audience than his parents, appears a young boy.*

**Ezekiel**

I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse my father. He's just one of those people. But, to his defense, so is my mother... hm... (*Begins to ponder which of his parents is actually weirder*) You know, I guess they're both pretty peculiar. Oh, wait, where are my manners, I'm so sorry, Hi! I'm Ezekiel, the 10 year old child of Jerry and Mary Cook. If you didn't quite understand what you just witnessed earlier, allow me to clarify: I just slammed a door on my parents for the first time. What you saw seconds ago was the inevitably-ugly aftermath. However, it's all their fault. You see, my family can be a very volatile combination when we're all together, thus we try to refrain from spending time together outside of daily meals, family reunions, etc. It's not as bad as it sounds, really. We're not a bad family, we don't dislike each other, not at all. We care about and love each other, really, but just... put us all in a room together and you may as well be trying to recreate scenes from the Potsdam Conference. (*Whispers*) For those of you that don't know what the Potsdam Conference is, it means Stalin, Truman and Churchill in the same room. (*Whispers a little lower*) For those of you that don't know who Stalin, Truman or Churchill are, please leave right now. So, as I was saying, I think this might be the moment where some background on the three dynamic Cooks might help give you a better understanding of the bigger picture. Let's begin with Mary Cook. (*Spotlight on **Mary Cook**, who is standing stage right. She's got a big smile on. Oh **Mary***) My Mom's quite simple: of the two, she loves me the most, for she always dreamt of having her first-born be a boy, something her school-mates used to make fun of for some reason. Growing up she really wanted to be a musician, and unlike most successful musicians, actually went to school for it. But, you know, once Jerry shagged her up and I came into the picture, it was time for dreams to become reality and my mom decided to give up music in order to raise me full time. As it happens, it was a very good decision, for I turned out to be quite the handful. On the flip side, one of my favorite childhood memories is me "bathing" in the kitchen sink as I watched my mom cooking while she sang Josephine Baker's "Don't Touch Me Tomato" (*In the background, **Mary Cook** begins to lightly but beautifully sing "Don't Touch Me Tomato" by Josephine Baker*). Next, there's Jerry Cook. The 8th of the eight Cook boys, my Dad's always felt like he's had to show (*Imitating **Jerry** earlier*) "a firm hand." Because of this he's got quirky rules behind what a man has to do to be respected, such as:

(*Spotlight on **Jerry Cook** who is standing next to **Mary Cook**, yet they are not conscious of each others' closeness. **Jerry** begins to demonstrate*)

**Jerry**

A respected man is he who takes a spoonful of vinegar like it's a glass of water.

A respected man is he who walks on rocks and other sharp and potentially-skin-cutting objects barefoot.

A respected man is he who depends on no jacket during the winter, for the cold is only felt by the weak.

In fact, a respected man is he who is never cold. That's simpler. Maybe I should just say that?

### **Ezekiel**

He's also not very smart, and only named me Ezekiel because he told his very religious in-laws that his favorite Bible passage was Ezekiel 25:17. Sadly enough, despite watching Pulp Fiction numerous times with subtitles, he still mis-spelled my name on my birth certificate, so I'm technically named "Ezikel."

Lastly, there's me, Ezekiel. I'm no genius, but I do have a photographic memory, which has meant that in my last 10 years of life I've jumped one grade level, making me the youngest member of my 6th grade class. I've won five Spelling-Bees at a national level. I speak three different languages, English, Spanish and French, which really comes in handy every time my dad tries to miseducate the rest of my already-uneducated family by lying and saying stuff like "Adieu" is "goodbye" in Spanish. But, most importantly, I remember perfectly every passing second of my life since I met my soulmate the first day of school in 6th grade Algebra, Georgina Duke (*Lights off on **Jerry and Mary Cook**, as the spotlight moves center stage wherein stands **Georgina Duke**, a pretty blonde girl, wearing a pretty dress. She's your typical Middle School crush. You can picture it yourself*). You see, despite all the great background information I've just given you on my myself and the two maniacs that have both birthed and raised me, the root of this story lies in Georgina Duke. Georgina was like no one I'd seen before in my life, she was angel-like (***Georgina Duke puts on a Halo***), and her hair flowed like a peaceful river (***Georgina** shakes her head, which moves her hair like a "peaceful river"*), and her voice was even prettier than my mom's (***Georgina** says "Hi"*).

### **Georgina**

Hi!

### **Ezekiel**

You see? Beautiful! And, as it turns out, Georgina is a visionary just like me, and when I confessed my undying love for her behind the school bleachers on the 2nd week anniversary of my having seen her angelic face in Algebra class, she said:

*(Lights up on centerstage, where **Georgina** and **Ezekiel** stand in front of bleachers. Ezekiel is on his knees holding a Ring-Pop)*

**Georgina:**

Oh my god Ezekiel, no man in my life has ever been as romantic as you. Who cares what others might think. I might be 11 years old and you might be 10. But you know what? To hell with society. Time is relative and age is just a number. Now give me that Ring-Pop you sly devil.

**Ezekiel:**

Georgina, as long as you're by my side, you will have as many Ring-Pops and Capri Sun juice packs as your little heart desires.

*(Lights back to **Ezekiel** on downstage left)*

So, since there was clearly nothing in our work lives that would interfere with our love for each other, and we were clearly prepared to take our relationship to the next level, Georgina and I decided to put our passion and longing for each other to the test:

**Ezekiel and Georgina:**

We shall wait until our four month anniversary to finally kiss each other.

**Ezekiel:**

To little surprise, our love-candle's light never dimmed or weakened. On the contrary, it only shined brighter and burnt slower as we got to know each other intellectually. For example, we found out that Georgina and I have a lot of the same hobbies, which in my eyes only made her more beautiful. These hobbies include *(As **Ezekiel** states the hobbies, the centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel** re-appear and they demonstrate what all the hobbies look like)*: astronomy, stamp collecting, cartography, playing the board game "Risk" competitively, playing the board game "Monopoly" recreationally, watching Youtube videos of Neil deGrasse Tyson, and last but not least, making fun of our parents.

*(Lights out on centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel**)*

Now, as the big day drew closer and closer, Georgina and I set certain ground rules and expectations to make the occasion picture perfect.

*(Lights back on centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel**)*

**Georgina:**

It must be in a private location

**Ezekiel:**

And an intimate one as well

**Georgina:**

There will be no touching of anything other than the face

**Ezekiel:**

And for sanitation reasons must not last longer than 22 minutes. Agreed?

**Georgina:**

Agreed

**Ezekiel:**

Are your parents out of town that day?

**Georgina:**

No. Yours?

**Ezekiel:**

No. Nevertheless, my parents go to the supermarket every Wednesday from 3 to 4:30. I could just tell them I'll take the bus home

**Georgina:**

And we go to your house

**Ezekiel:**

Together

**Georgina:**

And we kiss there

**Ezekiel:**

Yes

**Georgina:**

Yes

**Ezekiel:**

Are you comfortable with that?

**Georgina:**

Yes. Are you?

**Ezekiel:**

Yes.

**Georgina:**

Agreed then. Your house from 3 to 4:30.

*(Back to stage left **Ezekiel**)*

So, as I told you a while back, the mental breakdown my parents were having at the beginning of our journey through space, time and love, was all their fault, for moments before Georgina and I were about to taste each other's sweet sweet angelic lips, I heard two dreaded calls:

*(Lights up on centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel**, in **Ezekiel's** bedroom, about to kiss. And, lights up on stage right **Mary** and **Jerry**.)*

**Mary:**

Ezekiel, baby, is that you?

**Jerry:**

E-Z, boy are you home?

**Georgina:**

Are those your parents?

**Ezekiel:**

I swear Georgina, they weren't meant to be home.

**Georgina:**

We agreed on privacy and intimacy Ezekiel.

**Ezekiel:**

Worry not my Princess. I'll take care of this. *(Centerstage **Ezekiel** exits his bedroom to face his parents)* Mother and Father, I asked that I not be disturbed till the latest hour of supper for I've gotten my first ever A- today in school. Please, keep your adult shenanigans to the minimum as I'm in dire need of peace and tranquility. That'll be all. Thank you and goodbye *(Centerstage **Ezekiel** goes back into his room and promptly slams the door shut. Instead of checking up on him, they begin to have the dialogue sequence from the beginning of the play. His plan worked. Lights back on stage right **Ezekiel**).*

You see, if Jerry and Mary had just been in the supermarket like they were supposed to, I would have never had to slam my bedroom door on them or even lied to them—I obviously didn't get an A- on anything, I mean, cmon. But hey, sometimes you gotta risk it *(Lights back on centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel**), to get the biscuit (Centerstage **Georgina** and **Ezekiel** kiss. As previously agreed, only touching each other's faces).*

The End.