

Bryson, a sentimental man in his late-30s

From the play **Love's Lumberings Remembered**, a Drama.

BRYSON: (*softly*) You know when you got me? It was when you and I were leaving the table, and we looked at the leftover piece and a half of pizza and both felt guilty that we weren't getting it to-go for the starving children in Africa, that we were leaving that many mushrooms and that much cheese. That's when you got me... at the bar, you brushed your knee up against mine and let it sit there. I could feel your pulse. Your energy. You touched me, and brought our faces close together, whispering words that were meant just for me. More than once. I mean... I've read that those are signs. Signals that you are sending me. I know this. Empirically, I know this. I just couldn't. Instead, I turned into Frankenstein's Romantic, lurching around and causing havoc. I know I remember getting us lost on the way there, but please tell me that smashing your glass into your teeth is just my memory embellishing things? Did I really spill whatever that lovely liqueur was all over you, accidentally grab your breast on the dance floor, karaoke Elvis Costello? Could I possibly be a bigger dork? No. I am the king. Of course I fell in love with you: We talked about believing in the paranormal without being embarrassed. Exchanged childhood stories, and war stories with knives and danger and ghost grandmothers hurling us from cars. Okay, that was just your story, but it was a pretty great story. And I couldn't pick up the phone, it weighed ten thousand pounds. (*pause*) And the weight I've been carrying for fourteen months has only gotten heavier by the day.