

# Passerine

(Playlet)

by

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Characters

Poet: Man (Identifying)

Thinker: Woman (Identifying)

Place: Small apartment.

Time: the present, Dusk.

Setting: A dark and dusty room in a run down old and dated apartment. There is only one window in the back center of the room, toward back stage right, letting the dusty purple light of dusk ripple in. There is a desk stage left and a messy bookshelf, stage right.

At Rise: Poet is at his desk, staring at the wall in front of him. Thinker is staring at him.

Thinker is studying him...

**Thinker:** What are you doing?

**Poet:** I am thinking.

**Thinker:** That's my job, your job is to write.

**Poet:** Will you let me be?

**Thinker:** Well you said you were going to write today...and -

**Poet:** Stop it. You're making my blood rise.

**Thinker:** Fine! Then *I'll* write, I'll write right now, so we can leave this dump! (*She grabs a pen and scrambles around the books on the floor looking for a paper*)

**Poet:** I didn't become a poet for that reason...(*He gets up violently*) I didn't sacrifice everything I've ever lived for, for that! For that ugly, inhumane commodity...what have I become?

**Thinker:** A poet.

**Poet:** You only say that to make me feel better. Perhaps it's only your thoughts you are thinking...perhaps no one on this here earth thinks the same.

**Thinker:** They can go to hell.

**Poet:** Let me think.

**Thinker:** No. You must write.

**Poet:** (*walks restlessly around the room*) I can't breathe in here, this murky room, all these books, what are we doing with all these books?

**Thinker:** Leave my books alone! Why are you always getting involved in my things, your job is to write.

**Poet:** Ha! To write! I don't believe you, what if you are wrong?

**Thinker:** A thinker is never wrong, I can see you from here but you can't see yourself...here, let me bring you a mirror...*(she brings him a mirror from the corner of the room)*

**Poet:** No, leave it, I'd rather not.

**Thinker:** Open the curtain, let me bring you the moon.

**Poet:** I've seen the moon before, I'm looking for something new...

**Thinker:** Something I'll never see?

**Poet:** You'll see it.

**Thinker:** I never do, I don't have time. But I'll make time if you won't. If you wait another moment, I'll punch your virile head.

**Poet:** I'll throw you out the window if you punch my head.

**Thinker:** And what will you do without me?

**Poet:** Nothing I suppose. I'll do nothing. Not a damn thing....listen YOU! DO YOU HEAR THAT? I'LL DO NOTHING.

**Thinker:** You exhaust me, I've been left exhausted for so many years, we need to leave this dump. We can't live here forever...I'm losing my hearing...

**Poet:** You're what?

**Thinker:** My hearing, I'm losing my hearing.

**Poet:** You're mad, you're talking madness, you can't be losing your hearing.

**Thinker:** Yes I'm losing everything, I'm becoming lost...I might even be dying.

**Poet:** Come here. *(he sits next to her and takes her closer to him)*  
Look at me, here, do you feel this? My heart, do you know that melody? That's our air. You'll never die. Poets are immortal.

**Thinker:** I'm not a poet.

**Poet:** You're not a poet, you're an artist. You have wings that'll be set free and you'll move the world...

**Thinker:** I'd like that. I'd like to move the world. I wonder how that'll feel?

**Poet:** I wouldn't know.

**Thinker:** That's a shame, that's a real shame...that's a real shame...to not feel.

**Poet:** I didn't say I wouldn't feel. I'm not a thinker...I would feel but I wouldn't know...I'm lost.

**Thinker:** Lost in thought?

**Poet:** You're right. I might write, we need to leave. We need to go somewhere far, far from here.

*(he takes a good look at her)*

You look like a passerine...a lost and common passerine.

**Thinker:** I wasn't born a passerine.

**Poet:** Of course you weren't.

**Thinker:** But I'll end up like one.

**Poet:** Of course you will.

**Thinker:** Not a lost one.

**Poet:** Of course you won't.

**Thinker:** You need to write. We need to leave this dump.

**Poet:** I want to live. Poets don't like to write. Poets like to live.

**Thinker:** To live, to live...I could think of a million ways in how we could live, if only you'd write.

**Poet:** And one thing I know, *PASSERINE*, is that Poets don't write for money.

**Thinker:** (*she violently leaps up*) Who said that you were writing for money?

*The Poet resorts to his desk, he looks at Thinker and speaks in verse.*

**Poet:** Passerine, Passerine, so beautifully serene, such a gift, such a toil, my life, my life, my Passerine....so gifted, so true, my little artist, through and through, Passerine. When the oceans meet, between - rise up your wings - above the sea, above them all, you of all colors, too bright for the earth to see, you of all colors, too far, too far for us to ever see...never forgotten, my Passerine. *Lights Fade*

**THE END**