

# ***Act of Pure Love***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

NICKI :

20's

SAUL :

20's

Place

Backyard

Time

Day

2.

Setting: The play takes place out in the backyard of Nicki's family home. It's a rugged yard. The grass hasn't been cut or cared for. There are dirt spots and mounds scattered about. Some old rusty three wheeler bikes from when Nicki was a kid that have been left out for years. There's a small rusty shed further upstage left. Old buckets of rusted paint and paint brushes scattered near the house where work may have been started but abandoned. An old black and rusty barbeque that never gets cleaned, sits on stage.

At Rise: The play opens with Saul entering the yard and going up to the backdoor knocking. Nicki opens the door.

NICKI: What do you want?

SAUL: Hi.

NICKI: Asshole, what are you doing here?

SAUL: I come in peace.

NICKI: I'm in the middle of a movie.

SAUL: Which movie?

NICKI: Red River...what happened to your hand?

SAUL: It's one of the reasons why I came to talk to you.

NICKI: My Grandmother's napping.

SAUL: Okay.

NICKI: She wakes up to find you here, all hell will break loose.

SAUL: I won't be long.

NICKI: She plans on killing you. Took out her shotgun and everything.

SAUL: Are you serious?

NICKI: Yep.

SAUL: Are you trying to dissuade her?

NICKI: Not really.

SAUL: Should I just go then?

NICKI: Asshole, what happened to your hand?

SAUL: I want you back.

NICKI: No.

SAUL: Nicki, we love each other.

NICKI: Love is a cheap word.

SAUL: But we really do.

NICKI: So, what?

SAUL: We have plans, major plans.

NICKI: Plans change, Saul.

SAUL: They can't.

NICKI: They just did.

SAUL: It's been weeks.

NICKI: (*sarcastic laugh*)

SAUL: Don't laugh so loud.

NICKI: Afraid my Grandma will blow your head off?

SAUL: I'm willing to die for you.

NICKI (*calling*): Grandma?

SAUL: Shh! Don't wake her!

NICKI: More lies!

SAUL: If she got up on her own accord, I'd face down the barrel.

NICKI: Sure you would.

SAUL: I have proof.

NICKI: Oh, yeah?

SAUL: I did something to prove my 'everything' to you.

NICKI: ...

SAUL: I was mean; I was horrible to you and I thought long and hard about what I could do to make it up to you. It had to be something internal, right? All the externals didn't seem relevant to me anymore, not for me...therefore, I took the liberty of cutting off my pinkie.

Wait, Nicki, before you scream, I want you to know first and foremost that this is an act of pure love, right? It became the only act thinkable that I could take that could ever come remotely close to feeling better about how I mistreated you...so, (*hands Nicki a small box wrapped in a bow*) there it is. A token I've had gold plated, it's yours, it was once mine but now it is yours for what I've done and I hope, I truly hope that you can forgive me and love me and we can have a little baby together, like you've always dreamed because I know that's what you've always wanted and I see now, truly, that there isn't a damn thing I wouldn't ever do for the woman I love.

Okay, sweetheart? You want to have a baby, LET'S have a baby. Let's make loads of babies. We can pop them out two or three at a clip.

SAUL (cont'd): That will suit me just fine. I know twins run in your family so, I'm game.

Look, we both come from absolutely insane, crazy families, but who cares? When two people are in love, what's to stop them from adding to the parade? For all we know we can have a child who has a two-hundred IQ, a total genius. So, why the heck not?

And, one more thing..if I ever, ever, ever cross the line with you again, I will cut off my other pinkie and keep going until there is nothing left and believe me, I want to stick around, especially if we have kids, yeah, so I am pretty darn sure that my pinkie is as far as I will go, for sure...so, what do you say? Can we move forward now?

NICKI: Is that why your hand is bandaged up?

SAUL: Yeah.

NICKI: And how did you go about cutting off your pinkie, Saul?

SAUL: I placed it on the cutting board and chopped it with our large kitchen knife. It actually didn't hurt at all. I had a bucket of ice beside me and I numbed my hand first, chopped it and then burned the pinkie end at the stove, dipped it back into the ice bucket and screamed for five minutes, fainted, right on the kitchen floor and woke up a little sore but nothing too serious. Fucking fine.

NICKI: Gold plated?

SAUL: Yes. You can wear it around your neck as a necklace. You can always carry a piece of me with you now for real.

NICKI: You didn't have to go through all this trouble.

SAUL: But you see, I did. *(beat)* Does this change things?

NICKI: Not sure.

SAUL: No?

NICKI: I mean, you've disfigured yourself.

SAUL: I know it.

NICKI: The man I loved was whole.

SAUL: You don't see my point. Giving you a piece of me makes me whole, it's a constant reminder of who I shouldn't be.

NICKI: I don't want kids.

SAUL: You don't?

NICKI: I fucking hate kids. They destroy our lives.

SAUL: But, but you've always...I don't understand.

NICKI: I've realized that I'm in love with other people's kids because I can leave at a second's notice. Not ever have to worry a damn. But with my own child, it's day and night...forever. I don't think that's something I can handle. I like my freedom, I want my freedom, I need my freedom. Freedom to come and go as I desire without having to answer to anyone. To go anywhere in the world for however long I see fit. That's why I hate pets and I hate plants. It's not that I hate them...hate is a strong word actually..it's that I dislike the time restriction those things give.

SAUL: And plants?

NICKI: Especially plants. They just sit there and stare at you all day and you feel guilty for not speaking to it and not sure if and when you should and never sure if when to water the plant and if it's too close to the window or not and if it goes with the design of the room and the furniture and everything and I JUST CAN'T DEAL WITH ALL THAT BULLSHIT ANYMORE!!!

*(pause.)*

SAUL: Fuck plants.

NICKI: And I do HATE them. FUCK IT.

SAUL: You wanna go for a walk with me?

NICKI: No.

SAUL: No?

*Nicki sits on the steps.*

NICKI: It's a nice night.

SAUL: Sure is.

NICKI: I was five years old all over again. Even tried to ride that rusty three wheeler over there.

SAUL: Did you?

NICKI: Fell on my face. My ass is too big for it.

SAUL: I like your ass.

NICKI: My ass needs a motorbike and I'm going to go speeding down a straight road heading directly for a ramp and I'm going to fly through the sky forever.

SAUL: Forever's a long time Nicki.

NICKI: You expect me to cut off my pinkie?

SAUL: Never.

NICKI: Cause I won't. Not for you, not for anything or anyone.

SAUL: I understand.

NICKI: That was your choice, not mine.

SAUL: Some people get tattoos. I wanted to try something different.

NICKI: That's what I like about you.

SAUL: You saying you like me again?

NICKI: Maybe.

SAUL: I'll take what I can get.

NICKI: Still a far way from love though.

SAUL: I don't mind.

NICKI: Good.

SAUL: I'll wait for as long as forever goes.

NICKI: I didn't say forever.

*Saul kisses Nicki.*

SAUL: Come back home.

NICKI: *(nods)*

SAUL: Tonight.

NICKI: *(nods)*

SAUL: I want to make love to you.

*They kiss.*

*Nicki breaks the kiss and gets up.*

*She enters the house.*

*Saul watches her from outside and  
turns to look at the yard.*

END OF PLAY