

Love Letters

by

Michael Bettencourt

67 Highwood Terrace #2, Weehawken NJ 07086

201-770-0550 • 347-564-9998 • michaelbettencourt@outlook.com

<http://www.m-bettencourt.com>

Copyright © by Michael Bettencourt

Offered under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike License

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/>

DESCRIPTION

When Dale finds, in the attic, a bundle of love letters addressed to her but unsent by her husband Roger, her feelings for him are revived. Roger has a different reaction.

CHARACTERS

- Dale
- Roger

SETTING

- The attic of a house

* * * * *

An attic. DALE, a woman, is going through stuff in the attic. Eventually she comes to a trunk and opens it. She rummages through and pulls out a packet wrapped in paper and tied with string. She sits and then unties the string and begins to leaf through the pages.

DALE

What are these?

She leafs through several sheets of paper.

DALE

None of them are dated.

She selects one and reads it for a moment, then reads it out loud.

DALE

“Dale. You didn’t know it, but I saw you today as you crossed the street. It is always wonderful seeing you, rich and luminous. It is difficult, sitting here in this drab room, to feel this closeness to you and not be able to share it, completely. It makes it hard to breathe, to think, to connect with the daily functioning of life. And all this from just seeing you cross the street.”

She unfolds another one from the pack.

DALE

“My dearest Dale. I almost declared to you today. Declared what? What beats in my heart, reaches down to the core of my bones—that I love you, that I want nothing more, and nothing less, than for us to be united in every way possible.”

DALE lets her hands drop into her lap, and she gazes off into the distance, her face with a look of wonderment on it. Suddenly, to break the moment, ROGER’s voice shouts to her.

ROGER

Dale! Dale! Where are you?

DALE

I’m up here, in the attic.

ROGER enters.

ROGER

There you are. I guess you didn’t hear the phone ring. It’s Margie. Something about the support group meeting tonight.

DALE

Right, right.

ROGER

Well, aren’t you going to get it?

DALE

Yes, yes, I will.

ROGER

What’s the matter?

DALE

What are these?

ROGER

Well. I didn't know these were still here.

DALE

What are they?

ROGER

They're letters I never sent you. When we first met. I wrote them to express my feelings, but I didn't think I could send them to you because, well, just because. I didn't realize we'd been lugging them around all these years.

DALE

Oh, they are so beautiful, Roger. It's such a gift to get them after all this time, to know that you cared so much. That you still care.

ROGER

Of course I still care.

She gets up and gives him a big hug.

DALE

Thank you.

ROGER

The phone?

DALE

Oh my god, I've left Margie hanging. She'll never forgive me.

She bustles out of the attic, a smile still wreathing her face.

ROGER stands there with the packet of letters in his hand. He goes to put them back in the trunk, then thinks twice about it and keeps them.

ROGER

Man, was it a lucky thing that he had the same name!

ROGER exits.