

"Crush Everlasting"

By, Dave Ulrich

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*CODY speaks very fast, pausing only for things to land.*

CODY

I met this girl. First things, first. You know. I'm at the post office. Standing in line. Quick assessment. Scan the room. There. Ass. Nice ass. Very, very nice ass. That's it. Big deal. And turn. Profile. Good. Very good. And I start trying to see the rest. Slight moves, angles, will power: "Turn around. Turn around. Turn around." Subliminal. And at last. The turn. Brief, but telling, and... Oh my god. Bah boom, bah boom. Oh my god. That... I could look into those eyes endlessly. I'm certain. Immediately, I'm certain. I want to know what's in there. I want to learn from her. I want to teach her. I want to share, to know. Oh - my - god.

*(walks forward)*

Here's the crazy thing. Here's the thing that doesn't happen. She looks, take me in, and she smiles. That doesn't happen. That doesn't happen with... or when... you know, I want --

*(groans and stretches his arms out)*

The crush. Ah, the crush. You know the crush. The blood quickens and thins. The heat enveloping the head from the temples. Short breaths, ears tingling, throat tightens, limbs limp, feet numb, and balance suddenly conscious. Instant crush. This woman -- this -- woman... is all the more remarkable to me because I don't begin with hurdles, I don't just beg for her eyes, her attention -- she gave them. She gave to me. Just gave them. Who does that? Who does that, that looks like her? To a guy like me? Who?

*(dances a happy little number upstage)*

When you're crushing on the world pops. So alive. So electric. So crisp. Everything. Inspiration flies forth, motivation springs to attention. You gesture, you make your point with force and confidence. When telling tales your voice lowers and booms as would send Charlton Heston cowering into the corner from awe of your command. Things rhyme! -- right there, in your head! Colors are richer, you're more patient, forgiving, and you love -- love... suddenly. And you don't want to lose it. Yet, you have to. You have to, to function. It's too much. Too strong. Too overwhelming to stay there. So hot the flame. You need... Orgasm. You have to.

*(shrugs his shoulders)*

So how could I not? I had to try. And she was good. Handled it so well. Made me very comfortable with the very uncomfortable thing I was doing.

*(he comes forward again)*

I had it once. One time. With a girl where it didn't go. Go away. From the first meeting, to last time I saw her so many years ago. I was crushing. Every moment for the six months we were together. My crush, everlasting.

*(pause)*

I'm over the girl. I'm not over the idea. The idea of a crush everlasting. The idea that I can be just as tingly and charged in my decrepit body on my deathbed, as I was the moment I met her. And so I keep looking for that again. Forever in search of that crush everlasting she gave me -- and left with me. I love her for what she showed me, what she taught me I could feel. But I curse her for making it impossible to take less. To accept less. Maybe I was young and dumb. Maybe it's unrealistic. But I've settled since. I've tried. And I can't do that anymore. So I - just - pray. I pray it's possible. That someone, that one of you is squeezing the hand of someone else right now - a little tighter - and thinking, "Yes. I know. I know what you're talking about."

THE END