



ATTACHMENT

BY

Lauren D'Errico

WHY I LIKE IT: *Drama Editor EZRA NEIGHBORS writes...*

In my studies as an actor, I was always fascinated by the concept of “theater”. What the heck is it, how is it defined, can it even be defined, and what makes it good?

I’m still learning the answers to all of those questions, and fear I may never fully grasp them. They are intangible ideas lingering and shape-shifting with each new generation.

*In my learning of these answers, I’ve stumbled upon the workings of the late director, Peter Brook. It was his works *The Empty Space* and *The Open Door* that shattered my little nutshell brains conception of what theatre is and could be; all it takes is a space, a performer, and an audience. Using the simple parameters Peter Brook set forth, the simple act of watching a passerby in an airport becomes an act of theatre.*

What Lauren D'Errico delivers is an exciting physical piece that brings the poetic longing of two persons together. This dance between movement and language is captivating. It taps into the universality of the human experience, and what more could we hope for in a dramatic piece?

Attachment

Characters:

1

2

Setting:

The empty stage

1 and 2 walk onto the empty stage from opposite ends of the space. They are in different worlds — and then they see each other for the first time.

They both utter almost imperceptible gasps. They approach one another slowly...

BOTH:
Hello—

1:
I—

2:
I love you

They reach one another and shake hands. A shift. Without letting go, they EXPLODE.

In the aftermath, their handshake transforms into a tentative hand-hold.

1:
I— love you
You, familiar, you walking like I've known you — your walk, forever
Spent all of till now chasing your footprints
I love the spot where you step —
what you leave behind, an aura in the shape of

2:
You
I love you, fully formed
There, the you *you* are, have spent till now becoming
the infinite stretched out in front of you, reaching
You — the thread you choose to step through —
wherever you're going, I'm going to

They interlace their fingers and lead each other by the hand — the walk at the end of their first date.

1:

You — love you so much I want to have been in your second grade class

2:

Turn down the bed for you, be the blanket and be the pillow — I am where you fall, weary

1:

Hold your trash from breakfast — be the container, be the tangerine you peeled open, stick your thumbs into my soft spots

2:

Be the service station wherever you hit empty, wherever, and the gas from the nozzle — forget me for a moment and let me spill over, an eventual ignite

Still holding hands, they hold onto each other's arms too as they run through a rainstorm, many dates into their relationship.

1:

I love

2:

you

1:

You, curious, collected, poise —

2:

Perfect, you

1:

Never have I ever —

2:

Always will I— you

1:
Love — you

2:
So much — you

*Time passes. More comfortable with one another,
they stroke each other as they hold hands. Intimate.*

BOTH:
You!

1:
I love you!

2:
I love you!

1:
I — so much

2:
So much that I am you

1:
So much that I think am you

*2 is holding on tightly to 1's hand but 1 is holding
back loosely, limply, like for a moment 1 doesn't
particularly want to.*

2:
I see the world through you

1:
To — breath the world through you

2:

Have your face on my breath on yours

They are suddenly in a marriage pose: at their wedding, they hold both of each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes, maybe weeping?

2:

Think *as you* as you plan — how you *you*, how you spend your day — love you so much I have to feel your certainty so clearly — have to

1:

So much that maybe I was your memories, part of your formative years passed in the rear-view, on the periphery of backyard birthdays and roller rinks — was always there? — and maybe you never knew but —

And then they swiftly break out of the wedding pose. Still holding hands, 2 tries to lead 1 to one side of the stage. 1 won't go.

2:

I always knew but —

1:

I never knew — or you —

2 tries again, and 1 falters but won't go.

2:

You knew? Never?

1:

No?

2:

Yes?

2 tries harder — it graduates from cajoling to pulling hard quickly. 1 tries to hold their ground.

1:

I love you?

2:

I love you — I know you, so much —

2 yanks again. Their hands are forced apart. 2 lurches forward and 1 falls to the ground.

There is the opposite of the EXPLOSION between them. The spell is now broken.

1:

I should —

2:

You shouldn't —

1:

I don't —

2 reaches for 1, who recoils.

2:

So much that I'm sewn into your future — I'm inseparable, inevitable

1:

So much...

They reverse backwards to their previous pose. (2 pulling, 1 standing still)

2:

I know you so much that I am your goals, pick them apart from the crowd

1:

There you are...

2:

So much that I know the real you — the right you — like the imperfection you thought was malicious at fifteen —

1:

There you are —

2:

I know the only you, the real you — there you are!

1:

Must mean something —

2:

I love you so much it has to cut through

Reverse into stroking each other's faces —

1:

I think — I do — it must mean something

2:

Has to amount to something

Must be the sum of something

Reverse into running through the rain —

1:

I think I love you so much that it

2:

Has to, has to!

Reverse into fingers interlocked —

1:
The real you —

2:
So much you —

1:
No not you — Not — I know I can find it — say it —

Reverse into shaking hands —

2:
You — everything else, distraction, lens flair blurred over your likeness

1:
I love you enough that I know — I don't know, I always was — never started?

*They move backward, a very slow reset back to
opposite ends of the stage.*

2:
I love you, so I'm the only one who can find you

1:
I — you — much

2:
The only one who knows your shallow breath, full of hesitation

1:
Losing the sound of your voice —

2:
Before you even part your lips to inhale —

1:

I can remember the hearing but not the sound —

2:

I'm the only one who can love you this much

1:

I — much —

2:

With kinetic energy

1:

I — just a marble-shape of nerves

2:

With dormant vigor

1:

Just taking a new form

2:

With burnt red-hot

1:

I've never felt this

2:

So much that I'd just — would make me —

1:

You —

2:

More than anyone could ever, more than I ever thought I could — *You*

1:
You —

*A shift — the explosion has truly fizzled out now.
They see each other, both aware of what has shifted
between them.*

BOTH:
Hello —

2:
I do. Do you? I do.

1:
I — I want to know myself.

*A long pause. 1 thinks about it. For a while, until 2
is not just waiting for them to think, but is also
thinking too.*

2:
I — I...

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS: *In the formulation of this play, I was interested in exploring a kind of love that feels all-consuming and how that codependence could be portrayed using heightened language. I challenged myself to represent with the pacing and cadence of words and the physical body a relationship that is so intertwined that the people in it want to be everything for each other — they want to be so close that they can be the other person, see the world through their eyes. To me, the idea of the “we’re just like the same person” dynamic in any kind of relationship where there is a lot of love feels so complex, so fraught, so charged. I wanted to explore the myriad ways that this kind of love can feel like being understood and being ignored, the ways that one can be seen and looked through for the sake within and outside of relationships with this intensity. I’m incredibly inspired by Caryl Churchill and Jenny Schwartz, as well as most media where inanimate objects are able to talk.*

AUTHOR BIO: Lauren D’Errico is a playwright, librettist, screenwriter, and aspiring DJ. Her work has been seen and developed in New York (Experiments In Opera, BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theater Workshop, First Kiss Theatre, The Bechdel Group, Cut Edge Collective, The Tank, Nora’s Playhouse), Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Opera, Bricolage Production Company), North Carolina (Charlotte New Music Festival), and online (Athena Film Festival, Strange Trace, La Jolla Playhouse, Blindspot Collective, Playdate Theatre, DeFrente Productions). She writes about failed communication, the magic of the mundane, and inanimate objects that can talk. BA: SUNY Purchase College (2016). MFA: Carnegie Mellon University (2019).