

# Love Bomb

by  
David Kemp

**Contact:** David Kemp  
27/17 Queens Road  
Melbourne  
VIC 3004  
Australia  
Phone: +61 3 9866 1575  
Mobile: +61 408 070 327  
email: [cthonic@bigpond.com](mailto:cthonic@bigpond.com)

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# Love Bomb

## Cast:

A MAN

A WOMAN

These are two people who have lived together for a long time, probably 10 years or more, so they are of an age that we can see something of this weight of time/history in them. Their home also has this sense of time and shared history about it, but is a mixture of shared and private spaces, the private spaces being represented here by each character's room which have personal objects in them, not unusual for people who have been living together for a decade.

## Setting:

The play is a series of scenes, each separated by the sound of a bomb exploding, that take place in four spaces of their home: the livingroom, the MAN's room, the WOMAN's room, and the hallway where the front (exit) door is located. Sometimes the characters are in the same space or in separate spaces (as indicated in the directions) but they are able to speak and listen to each other at all times, so their speech is always a dialogue, even though some sections of it may appear to be soliloquy or narrative: in these sections they are telling each other stories. Similarly, when they are speaking in the third person they are speaking of themselves or each other.

## Time:

The time is the present, though it's worth noting that their conversation may happen within a 15 minute period one evening, or may occur over a period spanning years, the scenes separated by big lapses of time.

# Love Bomb

*A livingroom in a house, a room full of books, a shared space. MAN and WOMAN are present. She is packing books into a box, she is leaving.*

WOMAN: Leave it blank to mark this space for us to enter, so we can come in and start this, so we can mark ourselves and be marked and see the marks.

MAN: For we must be seen to be torn and desolated, rent, opened up, bits missing, sections erased where there was once a face, an arm, a chest, a cheek, a wish a taste a hunger, a quiet hunger, so quiet, gone now.

WOMAN: Mark this place, and let it be known that a bomb has hit it, that it was our choice to mark our coming into the world in this way, that this was to be the form proper to us, the form that He has chosen.

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance.*

WOMAN: I have a question. What pleases you?

MAN: What pleases me?

WOMAN: What satisfies you? I've never known.

MAN: I've never known.

WOMAN: What makes your skin tingle? Your heart thump? Your cock hard? What moves you? What are you hiding from?

MAN: Something. I don't understand why I'm so angry, more than I knew. There's something I want to say.

WOMAN: So say it. We're waiting.

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance.*

MAN: I ...

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance.*

MAN: Ah...

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance.*

WOMAN: This is why I chose to be –

MAN: alone.

WOMAN: You complete my sentences.

MAN: What do you see in me?

WOMAN: Broken pieces of a house.

MAN: I hear the sound of jets making lines over me, over you.

WOMAN: You're walking away again. It's in your voice, you're making absence.

MAN: I need to go. I'm making a wasteland.

WOMAN: A no man's land. The emptiness between two views.

MAN: Each night I dream of men and women having sex.

WOMAN: Who are they?

MAN: Their conversation moves in concentric shock waves from the drugs masturbation chatrooms  
porn onscreen images

WOMAN: loneliness

MAN: prostitutes nightclubs

WOMAN: beats carseats

MAN: pickpockets

WOMAN: alcohol cigarettes

MAN: fantasies secrets shame fear of ...

WOMAN: of?

MAN: Their conversation moves in concentric shock waves from the ...

WOMAN: That blank space there.

MAN: Flashes white out soundless in that hiroshima blast. Let her start again.

WOMAN: What do you want me to do?

MAN: Nothing. You were away a long time. What did you see?

WOMAN: I saw the place my father was from. Rows of bombed apartment buildings. Facades with massive cracks, propped up with steel buttresses to keep them from falling. And amongst the rubble, people going about the daily routine of their lives. A block where half the building had been blown away and the other half was left, showing the inside of the flats, the edges

of the walls and floor torn, reinforcement sticking out. Daylight glaring into rooms that had been private, showing wallpaper, pictures on the walls, a couch, the carpet, toys on the floor, books on a table. And this light rendering each object into such a sharp picture of itself, still part of someone's life, but with half the room and its contents gone.

MAN: That's someone else's past speaking to you.

WOMAN: And if I chose to answer?

MAN: I guess you'd have a mission.

WOMAN: And when all the world is laid waste, you will be ready for me?

MAN: I wasn't serious when I said that. I just wanted to explain something.

WOMAN: You shouldn't speak in metaphors. I believed you. I discovered that what you said was literally true. The world actually is breaking up and the fragments shifting apart and moving off into space.

MAN: Don't go.

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance. She opens and reads from a book:*

WOMAN: The shock wave comes from the centre, one particle moves from the nucleus forcing another to move from the radii, affecting the nucleus of the next atom which then forces a shift in its radii and so on. And with each shift, each disruption of the nucleus there is an outpouring of energy that multiplies over and over, outwards from the centre. Concentric shock waves from it, from the ...

MAN: And thus their conversation: can we stop now? can we go now? can we make it stop?

WOMAN: So start again. Now.

MAN: I saw her then at the door walking away from me. I never called though I thought of doing so. What do you want from me now? she asks me, so I look to the sky and wait for an answer in me. It's always in me I look but maybe it's further away from here than I think. I wait for her to tell me what to do but she says nothing again. I look to her to see what I see, what I need to see and hope that it will be what I need to get us both out of here, but it's not happening, not this way tonight. But I don't think it was ever going to work this way tonight. So I ask her now, just look at her and ask: what do you see in me?

WOMAN: An empty bowl that I can look into and see my face reflected in the glaze at the bottom.

MAN: Is that enough for you?

WOMAN: I think sometimes I want to put my hand in and touch the bottom, feel the texture, crack it with a sharp blow, but mostly I just look.

MAN: I hear you at night, breathing, the sound racing over me, sawcut in the air over me at night in the bed. I want to leave then, but I stay.

WOMAN: You're a broken wall. I see the cracks in your face, lines from above the eyebrow working their way down your cheek over the top lip and cracking through your chin. There are holes in your chest that I see the sky through, shingles of skin leaving your arms as I look.

MAN: Your breasts fall away to show bleached ribs, broken teeth in your face, a cracked eyeball with the gel running down your face, twisted toes and dry paper flakes of dead skin.

WOMAN: Bones busting through your thighs and arms, a hollow in your chest, half a heart, torn lungs flapping like tattered flags.

MAN: Hair faded and wispy, patches of powdery scalp, yellowed fingernails cracked, swollen joints.

WOMAN: Eyes staring out from a shattered facade.

MAN: Can we go now?

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance. She moves to her room, a separate space, and begins to pack a case. He moves to his room, also a separate space.*

WOMAN: I have a gift, a box that shimmers, a jewelbox. Full of the glitters the twinkles the little sparks the shimmering the ice crystals the disillusion.

MAN: And when she opens the box and the music tinkles, a tiny dancer twirls reflected tripartite in the mirrors and she knows she doesn't love him, that there never was a possibility of them touching, that how she saw his face was just an illusion, what she wanted to see. He didn't exist.

WOMAN: When the light falls it will be night and the man will come to our door. He will knock twice and I will wait for Father to open the door. He'll know the man and ask him in. He'll enter bowing his head like he's too tall and his head may bump on the ceiling, but it will also look like he's shy or respectful of us and our home. He'll come into the lounge room and sit down on the couch where my mother has gestured for him to do so. He'll lean, sitting forward, nervous maybe, and take something wrapped in a handkerchief out of his right coat pocket. He will unwrap it slowly like there's something fragile in it, looking all the while with great concentration, his hands moving with a regular precision, unfolding the checked cloth. One by one he'll uncover three large bullets which he'll place in a row on the coffee table in front of him, the flat butt ends down, the points aiming upwards at the ceiling. Then he'll fold the empty handkerchief with the same regular movements of his hands and put it back into his pocket. My mother will bring him tea and we'll sit together drinking it, as he and my father talk, serious talk about work, money, roads being closed, government, the weather. When the talk is over he will stand and nod to each of us in turn, then look to my father who will say nothing but nod like he knows what the man is thinking and the answer is: yes, now, everything is ready. The man will turn and walk out of the room, my father following and we'll hear the front door open, a slight murmur from each of them goodbye, then the sound of the door close.

MAN: Love gave me the power to see your face rent with the scars and fissures of our inability.

WOMAN: I see the wonder the glitter of a million constellations the loss.

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance. She begins to change her clothes, possibly into combat fatigues.*

MAN: He reaches out to touch her but she is not there, she is in the next space behind a wall. She is packing a case, dressing herself, wiring a bomb, writing in a diary, getting ready to go. He is in the next room getting out of bed, getting dressed, tying his shoes, looking up from the bed at the wall where she's not. He walks to the wall there is a picture on the wall, he looks into it, a photo of a town blown apart, the buildings rent, the facades of broken bricks shattered, buttresses still holding them up. He touches the glass that covers the photo and he asks her a question though she isn't there. He asks: *where are you now, what are you seeing, who is with you, where are you going now, and tomorrow where are you going then? do you remember me, think of me, when are you coming back?* She is not there.

WOMAN: She is in half a house that is still standing in a bombed out city. She is making the bed with the glare of daylight bursting over her, the sounds of the street cars and traffic, cement dust and rubble invading her bedroom space, and her oblivious to it all. A glaze over her eyes as she tucks in the sheets and folds back the cover, a pattern of leaves on the wallpaper that's started to peel and fade at the edges where the wall has given way. Everything is falling. Falling into ruins. Falling from grace. Falling from His hands, the jewels, the jewelbox, the disillusion.

MAN: And the sound the sound of it falling as they look up and the sound of it ignite and roar shock waves through the air their air that they are in and breathe. The air that they are one with now as they are particles. We are. Particles. The muffled roar of plosion.

WOMAN: Love seeks its own completion, even if the end of its act is the rendering into waste of all that we know. This is the will of god.

*Faint sound of a bomb exploding in the distance. She has finished changing clothes and moves to the hallway by the front (exit) door.*

MAN: And he holds up his hand. Where to the where and what and why to the waiting the faces the walkers the sky. He says the words and waits, he says the faces the lies the ears the sky the planes overhead in a scream, a line the edge a shape a tear that you see there. He talks to me, the man his face the man who is me, the man who is walking away, the back of him I see, the man who says you are not what you are, what you were. Waiting here I'm waiting, I fumble again, I see I wait she comes and goes. Always comes and goes leaving me here. I wait she is gone and I'm wanting. So I say I'm waiting here for

WOMAN: the sky.

MAN: Overhead she flies and I wait for the planes, the line cut through the clear blue white like ice clear blue, a sky vacant of clouds and a smile empty vacant of lies like her eyes and her mind and her smile. Waiting here I am again by the sea, she comes waiting here by the sea the streak over me as I look up and see the man that's me on the beach waiting here for the sound the jets in the sky screaming jets over. I hold up my hand as if to say: *stop wait listen I have something to say stop listen wait don't move it's here I want you to wait listen I have*

*this stop it's now listen it's here wait the sound the sky. He turns I see his back his hand held up stop the sea to a man a face the eyes the ears stop wait listen I have a sound a bell a fading noise on the shore to tell you a fading call a voice a reminder to wait to wait until it's gone and we can go.*

WOMAN: A dewdrop on a rose drops a teardrop falling down a bomb descending falls a flash.

MAN: If you hold up your arms to me I will take you I will lift you up and carry you I will bear you. You will be my care and my cradle my wings and my load. I will take you and you will be mine.

WOMAN: Forever for thine is the kingdom the power the glory the wonder the beauty the sky forever.

MAN: And I will call you and you will hear me across seas and fields and cities and highways deserts and wheatfields and iceplains. And I will call you to come and you will hear as my fingers brush your lips and you open to me. To my wonder my curiosity my fear my brokenness my absurdity. And I will call again and again and again and again and again until you come.

*He moves back into livingroom, picks up and opens a book she has left unpacked.*

MAN: Written in her diary:

WOMAN: a dream an orb a spinning dervish, a circle of them, an image of a lotus in the hand of a buddha seen from above looking down into its crown, seeing the perfect crystalline jewel of its geometry. A cross, an atomic explosion. This light.

*They both look up.*