

PLAY #7 AND NEVER WILL WE PART

by

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CHARACTERS

TREE

A young woman

WIND

A young man

AND NEVER WILL WE PART

(At Rise: TREE addresses the audience. She is all stereotypical "hippie", with amulets, sunglasses... very Janice Joplin-esque. As she speaks, photos appear behind her.)

TREE

So, yeah... You know... I thought he was cute. Certainly when he touched my branches it made me sing. You know, like he knew what he was doing. Catch my drift? He knew how to play me. And when we touched the music we made together was... Ancient. Profound.

(Lights shift to WIND. Also hippied out.)

WIND

Yeah... I knew her pretty well. She was totally rad. She seemed to love my voice when I spoke. Sometimes I would just go on and on to see how she would like rustle and shake. The sounds she would make just made me want to keep going. If I started talking about what was going on, you know, with the Man, I'd get all riled up, and she always just held her ground unmoved by any of my gale force. I brought my good friend, Rain, to meet her a few times. It made her so happy, too. Those days she blossomed. Not just once. Several times a season. It was rad. She was more than I ever could have dreamed of. So youthful she made herself... And yet so old and wise.

(Lights shift back to TREE. She looks considerably less hippie, no amulets, no sunglasses.)

TREE

I remember the year it got so dry. There were fires everywhere. Things were still changing. But not in the same direction that we once were going. I mean when we knew what mattered and our community of brothers and sisters were on board. We all just went our own ways. With new values. Money was big. You had to have it. No way around it. We all became commodities. You couldn't rely on the forest canopy anymore, because tomorrow it might be gone. If you wanted a roof over your head you had to side step into something that was getting

pretty ugly. And how I hated to move. Anywhere. Wind always stuck with me though. He let me know he was there. Sometimes just faintly. Other times not so gentle. He and his fiery friends created a lot of havoc. But anger... Even anger has boundaries.

(WIND, also looking less hippie.)

WIND

Rain and I had a falling out, I remember. And Tree was just never the same. She seemed more easily swayed. And the fires that year really hit her hard. A lot of them were my friends. I feel bad about that. She lost a lot of friends. In all the skirmishes. Nothing was the same. I continued to see her, but there was a growing quietness in our time together. Kind of like what happens with wine over time. But let me correct that. There was something between us that never changed, an ingrained forgiveness, an instinctual grace. That will never die.

(TREE. Now in a new dress. She shows age. The traces of hippie are few.)

TREE

So much loss around me. And then I felt like parts of myself were dropping to the floor. And other parts were rising to the ceiling. It's a strange feeling, let me tell you. Every day a little more wear and tear. Heat like fire. But the fires had stopped. There was a protection around me. But nothing could protect what was happening on the inside. Some days I just wanted to sleep. Other days I could have snapped. But Wind...

WIND

I kept coming around.

TREE

He was really always there.

WIND

I comforted her.

TREE

Even if I couldn't feel him.

WIND

It was a comfort to me...

TREE

And my roots became more forgiving.

WIND

To lean against her. She'd forgiven me...

TREE

So rambunctious those many years go.

WIND

For all my grievous mistakes.

TREE

And I so fraught with... I don't know what. The
grooves of age.

WIND

And the future mistakes of all of my offspring.

TREE

The ever-expanding concentric circles. I know he will
always care for my people.

WIND

And I all of his.

BOTH

Until we rest. And never will we part.