

LOVE FOR SALE -- BIANCA SAMS

Madeline sits alone on stage with a large wooden box in front of her.

MADELINE

This here, this here is a collectors item. It maybe a little worn and dusty but, if you have the right tools you can shine her up and put her to use. Yes dear, this here, this here love, just needs a little spit polish is all. I'd do it myself but,...I ain't got no more use for love. No. It's been nine years, three months, six days ten hours and fifteen minutes since I had any use for it myself.

Yes, it's been nine years, three months, six days, ten hours and fifteen, wait sixteen minutes since it got stolen from me. Byron, walked into the door of the bar I was working in and honey chile! Gone! Ripped right out of my chest like.

I would have thought it would hurt but it he replaced it with something better. This, this warm glow, right here, inside that felt like flying. Not like in an airplane but, like with the birds. You soar over and under the clouds of life. Instead of getting caught up in them you just move right through. The lights are brighter up there with the wind whipping through you... it's just...I don't quite know what to call it. It's just divinity. I guess.

Nothing can hurt ya, nothing feels wrong, until well, you lose your wings and have to come back down to earth, that is. I lost my wings, four days, ten hours, and seventeen minutes ago, I got knocked down from my cloud. Byron and I were soaring and soaring through life until that semi-truck slammed into his motorcycle. It's snatched me right out of the sky and thrust my feet right back down on the cold hard earth. When that doctor came into the waiting room and told me he didn't make...I decided my flying days were up. I realized I can't use this here heart any more.

This morning before I buried him in the ground, I thought I could hear it in there. I thought I heard that pitter pat pat. But, then I open his pine box and nope. It's still cold as ice and gone forever. It was once so vibrant and now...it just lays there a frail. shriveled. broken. shell of itself. I tried work on it myself, bolster it up but,...well... in truth I never fixed it before. I didn't even know it was there before Byron walked in that day.

Byron always did the fixing. Every morning he'd pick it up, sing to, hold it, cuddle it into a shining orb. He'd make it breakfast. Cinnamon toast with blueberry jam. No matter how skinny or fat it was he'd always know just the right thangs to say to it and all the right things to do to make it smile.

For nine years, three months, and two days...he owned this heart. He poured his entire being into making it the happiest the world has even known. But, now that he's... now that its...I don't know how to fix it. I don't know how to pick up the pieces. And after soaring with the man of my dreams, well, I don't...can't.

So you see, I don't have any use for it any more. So here. Give it to somebody or keep it for yourself. I'd hate to see it go to waste here with me. I had my nine years, three months, and two days of bliss. I had my day in the sun.