



HOW THEY MIGHT HAVE LOVED AND FLOWN

An Original One Act

by
LYNDSAY VOGEL

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Directed by Cassandra Vergel

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STANFORD
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How They Might Have Loved And Flown
Written By: Lyndsay Vogel

Directed by: Cassaundra Vergel
Galen: Brandon Silberstein
Alex: Max Friedmann
Abigail: Rosie Hallett

Characters:

GALEN is confident, charming. He gets away with things otherwise considered arrogant and selfish, and while he *is* arrogant and selfish, he treats ABIGAIL with care. His mother has just died and his world is shaken, but he only lets ABIGAIL in.

ALEX is unsure, honest. He has yet to find his way in his life. He needs the guidance of his friends but does not know how to accept it. He loves ABIGAIL more than anything else, and this is the problem.

ABIGAIL is detached from the usual world. She sees things as a child does, with unfettered clarity, but is wise and mature. For this, she is admired and loved by ALEX and GALEN. She has experienced more than most people her age, not because of travel or knowledge, but because she has lost much and been blessed with even more.

PROFESSOR can possibly be played by the same actor who plays GALEN, but his appearance would have to be altered in some way for either part. Otherwise, the PROFESSOR can be young or old, male or female.

STUDENT is aloof, the one who is always late. Very minor character. Male or Female.

OTHER STUDENTS can include GALEN and/or ALEXANDER, but not to any significant end. Space fillers only here.

The play is set initially in a college classroom, then at various places within the hometown of the characters. All settings are minimal with specific lighting. All settings are also open to change if necessary or appropriate to any imposed limitations.

A single workshop table center stage is lit, the surrounding areas dark. Approx. eight OTHER STUDENTS are seated, including ABIGAIL. PROFESSOR is young, quirky, energetic.

PROFESSOR: Well hello. I hope you all had a good weekend. Let's not share or anything, 'cause I would never tell what I did, but I do hope that it was good. Some good writing, maybe? [pause] Alright. Final stories due by email--uh--Thursday. You think we could start off with the people who didn't get to go last week? The free listing exercise?

STUDENT: Um? Sorry, I wasn't here last week. What was that assignment?

PROFESSOR: Ok. It's the end of the year, you should be allowed to skip a couple classes, right? When freelisting, you choose someone you find interesting and freewrite a list of their qualities or details about them as fast as you can.

STUDENT: Oh! I get it. Ok. Can I just get that to you sometime soon?

PROFESSOR: [*ignoring* STUDENT] Alright. Anyone willing to share? [*nobody is willing to share*] Alright. Let's see. Abigail. You have to leave early for your flight, so why don't you get it over with, huh?

ABIGAIL: Oh ok. I don't mind. I'll just read a few so you guys don't get bored.

PROFESSOR: Please.

ABIGAIL: [*from her paper:*] Galen is a person who...
won't share secrets with someone he doesn't know.
writes songs and will be famous someday.
wears collared shirts.
is not always happy, but can always cheer you up.
is painfully arrogant, but it's the warranted kind when you know he actually
can get any girl he wants if he writes her a song.
is always honest.
is coping with the death of his mother.
is my boyfriend's best friend.
is also my best friend.
is finally coming home.
has a dog named Rufus.
and can cure the common cold.

[*shrugs*]

PROFESSOR: Good. Intuitive. Is Galen real? If you don't mind my—

ABIGAIL: Yes. Galen's real.

PROFESSOR: Alright. Get out of here. No finals? Spend your summer wisely.

ABIGAIL: I will. Thanks. And yeah, no finals. Humanities, right? Bye ..everyone.

ABIGAIL's bags are waiting outside the classroom, and as she stumbles out the "door", she picks them up and walks off stage.

BLACK OUT

ALEXANDER: Abby! Finally! [*hugging her*] Mmmmm. You're back, you're home, you're *here!* [*kisses all over her face*] Where [*kiss*] have [*kiss*] you [*kiss*] been!?

ABIGAIL: I miss you, too, silly. Did you get my lame postcard?

ALEXANDER: What? No.

ABIGAIL: Oh. Damn. It must have gotten lost in the mail. It was a good one, too. By the way, is Galen back yet?

ALEXANDER: Haven't you talked to him? He called this morning. His flight was delayed a bit but he should be in tonight sometime.

ABIGAIL: Ok. I just didn't know. I thought he might even be here.

ALEXANDER: Nope! Did he tell you about him and Clara?

ABIGAIL: Clara his girlfriend Clara? Was there something to hear?

ALEXANDER: Well I guess they broke up and --

ABIGAIL: Oh. Really? [*pause*] Really? Was that this week?

ALEXANDER: Yeah. Said he wasn't invested anymore or something. Anyway--

ABIGAIL: So he's *single*? Hah, when was the last time *he* was single?

ALEXANDER: Ages ago.

ABIGAIL: Well you should call him. Maybe you guys can finally give it a try...

ALEXANDER *tickles* ABIGAIL *and she wiggles free.*

ABIGAIL: Ok. Ok. You guys clearly aren't gay. I should know. I don't know two guys who are closer than you two, though. But it's nice. My two best friends, one of which, you know, just happens to be the love of my life. [ALEXANDER *reaches for her*] No tickling! Goofy.

ALEXANDER: I feel like you would be the first to know. Plus ... you're much prettier, love.

ABIGAIL: You're sweet. I think. Yeah, you're sweet.

BLACK OUT

GALEN *enters and ABIGAIL is already seated at a table for two. She rises to hug him. It lasts a little too long. They sit, and as they do:*

ABIGAIL: Traffic?

GALEN: Absolutely.

ABIGAIL: I just had them bring water with lemon.

GALEN: Always good. How are you?

ABIGAIL: Happy to be back. Happy to be here. How is Clara?

GALEN: That didn't take you long.

ABIGAIL: What?

GALEN: I'm sure Alex told you. You knew it before he did anyway.

ABIGAIL: Did I?

GALEN: You had to. I couldn't be with Clara.

ABIGAIL: Was it mutual?

GALEN: No. I did what I had to do. How're you two anyway, you and Alex?

ABIGAIL: Fine I guess. It was nice to see him. More for him than me, I think. But we're fine.

GALEN: Wow, you guys seem pretty... fine.

ABIGAIL: We're... yeah, we're fine.

GALEN: Ok.

Sips of water, etc.

GALEN: Your hair's up. Looks good. I like it.

ABIGAIL *takes her hair down.*

ABIGAIL: You shouldn't say things.

GALEN: Why not? I thought we were past that.

ABIGAIL: Because...

GALEN: Alright. Alright. I won't say things.

ABIGAIL: Good.

GALEN: But you *ask* me to say things.

ABIGAIL *play* kicks him under the table. *Lights slowly go out.*

When lights return, dimmer, ABIGAIL and GALEN have left the restaurant. They walk a little ways, then:

ABIGAIL: Dinner was good.

GALEN: You still won't let me pay for you.

ABIGAIL: I know.

GALEN *takes* ABIGAIL's hand and spins her, pulling her close to him.

GALEN: Come on.

ABIGAIL: What?

GALEN: Dance with me.

ABIGAIL: I don't want to.

GALEN: You are a bad liar.

They dance. Slow, hand in hand, like time.

BLACK OUT

ALEXANDER: Sometimes I wish I was blind.

ABIGAIL: Well, be thankful you have the luxury of being able to wish it.

ALEXANDER: Hah.

ABIGAIL: What?

ALEXANDER: I like when you tell me things like that.

ABIGAIL: What, positive things?

ALEXANDER: Well yeah. I mean, I know if anyone else said something stupid like "I wish I were blind" you'd say, "Well some people are, so shut up."

ABIGAIL: I guess so.

ALEXANDER: I'm just glad I have you, you know?

ABIGAIL: Yeah, I know. Me too.

ALEXANDER: Oh, so about tomorrow. I forgot I'm supposed to hang out with Galen.

ABIGAIL: It's ok, I know.

ALEXANDER: You do?

ABIGAIL: Yeah. He told me.

ALEXANDER: When?

ABIGAIL: Last night. I could have sworn--

ALEXANDER: I didn't know you saw him last night.

ABIGAIL: I thought I told you.

ALEXANDER: Oh. You didn't. But ok. That's fine.

ABIGAIL: It doesn't seem fine.

ALEXANDER: No it really is. Why should I have a problem with you two hanging out?

ABIGAIL: I don't know.

BLACK OUT

GALEN *and* ALEXANDER *are throwing a baseball back and forth, each wearing a glove.*

GALEN: Did your dad say what was up this morning?

ALEXANDER: No, he just said he didn't feel like waking me up.

GALEN: That's weird.

ALEXANDER: *He's* weird.

GALEN: I forget how extreme he is sometimes.

ALEXANDER: Hey, why don't we do this anymore?

GALEN: What?

ALEXANDER: Play baseball, or even basketball. We used to be out here all the time. Hours on end.

GALEN: I know. What's happening to us? We can't be growing up.

ALEXANDER: I think we might be.

GALEN: Maybe.

ALEXANDER: Speaking of growing up, how is life without a girlfriend?

GALEN: Oh, her? She was hardly a girlfriend. I feel better now, though.

ALEXANDER: You don't feel, like, unfulfilled or anything?

GALEN: Nah. I mean, I've got you and Abby.

ALEXANDER: Abby?

GALEN: Yeah, I mean, to spend time with. Keeps my mind off things I don't want to think about.

ALEXANDER: What things?

GALEN: Hello. Mom things.

ALEXANDER: Wow. Right. Sorry.

GALEN: That's ok. That's why I say it's nice to have Abby, too.

They laugh. They are done playing catch. They sit with the ball and gloves on the ground. They rest.

ALEXANDER: You liked her at some point, though, right?

GALEN: Who?

ALEXANDER: Clara.

GALEN: Oh. Yeah. Sure, I'm just not that guy anymore.

ALEXANDER nods, leans back to lie down, throws the ball up to himself a couple times. GALEN looks the other direction, glancing down at his glove to play with its hanging leather tails. ALEXANDER rises to sit again and is lost. GALEN knows.

GALEN: Whoa. Where did you go just now?

ALEXANDER: What do you mean?

GALEN: You, you zoned out, you weren't with me for a second. Where were you?

ALEXANDER: Oh. Yeah. I don't know. I guess I was gone for a while. I was thinking about things... about goodness.

GALEN: What about it? Morality? Virtue? All your favorites?

ALEXANDER: See I think those are very different. Morality is so... so disgusting, repulsive. It, it gets under your nails--you know, the, the excuse for so much. I think Virtue better describes the kind of goodness I'm talking about...

GALEN: *What* kind of goodness?

ALEXANDER: Well, the kind, I guess, that comes from doing what you want and understanding selfishness and hypocrisy to be givens. You take them as givens and you move on without getting caught up in that shit. You see all these people on tv court shows fighting for what? A couple dollars here and there, but really they want what's right, what's good, but they've got it all wrong.

GALEN: Ok, let's not get into stupid people on television. But.. if everything you do because you want to is good, then... then what is bad?

ALEXANDER: See I don't think there *is* "bad"... necessarily. [silence] I guess we can go back to history ... the cultures that said all evil traces back to stealing.

GALEN: Right...

ALEXANDER: You kill, you've stolen someone's life. You take bread, you've stolen someone's next meal...

GALEN: Yeah yeah.

ALEXANDER: And it goes on... so that stealing is the only evil.

GALEN: Do you believe that?

ALEXANDER: I wish I knew exactly what I was talking about.

GALEN: I think you know what you're saying, you just don't know how to say it or in which order. You said doing what you want produces "good" things...

ALEXANDER: Yeah, yeah I know. But then I think *action* breeds goodness. Maybe action alone. *Doing* something breeds goodness, productivity, activity. The worst thing we can do in this life is cultivate the opposite, cultivate passivity. We can't just sit on a hill, you know?

GALEN *is somewhere else.* ALEXANDER *is out of breath.*

GALEN: I know. [pause] Too well.

BLACK OUT

ALEXANDER *is seated facing stage right behind his laptop, and GALEN is fiddling around on the piano, stage left.*

ALEXANDER: Oh hey, Abby's coming over to drop off her final story thing for her class. She wanted us to look at it.

GALEN: She's coming here now? Can't she just email it to us?

ALEXANDER: No she...

Knock.

ALEXANDER: Get in here! It's open.

ABIGAIL: Hi guys. I was in the area. I would've just emailed this but I think hardcopies are better. Just read it, I guess. Tell me what you think if you want. My professor hated it but I want to edit it anyway.

GALEN: We don't want to do that. We hate your writing.

ABIGAIL: Ok ok. So yeah, if you could do that.

ALEXANDER: Of course. I'm excited to see what you did with it.

ABIGAIL: Great. Maybe you can change Galen's mind for me. [*she kisses him on the head*]

ALEXANDER: Oh you know he's just kidding.

ABIGAIL: Yeah yeah. What are you working on?

ALEXANDER: Oh. My play thing. I don't know.

GALEN: Abby.

ABIGAIL: Yeah? [*walking to him*]

They both check to see if ALEXANDER is looking. He is absorbed in his work. GALEN puts his arm around ABIGAIL by the piano and looks up at her. ABIGAIL removes it.

GALEN: You're ridiculous.

ABIGAIL: Me!? No.

GALEN: Why are you *here*?

ABIGAIL: I told you.

GALEN: Yeah yeah. Get out of here.

ABIGAIL: Alright. Don't play that song for him.

GALEN stands as she walks away. She stops, her back toward him, spotlight touching both of them, and everything else is dark and silent.

GALEN:

I think there might be places
Places where he wouldn't be there
There where only we want us
Us because we're all there is now

And we might be dying
Dying from this hiding
Hiding because of our silence
Silent only because we love

But I think I might love you loudly
Loudly because you keep me up
Up all night and into morning
Mourning what we've been singing

For all of time.

ABIGAIL leaves, typing resumes, GALEN sits at piano bench, plays into fade.

BLACK OUT

ABIGAIL and GALEN kiss.

ABIGAIL: Damn. Every time I see you. It would kill him.

GALEN: Who?

ABIGAIL: Alex...

GALEN: Exactly. *Who?*

ABIGAIL: Shut up. Don't pretend you aren't friends.

GALEN: We're not. I haven't seen him in weeks. Last time I saw him was when you brilliantly dropped by his house while I was there. I don't even know who he is right now, and he doesn't know who I am.

ABIGAIL: He doesn't know either of us. That's why it would kill him.

GALEN: Right. But we do. We're on the same page right now. I don't know why, but I *feel* better when I'm with you.

ABIGAIL: Good. I'm glad I can have some positive influence.

GALEN: It's not just that. You know that. I was blind before. I was too stupid to admit what I wanted. I named all the things I wanted in someone: intelligence, reason, no jealousy, talent ... and I didn't let myself see that *you were*--that you are all of those things. Now that I've waited too long we're stuck. You can't leave him. He would be crushed. And I can't do that to him anyway. I can't take the only thing he has right now.

ABIGAIL: Even if I did leave him, it wouldn't matter.

GALEN: What are you saying?

ABIGAIL: I'm saying even if I did leave him, you wouldn't want to be with me.

GALEN: That's just because of the distance. You know that.

ABIGAIL. Yeah, I know. It's just hard to look at you and know I can't have all of you.

GALEN: I think you pretty much have all of me right now. I'm the one who only has half of you.

ABIGAIL. Oh right. You have at *least* three quarters of me right now.

GALEN: Ok. Maybe three quarters, maybe all of you—

ABIGAIL: That's closer to the truth.

GALEN: —but what I'm saying is I don't get it. What are we doing?

ABIGAIL: You tell me.

GALEN: I feel like a professional boxer who was paid off to lose. When I'm with you two, it's like... I'm clearly the best player, I'm the strongest, I should get the girl, I should win, but it's already decided that I lose...

Silence. Both are tired.

ABIGAIL: Do you want to stop? Are you tired of it?

GALEN: No. I'm not tired of you. I'm tired of it being a game.

ABIGAIL: It's not a game.

GALEN: But you wouldn't leave him.

ABIGAIL: I know. And I have no motivation to anyway. I'm just one of your girls.

GALEN: No, you're not.

ABIGAIL: I'm no different from Clara or Beth or ... whoever.

GALEN: You're different, Abby. Four years of friendship--no, almost five years says a lot. You've seen me. I think you know that, but I don't think you want to admit it.

ABIGAIL: How, then? I can't believe you.

GALEN: How are you different? That doesn't matter. I could go on for days about "how are you different," but because you already don't believe me it's not worth it.

ABIGAIL: I'm scared to believe you.

GALEN: I know you are—and that's no good. Come on. When have I ever lied to you?

ABIGAIL: You've never lied to me.

GALEN: Ok. I'll give you something. I'll tell you something, how I know it's different with you. It's different with you because it's most exciting with us, not when we're touching each other, but it's when...we're most connected when our eyes meet across a room.

Their eyes lock and hold. Silence while they begin to smile at each other. Small laughs.

GALEN: You know things.

ABIGAIL: What? What things?

GALEN: You know things. About life. About me.

ABIGAIL: Maybe I know things.

Lights fade to dark and then to light again, and ABIGAIL and GALEN are slightly moved. They continue their conversation.

GALEN: I was thinking the other day -- and I think you're the only person I talk to about this -- but I was thinking about my mom and, you know, whether she'd be proud of how I am now.

ABIGAIL: Yeah? ...What do you think?

GALEN: I think she'd be proud of certain things. Other things not so much.

ABIGAIL: Why's that?

No answer.

ABIGAIL: Hello?

GALEN: Yeah. I just can't ever know the answer.

ABIGAIL: I think you know, though.

Silence.

ABIGAIL: Come here. Right here. I love you.

GALEN is not broken, but silently he is whole with her. They are still as the light fades to dark again.

ABIGAIL: We're not fighting for something arbitrary, we're not fighting for something unreasonable, unattainable. And whatever it is, I won't stop. I can't stop. I feel all the time like abandoning all of this for goodness only—but what does that *mean*? And I don't know what that's from. I don't know where I learned to live like this—with Good as a noun. Persig said that—was he the first? Maybe I just need to go totally Zen and check out because—

GALEN: Stop. If you don't then I do know why you live the way you do. You've been through too much shit to still be blind. That's why we're *here* together. I've caught up to you. I get it now. See? I know you see. All the time you are seeing. Now I'm there with you.

ABIGAIL: Nobody's ever been here with me before.

BLACKOUT

ABIGAIL: Oh. Haha. I don't think I ever showed this to you. We had to do this freelisting thing in fiction writing class. It's like a quick list of someone's qualities. Anyway I chose you to write about.

GALEN: Are you going to read it to me?

ABIGAIL: Oh. I can. Why don't you read it to yourself, though. I'll be in the other room.

GALEN: Why, is it embarrassing?

ABIGAIL: Not necessarily...

GALEN: Then get over here. [*They sit together, he reads, silence*] This makes me want to write one of these things about you.

ABIGAIL: Yeah? You can. [*shrug*]

GALEN: I bet yours about me would be significantly different now, too.

ABIGAIL: We'll both write one, then.

They sit, each with pen and paper, ready.

ABIGAIL: Ok. Ten minutes. Go.

Lights fade.

BLACKOUT

ALEXANDER: I want to give. I want to give, give, give. I want to give to him, but I don't know how. I don't have any pain to give. You, you have pain to give. You can relate to him. I am powerless.

ABIGAIL: You don't need pain to help him.

ALEXANDER: Yes, yes, I do. I can't understand.

ABIGAIL: And that's why. You think you need to understand, so you just don't and won't if you keep thinking that way. So stop. Just be his friend.

They are silent.

ALEXANDER: I was thinking about Galen the other night. I think you do the same thing for both of us right now. I mean, not all of the same things, but you know.

ABIGAIL: Yeah.

ALEXANDER: Yeah. What do you think about that?

ABIGAIL: I am glad he has me right now. It's different giving him a side of me I didn't before.

ALEXANDER: What do you mean?

ABIGAIL: I mean... he's opening up, you know? He's letting me in. We're just better now.

ALEXANDER: Hm. Good. I'm glad somebody can be there for him.

ABIGAIL: I'm telling you you can too, there's no rule that says you can't be his friend because you have a mother and he doesn't.

ALEXANDER: I don't just want to be his friend, though. I want to help him.

ABIGAIL: Why don't you start with being his friend?

ALEXANDER: I already am.

ABIGAIL: Try again.

ALEXANDER: I don't know that I can look at him honestly anymore.

ABIGAIL: What's different?

ALEXANDER: I don't know.

ABIGAIL: I think you might.

ALEXANDER: No, I really don't.

ABIGAIL: How could you not know?

ALEXANDER: Maybe I'm blind.

BLACKOUT

ALEXANDER: Hey. What's goin' on?

GALEN: Yeah, I just wanted to drop this off.

ALEXANDER: Oh, thanks. You didn't need to get it back to me.

GALEN: Well I thought you should have it—we probably won't be playing anytime soon.

ALEXANDER: Why not?

GALEN: You know, we're both busy, whatever.

ALEXANDER: What are you busy with?

GALEN: Getting ready for school again, getting my act together before I leave, being prepar—

ALEXANDER: Got it. Have you seen Abby lately?

GALEN: Huh? Oh, no. I mean, not very. I will ,though. She's leaving soon too.

ALEXANDER: Wait, when?

GALEN: Don't you know? The 15th.

ALEXANDER: That's sooner than I thought. You'd think she's tell me, 'cause I'll be driving her back and all.

GALEN: What? You're not driving her back. She's flying this time.

ALEXANDER: Not last I heard.

GALEN: You should keep up, huh?

ALEXANDER: I didn't think I needed to.

BLACKOUT

GALEN: This is getting ridiculous.

ABIGAIL: What is?

GALEN: This! How are our lives so complicated?

ABIGAIL: It's not that complicated.

GALEN: I don't know. I used to think I didn't want to do things to him like steal his "girlfriend". But it has nothing to do with him. It didn't before and it doesn't now.

ABIGAIL: So are we telling him?

GALEN: I don't know how he doesn't know.

ABIGAIL: Ok. But he doesn't. So...

GALEN: I have to tell him. It doesn't make sense coming from you.

ABIGAIL: But what are we even working toward?

GALEN: I don't know.

ABIGAIL: This is going to be sad.

GALEN: Of course it is! We're making things sad. You can't stop acting just because it's going to be sad, though.

ABIGAIL: I know. So you're telling him. What the hell are you going to say--'I'm in love with your girlfriend'?

GALEN: God no. I'll say... I don't know. I'll ask him if...

ABIGAIL: It's impossible. This is stupid.

GALEN: It's not impossible. I'm just tired of it.

ABIGAIL: We are both tired of it, but it's too good.

GALEN: I don't know. It's too much, there's too much.

Silence.

GALEN: I should go.

ABIGAIL: Oh.. ok. If you... want to.

GALEN: I think I need to.

GALEN walks slightly away, back turned to her, spotlight touching both of them. ABIGAIL looks to him.

ABIGAIL:

I wanted to dance tonight,
I thought maybe we could go to that place--
But no it's probably closed or run down or gone.

I'd love to play that record,
You know, the one with the strings, and that one song--
But nobody wants to hear it, or I probably lost it.

I wish we could hold each other,
You know, close like in the movies we don't watch anymore--
But you probably are busy, or don't like to dance.

Maybe we'll dance tomorrow.

ABIGAIL *turns and walks offstage*, GALEN *walks opposite direction*.

BLACKOUT

GALEN and ALEXANDER *sit facing each other, stage left*. ALEXANDER's *head is down, hands together*. GALEN *is natural, calm*. *Lights dim on them while brightening on stage right, where ABIGAIL is sitting*. GALEN *enters this new light, sits next to her*. *They are facing the audience*. ALEXANDER *is stage left, facing ABIGAIL and GALEN*.

GALEN: Yeah. That was a disaster.

ABIGAIL: What happened?

ALEXANDER: I don't understand

GALEN: I tried to be clear—he just wouldn't understand.

ABIGAIL: Did you expect him to understand?

ALEXANDER: Was I supposed to see this
coming?

GALEN: Well, no. Yeah. Yeah I did. Of anyone, *he should* understand. But... he wants to hear it from you.

ABIGAIL: What? Didn't you tell him already?

ALEXANDER: There must be some
miscommunication. She hasn't
told me any of this.

GALEN: I couldn't speak for you.

ABIGAIL: Oh. Ok. So you just told him so you could be the *first* to tell him, not so you could be the *one* to tell him. Now he has to hear it twice.

GALEN: The only thing that's constant in my life is this girl. This girl who watched me date other girls for years. This girl who's been with you for a year. This girl who carries home on her back. And she gives it to me whenever I need it. And I take it, I take the shell she keeps on her back for me, and I put it on my back, and if you can't handle that, if you can't love us *anyway*, then I'm sorry, because that's the only way I know how to go on anymore.

ALEXANDER: I don't believe you.

Silence. Long.

ABIGAIL: You know. Alright. I'll tell him twice. But I'm not doing this for you. Our relationship was tired enough for this to happen, so it should end. Not for you, though. Because I won't be with either of you. We'll all be away. So I'm not doing this for you.

ALEXANDER: What does *she* want?

GALEN: But you'll end it?

ABIGAIL: Stop saying it like that. Nothing "ends". We're leaving, come on, we're *beginning*.

ALEXANDER: You don't love her like I love her.

GALEN: But this is it?

ABIGAIL: Yes. This is the beginning.

BLACKOUT

Same as previous.

ABIGAIL: Before you go. Are you ready to read the lists we wrote?

GALEN: Did you keep them?

ABIGAIL: Of course I kept them.

GALEN: Then ok. I'm ready.

ABIGAIL: Ok. Here.

ABIGAIL: Galen is a person who...

GALEN: Abby is a person who is purple.

ABIGAIL: Watches where he steps

GALEN: Pushes sad out the door.

ABIGAIL: Tucks in his shirts in that annoying way.

GALEN: Is insecure for no reason.

ABIGAIL: Baffles me because I never know how he exists, especially now.

GALEN: Elevates the world to a glorious intensity and provides others with a look through her prism.

ABIGAIL: Is an echo of myself at my lowest and my highest.

GALEN: Is prettier than she thinks.

ABIGAIL: Will surprise you right when
you need him to.

GALEN: Can fly.

ABIGAIL: Has hands that whisper stories
when he's not listening.

GALEN: Makes her friends better.

ABIGAIL: Can make you laugh so hard it
hurts.

GALEN: Has intellect so keen it can
dance around truth.

ABIGAIL: Can make you hurt so hard you
laugh.

GALEN: But yet has an aggressive
kinship with honesty.

ABIGAIL: Is different, is better, is no
longer afraid to cry,
and,
like me,
can fly.

CURTAIN