

* is a l o n e but i am not

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A hyper-realistic, slightly-dystopian tale about female friendship and the bond it endures when tested by time, distance, and the forces of patriarchal dangers that are inevitable in this slowly crumbling world. Through the slowly changing natural elements, two best friends travel through childhood, first with each other and then without, to find adulthood and inner peace.

RULES OF THE SPACE

dialogue is important

(dialogue) is not spoken

... is an ellipsis (in time or space or...?)

DIALOGUE is louder (vocally/ emotionally/ spiritually <3)

/ is an interruption

s p a c e is time/change/beat/shiftwhateverthefuckuliketocallit

A Scene

*There is a large tree. It is 3-Dimensional-- Real. There are branches to be climbed, trunks to be carved. **then:***

Two children run.

They dance under the tree,

around the tree,

with the tree.

Perhaps there is

A swing that they

Use to push off the trunk and spin like a tetherball



Their movements are soft and playful. Barefoot until their teenage years. They move as if they know each other. In this life or a past one.. (if we live multiple lives?)

The tree is soft

*She (always she.) flows in the breeze, with the children
She teaches them. Lessons of arithmetic. Lessons of patience. Lessons of balance. Lessons of
gravity. And lessons of light.*



*The light flickers between the leaves of the trees, creating dazed dappled golden
light that sprinkles across the stage.
The sun is shining, and then it is not.*

two children slow to still.

C takes A's hand and they disappear behind the tree. (together)

*And we wait
The world falls*

*The tree falls. It had appeared, until now, to be 3D to the audience, but in the **NEW** world it is
flat like a cardboard box and falls forward to the floor to reveal A and C standing, facing each
other.*

***A screams.**
C runs offstage.*

A steps forward, to the edge.

B enters from upstage, she runs toward A, takes her by the back of her shirt and drags her upstage. A slides to the floor, limp.

B leaves A in a safe pile. She turns and begins exploring the stage. She sorts through the fake tree, through dirt, rocks, and sticks.

Eventually she finds what she was looking for, a piece of fern that is fresh (new).

B walks back toward A.

B ties the piece of fern around A's head, hiding her eyes.

B: hide and seek

You count.

A: One

Two

Three

Four

Five

Six

Seven

Eight

Nine

Ten

Eleven

Twelve

Thirteen

Fourteen

B is gone. A is alone .

The time is NOW: *A opens her eyes.*

A moment present, still.

yet speeding forward with the force of a bullet.

A removes the fern from her eyes. Her face is covered in the plant's residue. She wipes her face, shaking it off.

A stands hesitantly.

....

i felt

Feel

A deep sinking feeling

Can you imagine how Alice might have felt?

Falling down the rabbit's hole. Sinking deeper and deeper- away from everything she knew, everyone she loved.

W.W.A.D.

What would Alice do....

She was lucky

She had a guide

The white rabbit

Which are very creepy

I don't know if you've ever seen a white rabbit before

like LIVE and IN THE FLESH of RABBIT FLESH but i would NOT RECOMMEND it

0 stars on yelp

they are fucking CREEPY

LIKE THE LITTLE BEADY EYES JUST STARING INTO YOUR SOLE

Like zuckerberg

He has such a punchable face

Not that I endorse violence....because I do not and in fact

I am a pacifist.... At least i think so

I think so UNTIL someone does something wrong and I want them to hurt

Hurt them the way they made others hurt

The bloody kind of pain that seeps out of your skin and falls to the ground

Screaming

wailing

But i don't know that if they then felt that pain,

if they would feel so remorseful and passionate to change their motives for the future....one can only wonder

Or maybe I've experienced too much pain that my body has been filled to the oh so tippy top and now i'm overflowing everywhere

And i'm still afraid

Of so many things.

Of war and peace (the book), and spiders, and of being struck by lightning.

I'm also afraid of what is hiding under my bed.

The wicked witch of the west.

She used to live there

B enters, she sneaks up behind A.

B jumps forward and --A

Screams. -then:

B: no, she didnt

A: YES SHE DID

B: NO SHE—

A: YES SHE DID!

B: NO SHE DIDNT!

A: YES SHE DID!

B: NO—

She did?

A: yep.

bragging

B:...

Wow

A: yep.

B: that's cool...

A: i know.

For like 3 years.

B: really?

A: yeah.

B: thats a long time.

A: i know.

B: what's she like?

A: she's actually really nice.

B: oh... really?

A: hollywood made her out to be evil because she was so different than dorothy-- and because she was a powerful woman, *of course*-- but that's only because dorothy was supposed to be our reliable / narrator

B: our?

A: the collective 'we'. The audience. Them.

A points out to the audience.

B: oh...

Hi.

A: hi-- anyways so / actually she's

B: anyways isn't a / word.

A: I know.

B: well then why did you say it?

A: because I like saying words that aren't words

B: oh...

I don't.

I like to lie. (no she doesn't)

A:

Lying is fun.

B: lying's a sin.

A: I'm not religious.

B: neither am i.

A: is it still a sin if you aren't religious?

B: I think so?

A: Oh?

B: I mean it is? But it isn't to me? It's a sin for others but not for me---It's a sin for others but not for me/

A&B: IT'S A SIN FOR OTHERS BUT NOT FOR ME!

A: like sex

B: before marriage

A: yeah---

before marriage

B: what about after marriage?

A: what about it?

B: is sex after marriage a sin?

A: no.

B: oh...

Why not?

A: because

Because

You're married.

B: oh

Why does that change things?

A: well

it doesn't for me....

But i guess it does for others

I don't know

B: oh

... How do i know if it is supposed to change things for me?

A: well, do you believe in God?

B: I don't know....

A: what does the book say?

B: well I don't know how to read.

A: I will read it aloud to you.

B: no thank you

A: okay

A: do you believe in God now?

B: i'm still not quite sure

A: EEEHHHHGH! WRONG ANSWER.

B pushes A, A stumbles back.

A pushes B, B falls.

B on ground:

A: I'm sorry.

B:

A: I'm sorry

B: I don't accept your apology.

B: I'm sorry.

A:

B: I'm really sorry.

The world shrinks. B is gone-- she's been gone for many years now.

NOW:

A is [alone]

A: I'm sorry.

I miss you

 Please

 I don't call. I know it's not--- it isn't what---I'm just--- it's hard

 Life is

 But that's not an excuse, and (I'm sorry.)

I was looking at photos of us yesterday

 The ones from the beach

it was so cold that day

I was laughing because I tried to take that photo of the city-- you know, from afar-- and in the damn right corner of the picture is this big green dumpster. Like the kind that used to be behind the middle school.

You thought it was hideous but in a way don't you think it's fitting?

There it was-- this big green dumpster-- blocking our view. Of which we, humans, had created both. The view and the rubbish.

Rubbish.

that was the first time i had seen you since August.
And you looked so
Happy
And i was so (jealous)

I was missing out on so much– and it seemed like everyone else knew something i didn't and i was missing something? What was i missing?

I wanted your happiness– so bad. I wanted to feel what you felt. To feel at all

There is a loud beep– A looks around to find what shes looking for. She swallows.

I hate the fucking beach.

You don't though
So we went.

I do like seagulls though

Reminds me of home

C appears (omg new character alert!), they've been watching, though they don't really see

C: we can't just jump back to where we were, that's not how it works and frankly / the fact that you

A: but im sorry

C: what do you have to be sorry for?

A: I don't know but/ i guess that

C: you say that a lot

A: what?

C: sorry

A: I know. I do.

C: ok?

A: you don't need to tell me what I do and do not do– afterall I am the one doing those things right?

C: i mean most people aren't aware of their own actions

A:

C:

A: its ok for you to say that that statement applies to you

C: it's ok for you to too

A:

C: including this...

A: no but please I just---

I'm sorry but I said I was sorry! and I feel like you don't listen, or you aren't listening to what i'm saying

I'm sorry, that was rude.

C: yeah it was

A: I'm rude

C: quite often

A: I'm sorry

C: for?

A: for being rude

C: Who said you had to be sorry for that?

A: I don't know, you made it sound/

C: I didn't make it sound any type of way. you made it sound. you twisted my words just like you do with everything I've ever done. You don't trust any of my actions ever and you never want to because that would mean placing your trust in other people and god-forbid you actually try that once in your pathetic little—

A turns to audience

A: I take it back.

Im not a pacifist.

A turns to C and punches him square in the face. It's slow mo- Bruce Lee style fight choreo, the hits are slow and never miss their target. There's blood in the air.

Somehow C disappears...???????????

A turns to us and smiles :)

a world appears around A- a sleepover world.

Two sleeping bags and an ignored tv

B SCENE then:

A: Are you popular?

B: I mean i'm not like popular popular but i'm not like un-popular.

A:...

Yeah me too.

B: ... and i'm not like in the popular group but like i know some of them...like they're nice and all so sometimes— but it's not like our school has like really too defined of circles....?

A: can you tell me about your friends ?

B: ...well there's Bailey-- she's my best friend--- she's in my class and we also are in the same like youth group? At church – well– so like she's in the choir with me so i also know her through there but youth group or whatever... is like um where we met

A: ...whats youth group

B: whats youth group????????? we sit in this circle and like talk about our feeeeeelings and its weird cause you know that guy who sits next to me in history?

A: Mike?

B: No, I think his name is like Nathaniel or something?

A: Oh, i dont know who that/ is.

B: he's in our group too AND IT'S JUST Like AWKWARD...but it's also like weird because uumm like i dont think shes— BAILEY— christian, but she still goes to church.

A: i thought you went to church?

B: I do, thats how i know Bailey.

A: well aren't you an atheist?

B: well.... Yeah.....

and then Sara-- shes canadian -- i met her on the school triathlon day.... that was really weird and then we never..... anyway--- she's nice.

A: I've never been to Canada.

B: Oh really? My dad's like best friend from college is from Vancouver so sometimes we visit him but we haven't been in a really long time because the last time we went they like (my dad and his friend) got into this like really big umm "altercation"...and then like on the way home we got a flat tire and got stuck at the border for like three hours...

A: oh

B: tell me about your friends.

A: um--- theres this kid Zach...

B: Zac?

A: Yeah. Well no, Zach. With a 'h'.

B: Zach?

A: yeah..... Whatever-- He's in my class and we sit at the same table so...sometimes...

B: who else?

A:

B: Whose your best friend?

A: i don't think i have a best friend.

B: oh

I'll be your best friend

A: but you have a best friend

B: i can have two best friends!

A: i actually don't think i want
a best friend

*World shifts--- A and B are hopscotch-ing.
They jump and scream and laugh and fly*

*It rains-- the hopscotch court that seemed indestructible slides off the stage. **NOW:***

B:
We never wanted to play dodgeball

I was always afraid of being hit (dodgeball really is a stupid sport)
And you hated any competition.

And so we sat in the corner of that big field and made daisy chains
And it sounds so childish -- because it was

the thing about Daisies is that their residue is so strong that it will stay on your fingers for hours,
and even when you try and wipe it off on the trunk of a cedar nearby-- like you do when you get
tree sap stuck to your palm -- it still doesn't come off and then you get annoyed even though
there is nothing you can do. so you just get stuck with daisy residue on your hand. And i wonder
if it will be there forever

Forever is a long time

And i wish i was more childish now? But i don't have that part of myself because (*)
(And so i grew up)

But i think about that residue now. And when it rains, I can still feel it. The memories of the past,
clinging to my fingers. Desperate for me to do anything with them. Just *something*.

But you

You just shut it off. You washed your hands— you don't get to feel that sweet stickiness when it rains, the way I do. And i feel bad for you.

A flower grows

We notice B notices, she turns to acknowledge the flower, welcoming it into her space. Then, A runs onstage, B gets startled and disappears offstage.

A runs to the flower, and bends down to pick it. She wants to make a daisy chain but there is only the one, so instead she just holds it.

D Scene

THEN *A walks through the forest*

A: When I was little I hated hiking

Now I hate hiking too actually

But when I was little I like reallllly hated it.

And my dad used to make up stories to tell me while we were on the trail to like keep me distracted?

And we went on a lot of hikes when i was growing up so my dad had to tell a lot of stories....

*C runs onstage, they walk in stride
C is babbling on and on in gibberish--- switches back to english when A begins to match his pace.*

C: where do you want to go today?

A: the watering hole!

C: there's no watering holes in the desert.

A: well....

C: there are plenty of mirages though.

A: but then how are they / supposed to stay hydrated

C: the day was hot. Hotter than normal. Luna rolled over on her tree branch and scanned the sand for / other

A: *sings* scanned the sand! scanned the sand!

C: do you want to hear the story or not?

NOW

A: Eventually we ended up creating our own world.

There was our main character, Luna.

She was a desert owl who lived with a whole motley
yes... motley
crew of other desert animals...and she was like
perfect.

Like I wanted to be her when I grew up?
Even though I couldn't -- obviously-- cause she was an owl.

But she was my friend. And eventually I started to like hiking....

Positive reinforcement classical conditioning....

Or at least that's what my psychiatrist says

THEN

A: *sings* scanned the sand! / scanned the sand!

C: **Positive reinforcement classical conditioning!!!!**

now

A: Prim

Thats her name

My psychiatrist

I didn't know people still got named Prim

Like

on purpose

Its french-- direct translate is: 'shrewd', 'clever', 'artful', and slash or 'sly'

Of which Prim..... is none of those things...
But also prim just isn't a great psychiatrist

She has those eyes – you know the ones– the ones where they are kinda blue and kinda grey and also just kinda dead looking?

And i don't say that lightly, trust me. I am familiar with death, and it is not one of those words i throw around lightly– unlike some people– but those like empty eyes where you really can't tell if there is anything behind them?

She would just sit there and stare deep into your soul

Until

You are getting very sleeeepy

Just kidding– this wasn't psychotherapy– just BCT

Yeah the eye thing and she also just didn't care that much
Which made her an absolute shit psychiatrist lemme tell you

You know what else is classical positive conditioning?

When the teacher hands out cupcakes if you go to the hospital.

But like... not to the whole class

Just to the people who were like physically in the hospital... or sick

Or that kid jackson who got one cause his great uncle had just died.

Which is pretty fucked up if you think about it

Although maybe that's negative classical reinforcement conditionment?

THEN

C: no that's positive conditioning. like when coco's friend max sends her carrots by snail mail everytime coco makes a new friend.

A: i dont think it's positive conditioning

C: it is

A: hm ok

C: do you want me to keep telling the story?

A: yes

C: so don't interrupt me

A: i didnt

C: yes you did

A: no i / didn't

C: today coco decided to go visit fiona the / barn owl

NOW

Did you know that the children of this "generation"

"Generation X" or whatever

Are the most depressed and mentally unstable generation in a whileeee

It's not that surprising is it?

Im not surprised...

I MEAN---look around you

A looks around at the audience

*Scanning them and taking care to make *eye contact* with all the people*

*Who are trying to avoid *eye contact*.*

We're trying to make people a little umcomfy right now....

But not in an unsafe way

(Just decent and comfortable discomfort)

Right?

I mean we're all fucking sad.

Its like looking in a fucking mirror

Except *points* **your** hair looks good.

actually Your hair looks really good..... Mine....

A turns around

Scans the stage

shes looking for

what?

There!

A mirror

And

there!

a comb :)

SHE SITS AND BRUSHES HER HAIR

She brushes

She brushes

A small piece of string falls from the ceiling.

A turns around to find the string. The damage –it stares back at her. A looks at the comb.

C: stop that

A:

C: is your scalp itchy?

A:

C: is something wrong?

A: no

C: don't do that

A: what?

C: don't do that.

A reaches her fingers up and intertwines them into her hair– she searches her scalp, shes looking for something, feeling for something.

A piece of string falls from the ceiling, A ignores it/does not see it?

F Scene

Classroom— biology 217 rm. Lab benches and bags of ice with cream in them litter the stage like snow?

THEN

C: "Strike a power stance!"

A strikes a pose, Left foot hovers off the ground, Left hand to forehead, Right hand on waist.

B stands next to her, she strikes her own stance.

Sudden spotlight on A— cue intro to funny girl.

NOW:

A: *sings* DONT TELL ME NOT TO SING JUST SIT AN PUTTA—
Nah just kidding lol

What i was gonna say is that um like

in highschool

my sophomore year biology teacher used to make us do this

gesticulates her body and stance

Every wednesday morning

Because it was test day

On wednesdays

she would stand in front of the class and yell "STRIKE A POWER STANCE!"

We would all jump up and strike a pose--- like super- person style

There was extra credit for the use of levels or an "elevated sense of creativity"

Because see

She had read this book

My teacher

about power stances

she was really into that whole self-help culture and literature section of the library

Which is slightly confusing in itself because I feel like that just like genre (?) of literature is just like based on cultural appropriation

Anyways (hahaha fuck u.)

So she read this one bout power stances

And one day she came into class and gave this whole 20 minute long speech on the so called "effectiveness of power stances"

How they are supposed to ground you
draw the power in

And you're supposed to let it seep into your bones

Or something like that

Until you learn something from it

Or it unlocks a new part of you

A visceral and raw part

Where the animal lives

and we are supposed to
"Help the animal inside, escape"

Which is interesting to think about because in terms of evolution like the goal was to like separate ourselves from this animal. But i think the mark zucks of the world have pushed us away from animals too strongly and towards the other.

The robots

And now everyone just wants to get back to "how things used to be" and i dont i just don't. Like what are we supposed to go back to? Like all the way back to ice age 2? Or like even further back like ice age og number 1 even? Whateverwhatever i dont know wherever we are supposed to "go back to" is supposed to be achieved by power stance-ing.

Pow—er stand-ing..... stance-ing.....

That's what she said all the scientists were calling it

"All the scientists"

Thats exactly what she said because I specifically remember sitting there and my friend asking me

THEN

B: "all the scientists?"

A: apparently.

B: damn

NOW

A: So every wednesday we would stand
and strike our power stances
for like 4 minutes
And we just had to hold them

Oh i almost forgot the best part!

She made us smile

Yeah

Made us

She said that ~~psychologically~~ if we smiled for like 4 minutes everyday
our days were
supposed to be "filled with joy and inner harmony"

(Of which i had never really felt either?)

Whatever the fuck that means

So we would stand as a class
In these elaborate poses
In search of a variety of levels
But also of ...inner joy...?
I don't know to me it just sounded all overwhelming
Especially At 9 in the morning

THEN

A and B stand next to each other, C is there too but this isnt about him. A and B are frozen in their poses, hugggggge smiles plastered on their faces; they talk through their teeth.

B: how long do we have to do this for?

A: dude i dont know but im fucking tired

B: i think i just started my period.

A: bro

B: i can literally feel the blood dripping down my leg / GOAHHHTDAMNIT

A: no

*SHE LAUGHS, THEY BOTH LAUGH--- i mean this is really silly, wouldn't you laugh?
I would laugh.*

Laughter subsides

A: Dude hahahahaah that is so fucking gross

B: I know!

A: I'm so sorry

B: me too

A: do you want a tampon?

B: ummm yeah where?

A: theres one in the front pocket of my bag, like by my wallet, no not there, the one in the front--right next to-- yeah!--sorry- you gotta like yank the zipper a bit it doesn't like to--Yay!

Throughout this B is trying to maintain her power pose best she can, as she balances [maybe from one foot? Is that mean?] she also bends down and starts fumbling in A's backpack. the smile still beams from her face (though by now it's probably real)-- finds it-- success! B straightens up, resumes her pose and big smile. :D

Through their teeth again.....;;!;;,joaeitguyxksgrsorrmysdgfejg

B: do you think she'll let me go to the bathroom?

A: i don't know, do you have any passes left?

B: i don't know-- let me check.

Once again B bends down, this time she is slightly less graceful. She still tries to maintain the pose and smile. She sifts through her backpack, pulls out a 3-ring binder and opens it to start skimming the contents for a bathroom pass. She opens the rings, as typical they are very loud and it is slightly awkward because im sure everyone in class is staring at B. but once again the mission is a SUCCESS and she pulls out [triumphantly] a small pink slip.

A: hell yeah!

B stands up again in the same awkward manner, she is still holding the bathroom slip.

B: I can't believe i only have 3 chances to go to the bathroom over a 4 month period.

A: :(

B: okay-- one sec!

B leaves for the bathroom. A stands alone, still in her pose, smile on her face.

NOW

A: still in the same position

A: And it never worked
That was the part that i always seemed to remember
I just stood there
We just stood there
The class

With my feet shoulder distance apart *separates her feet? Could be funny.*
My left foot on my lab stool (biology class) in a sort of sudo-explorer-colonizer fashion
The right on the ground--- ground-ing myself (LOL)
My left hand poised by my eye, scanning the horizon of lab 217.
The right on my hip, "claiming my power".

But i never felt that i did
Claim my power

I was just really tired
And wanted to sit down

Well what i actually *wanted* was to be in chemistry
Not biology

Now that i think about it though, i don't think my bio teacher wanted to be there either
because like a year later she got fired for like growing weed in the greenhouses that
they used for thorticulture class

Thorticulture

C: Horticulture

A: pretty sure it's thorticulture

C: it's literally not.

A: well i like it more
Horticulture seems vulgar
Like
Hor-ti-cul-trual
Like
Like
Whore-tit-culture

C: funny

A: it is-- isn't it?

*C laughs. C stops laughing. C laughs. C stops laughing.
A cries.*

C: you do that a lot.

A: WHORE-ti-culture

<3

C SCENE

Center stands a large red button-- elevated off the ground: important.

C walks -runs -jaunts -charms his way onstage. A watches from upstage

He stands next to the

Button

Will he press it will he not we don't know and neither does he

C turns, he stares at the flower

A slides to floor like sediment

C turns back to the button.

C: I really want to press it.

A: dont. *:lying down and staring at the sky*

C: why not

A: because

C: because why

A: because i don't want you to

C: I want to

A: but its mine

C: no it isn't

A: yes it is.

C: no it isn't.

A:

C: no it isn't.

A: okay

C reaches toward the button

A: *screams*

C retretes

C: why are you so loud

A: *rolls over: face down now* I don't know

C: like you're really loud.

A: oh

C: too loud

A: okay

C: you should be quieter

A: you sound like my 3rd grade teacher

C: i am your third grade teacher

A: no you---

C grows and grows (scary)

He is. THEN:

C: NOW DEAR I really didn't want to have to do this. But at this point you behaving in such an unacceptable manner that unfortunately I am going to have to have you removed from the premises for lying to your dad and sneaking away to get frozen yogurt when you were only 13 years old you told him that you were going to go on a walk with your friend but in reality you stole \$20 of your fathers finances and proceed to consume 82grams of sugar –

A: but i--

C: You are an interruption.

A: im sorry i didn't mean to cry it just started happening

C: Please don't cry.

A: i'm sorry.. I wasnt the only one who--

C: leave.

A: but why? I didn't

Why dont they leave im sorry/

I DIDN'T MEAN TO CRY

What does that mean

C: /IMMEDIATELY. Go to the front office. Tell them to send you back when YOU are READY.I do not have the TIME OR PATIENCE OR HEART OR COURAGE TO DEAL WITH THIS SHELL OF A HUMAN BEING– GROW LONGER ARMS AND GET ABOVE A 3 ON YOUR REPORT CARD THIS SEMESTER AND THEN COME COME BACK TO TALK TO ME

A: i--

A *CRIES*

A CRIES

A cries for a long time

Shes alone

Shes always.

E Scene

A: Cranberry

Cranbarry

'

cadberry?

Cadmorene

Canterbury

Sweats

I'm not sure exactly what they're called

But we wore them for PE

In middle school

And you always wore a size up because you didn't want them to be like 'tight'

And i always wore them a size up because you always wore them a size up

And they didn't fit me anyways

In my own size

But i remember

I was standing on a cliff
The catlands cliffs
Petroglifs
?
I think that's what they're called

No

Petroglyphs.
Yeah

Anyways (heheh.)

I was standing on a cliff above these petroglyphs (HEHEHE.)
And it was windy
maybe 40 miles per hour
Or like
I don't know something like that
Anyways
it was really windy and i was looking down on like the ocean
The pacific
And i was wearing my canterbury sweats
And i remember my mom
Took a photo
And i looked like a giant marshmallow
And i never looked back at that photo
Because i looked so ?
And
 ugly

But the
The thing is
In that
Moment
I felt like i was flying
And like
Not in a cheesy way

But have you seen peter pan?

You know when peter is teaching wendy and the kids to fly for the first time and he takes them to the lagoon with the mermaids and then he takes them out to the ocean and they run into the pirates and then the camera or like point of view of the cartoon or whatever is like on peter? Like as if we are flying with him?

It felt like that

For a brief moment She flies, and it's more real then any Disney ride of peter pan could be.

I looked down the cliff

(I've always been afraid of heights)

And the water

Because we were so high up

Looked dark and deep

Churning with memory

And the waves

The waves were hugggggeee

Like 20 footers

And they were crashing into the rocks below me

These jagged pointed and painful things

And i wanted to jump

To really fly

And to feel

But if i jumped

When i jumped

There was no wendy, no tink, no peter

Just ocean and the sweet release of death.

And i didnt want to die yet. I wanted to die for many many years – but at the moment i didn't.

And it was very cold and i sank down down down down down down down until i felt my toes squish something soft and muddy. And i looked down

And i was back on the cliff

The end

*A and B: ends in the **NOW** or **WILL BE**:*

B: together again

Together they smile

A: I can't stop crying.

B: you will.

A: I won't.

B: you will. One day— when you've cried out all you need to cry and then you'll be

A: so empty

B: so full

no more tears

of possibility.

A: I've always been a pessimist.

B: but must you always be a pessimist? is there room for any change?

A: I don't know....I don't know how.

B: you don't need to know how— we do things everyday that we don't know how to do.

The point is— you will learn.

But you must try.

A: what if the world stops?

B: the world doesn't revolve around you. I love you and i am not saying this to belittle your pain— but you are not alone.

Open your eyes

A does

Look!

Look at how beautiful the world is.

How much you missed because you were too busy hiding.

Look at the trees who have grown

Trees grow.

There is now a forest that encircles A and B

A: why wasn't this here before?

B: it was.

It was here before you
And it will be here after you
impenetrable , stoic
Gentle

A: it is beautiful.

B: because it is life.

A: I didn't know that was possible.

B: what was?

A: that life could be beautiful.

And that i could

Be loved

And worthy

And ugly

And beautiful

And cared for

That i could care for myself.

B: im proud of you.

A: me too.

The end. Yay.