

WILL

I came out of that bus. And there he was. Waiting at that gate. And I knew... it didn't matter who he was or what he had done or didn't do... if I loved him... like I had known him all my life... Like he hadn't wanted me gone... Like he had been there every time he should have. Every time I needed someone to look out for me. Every time she had to go to the hospital and I didn't know what to do. Every time I had to go home alone and hungry. If I could love him like he had been there for me all my life. Then he would love me too. You all would love me. So I forgave him and I loved him like that. And it worked. It felt like... It felt like the most beautiful... The most amazing... Remember? Those three months? (Indicating the pajama bottoms he is wearing:) George's?

(Lisa nods.)

He'd wear these while he did the crossword puzzle. Sunday mornings. (Smiling:) The time he made waffles.

(They laugh.)

He was special. Wasn't he? I hardly knew him. But I could tell. Right away. He was special.

(She nods.)

That's why she fell in love with him. Maybe that's why she took off when she was too chicken to go through with it. Why she kept me. Because she knew he was right. She wasn't special. She was like me. That's why she left. Why she wouldn't tell me. She didn't want some stupid shit-head kid... some fucked up loser to get in his way.