

What did she do?  
So many things.  
I feel sorry for her.  
Don't.

She kissed one of them, they say.  
She kissed him  
And she felt it.  
And he -

She never sleeps, they say.  
She can't stop crying, they say  
She's obsessed  
She's a mess  
I

I give myself eight minutes a day to think about him.  
To remember.

Uninterrupted. Without feeling guilty or mad at myself.  
It seems a reasonable amount of time -  
Eight is my favorite number.

I've whittled it down over the years.  
Maybe one day it'll be five minutes.  
Then two.

Then no minutes at all.  
He said come away with me  
He said forever  
I said

That's an awfully long time  
and I guess I thought we were just saying pretty words  
Even though it felt big and real.  
We were kids, you know.  
Kids say things.  
He was a boy.  
I was a girl.  
Boys make big promises.

Girls know better than to believe them,  
but they go along with them anyway.  
I went along with him anyway.

The first time I saw him -  
It doesn't matter when I first saw him.  
Before I saw him, I was making him up.  
The last time I saw him, he said he'd be back.  
He said I should wait.

And I did.  
I do.  
Because he said I should.  
But I can't anymore.  
I won't.

(*PETER has entered without WENDY seeing.*)  
**PETER.** Why not?

(*WENDY startles but does her best to hide it.*)  
(*A long pause.*)

(*PETER is not the kind of person who feels the need to fill silences.*)

(*WENDY collects herself.*)

(*From the moment PETER enters, the very air is different somehow.*)

(*Things slow down.*)

(*An atmosphere of glass.*)

I heard you were looking for me.

**WENDY.** How.

**PETER.** The stars were talking about it one night.

**WENDY.** No, they weren't.

**PETER.** Maybe you forgot how to listen to stars.

You used to know.

They liked you better than me.

They still ask about you.

START

I thought I saw you

A week or two ago.

And another time, a month before that.

I thought I heard my name on the street

Once or twice.

It sounded like your voice.

WENDY. So it's true.

You grew up.

PETER. So did you.

WENDY. You knew that already.

PETER. It's different seeing it.

WENDY. You said you wouldn't.

PETER. I changed my mind.

WENDY. How?

PETER. It just happened.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. I just did.

WENDY. When?

PETER. I'm not good at keeping track of time.

WENDY. Those aren't answers.

PETER. Those are my answers.

(Pause.)

WENDY. How's your shadow?

PETER. My shadow?

WENDY. That's how we met, remember?

It flew away, and you were sad, and I fixed it for you.

PETER. Oh.

I forgot about that.

WENDY. I thought that's how you'd remember me -

The girl who fixed your shadow.

PETER. I don't need help remembering you.

(Beat.)

It was just a trick.

I wanted to get closer to you.

Make you talk to me.

And I was scared to ask.

WENDY. You never seemed scared to me.

PETER. I'm good at pretending.

(Beat.)

WENDY. How did you get in here?

I thought the door was locked.

PETER. Locks can't keep me out.

WENDY. That's what they're for.

PETER. What happened to your imagination?

WENDY. I got rid of it.

PETER. That was a silly thing to do.

WENDY. Your eyes are different.

PETER. They changed color.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. I don't know.

I'll ask them.

WENDY. Don't make fun of me.

PETER. (Sincere.) Oh, Wendy.

I'm not.

(Beat.)

WENDY. I think you should leave.

PETER. You've been looking for me, and now I'm here.

Why would you want me to leave?

WENDY. I changed my mind.

Like you changed yours.

PETER. No, you didn't.

You're just scared.

WENDY. Don't tell me what I am.

Please go.

PETER. I don't want to.

WENDY. Well, I want you to.

STOP