

Leaving Normal

Marianne: Well, well, what do you think?

Darly: What did you do?

M: This is our garden, these are our geraniums, do you like them? And uhm, this is our porch swing, where we can watch the *aura borealis*. And this over here, come on, this is your desk. Pen, checkbook, letter opener.

D: How much?

M: Not all of it, we've got, umm, 118 still left.

D: That was our leaving money.

M: its okay, Mr. Amarak has offered me a promotion.

D: A what?

M: Well not really a promotion, it's kind of like an assistant manager type thing, training thing.

D: Ah, ah, and you agreed to it?

M: Well I told him I would think about it.

D: But you would like to do it?

M: Well, I..., I thought we should talk about it.

D: Talk about what?

M: Well I don't know I'm not sure. It's not like I have figured all this out, I...

D: All what out? I thought everything was already figured out. I thought we were saving enough money and then we were getting the fuck out of here, remember that?

M: Yeah but, ah, ah...where are we going to go?

D: Ahhhh.....hmmmm so this is how it happens.

M: what happens?

D: Marianne gets an idea...Army yeah, yeah that'll be good, I'll learn a trade. No, no wait, hmmm...college. No, no, no, no, wait hmmm; I know I'll get married. Yeah wow, I'll be Mrs. Curtis Johnson. No, no, no, I know ...shithole Alaska, I'll stay there awhile. Why? What on earth is here?

M: Nothing yet.

D: Yet?

M: I don't know. Don't you think it could be nice?

D: How?

M: Well we could do stuff to the land, you know, fix it up. Fix up the property.

D: Why?

M: Because I don't know. It's not like I've made any decisions yet you know, but this, well the town, its really growing you know.

D: yeah

M: and the air is nice

D: nice

M: It feels good to me.

D: Well so did everything else, where did that get you?

M: here

D: Oh man I don't fucking believe you.

M: I know I don't believe it either. I don't know what happens except hmmm this feels different to me. It's like I don't know, it's like I didn't choose any of this, this chose me. It's like...

D: Like what? Like fate?

M: Yeah

D: Like long cigarette, short cigarette?

M: Yeah

D: Ah ahh, yeah alright. Well guess what? It's all bullshit, the whole thing was bullshit. We were just making it up as we were going along.

M: Darly, how come you have to shit on everything?

D: Oh, is that what I do?

M: Yeah, that's what you do.

D: Well fine Marianne you stay okay. You stay, you pitch a tent, you plant a tree and you watch it grow. I don't give a fuck what you do. But I promise you, it's going to turn into Curtis Johnson all over again.

M: No, this is turning into Curtis Johnson all over again.

D: Fuck you Marianne.

M: No, no Darly wait, Darly.

D: Look I don't even know you; you're just somebody who needed a ride.

M: Fine, fine I don't care, why should I care, I don't even know you. We're just two people who just happened to cross paths, it's just that...Darly, Darly wait, Darly don't go. Don't go.

D: Alright give me a reason, come on.

M: Because you said to me, leave bad things, go towards good ones.

D: Right, that's what I'm doing.

M: No this is good here.

D: For you.

M: No, it could be for you too.

D: How?

M: Because, because you have land here, because Darly there's someone here who really cares about you, who wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for you.

D: Well I'm gonna turn against me sooner or later, might as well be sooner, save us both some pain.

M: Fine that's your call.

D: Fine, then I'm calling it. Oh here take the land, use it well, you're good at that stuff. Me, I'm doing what I do best.

M: Darly, Darly ...Darly just because you're leaving doesn't mean that you're not still in the same goddamn place.