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LOIS. (*a glance, then deciding to do it*)

Somewhere along the way, Bill, I found myself alone. Alone and helpless over you. I knew the terrible losses in your life. I thought I could make up for them; I found that I could not. And when you're alone, you have choices: stay, or leave: resentment, or understanding. These choices *must* be made. (*pause*) I chose to stay, to try and find meaning. One day, I realized that my loneliness had turned to solitude. I may not have the life I imagined, but I'm learning to live the life I have. (*emphasizing*) *I* have. Noticing things. Like someone else's child smiling up at me.

BILL.

I know what that's like.

LOIS.

Do you know what it's like for me? Have you ever really asked? (*pause*) I'm finding my own way-out of the whirlwind of you! And I'm not sure, even now that you know what it's like when someone you love, night after night and then day after day isn't there, isn't really there.