Monologue #2:

Well like, when you asked us?
You seemed so confident?
You made growing up seem like a really great thing?
And I mean, it is.
Most of the time.
I like driving cars and buying things and eating ice cream whenever I want.
Even when it’s not great, I’m still glad we came back with you.
But
You just seem really mad and sad most of the time.
You never tell us stories anymore.
You don’t seem like you want to be here or grow up or anything, really.

Monologue #3:

It was time.
It was getting harder to fly.
I kept remembering things.
To fly, you have to forget.
It was a windy night.
I was tired by the time I got to her window.
She was wearing yellow flannel pajamas, with the tiniest flowers on them.
She asked me to stay.
It sounded nice.