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We Do Not Belong Together

Reference number PT0937

DOT (*spoken*)

Yes, George, run to your work.

Hide behind your painting.

I have come to tell you I am leaving because I thought you might care to know-foolish of me, because you care about nothing-

GEORGE (*spoken*)

I care about many things-

DOT

Things-not people.

GEORGE

People, too. I cannot divide my feelings up as neatly as you, and I am not hiding behind my canvas-I am living in it.

DOT (*sung*)

What you care for is yourself.

GEORGE (*spoken*)

I care for this painting. You will be in this painting.

DOT (*sung*)

I am something you can use.

GEORGE (*sung*)

I had thought you understood.

DOT

It's because I understand that I left,  
That I am leaving.

GEORGE

Then there's nothing I can say,  
Is there?

DOT

Yes. George, there is:  
You could tell me not to go.  
Say it to me.  
Tell me not to go.  
Tell me that you're hurt,  
Tell me you're relieved,  
Tell me that you're bored-  
Anything, but don't assume I know.  
Tell me what you feel!

GEORGE

What I feel?  
You know exactly how I feel.  
Why do you insist  
You must hear the words,  
When you know I cannot give you words?  
Not the ones you need.  
There's nothing to say.  
I cannot be what you want.

DOT

What do you want, George?

GEORGE

I needed you and you left.

DOT

There was no room for me-

GEORGE

You will not accept who I am.  
I am what I do-  
Which you knew,  
Which you always knew,  
Which I thought you were a part of!

DOT

No,  
You are complete, George,  
You are your own.  
We do not belong together.

You are complete, George,  
You all alone.  
I am unfinished,  
I am diminished  
With or without you.  
We do not belong together,  
And we should have belonged together.  
What made it so right together  
Is what made it all wrong.  
No one is you, George.  
There you agree,  
But others will do, George.  
No one is you and  
No one can be,  
But no one is me, George,  
No one is me.  
We do not belong together.  
And we'll never belong-!  
You have a mission,  
A mission to see.  
Now I have one too, George.  
And we should have belonged together.  
I have to move on.