



Scripts.com

# Loving Annabelle

By Katherine Brooks

My cigarette burns like a flame.

My lungs

will never be the same.

I puff, and I puff.

I can't get enough.

Oh, well.

I'll get cancer

just the same.

Very nice, Catherine,

but remember,

the beauty of poetry

is in the details.

Next time, you might want

to be more specific

about which brand

you smoke.

Someone will be out shortly

to get you.

Who would like

to go next?

Colins,

how about you?

"A single blade.

"Cold.

Alone.

"Misunderstood,

causing fear to move

through my soul like wind"-

See me after class.

That was very nice, Colins.

Yeah, nice enough

to make you

want to kill yourself.

- Hey.

- Hi.

You're the new girl, right?

Yeah.

I'm Kristen Edwards.

Annabelle.

It's nice to meet you.

You too.

Oh, my God.

Your mother

is Senator Tillman.

That is so cool.  
Oh, my God,  
your mom is such an inspiration.  
I'm totally going  
into politics.  
Who are you?  
Only the daughter  
of Senator Tillman.  
Who's that?  
Hello?  
Her mom could be, like,  
our first female president.  
I doubt that.  
Are you in a band?  
Yeah.  
Mm.  
A rock star.  
Cat's dad's drummer  
for The Weary.  
Was.  
He's doing  
his own thing now.  
He's in rehab.  
Dude.  
What?  
What?  
You better not let them  
catch you smoking.  
Later.  
Bye.  
Bye.  
This is our administrative hall.  
The cafeteria  
and offices are here.  
Senior dorm rooms  
are upstairs.  
And your classes  
are up the hill  
in the other building.  
You might want to hide those  
underneath your shirt.  
Why?  
And the nose ring,  
you might want

to take that out.  
Don't say  
I didn't warn you.  
It's open.  
Good luck.  
God, please bless this food  
we are about to receive.  
May it nourish our body  
in Jesus Christ.  
Amen.  
I hear you're in dorm five.  
It looks that way.  
Me too.  
You're lucky.  
The sisters don't let us  
do anything,  
but Miss Bradley, she lets us  
order pizza sometimes  
and stay up later  
on the weekends.  
Sounds great.  
Where did you  
put your chem notes?  
Why are you  
wiggling out?  
I'm wiggling out  
because if I don't pass chem,  
I'm going  
to fail again.  
It's her second go-round  
as a senior.  
Just announce it  
to the whole frigging world, Cat.  
I'm sorry,  
but it is.  
I can't believe  
she's smoking.  
"I feel like I'm only... "  
Hey, Prissy.  
What's in the cage?  
It's a porcupine.  
Her name is Prissy.  
I found her in the woods.  
L-I think her mother died.

Careful,  
Annabelle.  
That thing  
has wicked gas.  
She doesn't have gas.  
No one else  
knows about her but us.  
Miss Bradley  
is letting me keep her.  
Because she has  
no other friends.  
Come here,  
Prissy.  
Come here.  
"My respiration  
"and inspiration.  
"The beating  
of my heart.  
"The passing of blood and air  
through my lungs.  
"A few light kisses,  
"a few embraces,  
"a reaching around  
of arms.  
"The song of me  
rising from bed  
and meeting  
the sun. "  
Now, we've already spent  
a lot of time  
talking about Song of Myself  
from a stylistic perspective,  
but what about content?  
Wasn't Walt Whitman gay?  
Yes.  
So he's writing this  
about another man.  
Let's take a closer look  
at the opening lines.  
What does he mean  
when he writes,  
"I celebrate myself,  
"for every atom  
belonging to me

belongs to you"?

Martha?

We're all connected?

Anyone else?

Annabelle.

Because, through love,  
we feel the intensity  
of our connection  
to everything  
and everyone,  
and at the core,  
we're all the same.  
We're all one.  
So I'm the same as Colins.  
I don't think so.  
Why don't you  
expand your mind?  
Why don't you  
stop cutting yourself?  
Out of my class.  
Everyone open your books  
to page 46.  
Let's take another look  
at the beginning.  
A story I loved as a child  
was about two frogs  
who were playing leapfrog.  
What else?  
But by mistake,  
they jumped into a large vat  
of fresh cream.  
Finding no foothold,  
they started swimming  
to avoid drowning.  
But one of the frogs  
was just too tired.  
He couldn't take it,  
and he croaked to his friend  
that he was finished.  
And sure enough,  
he sank to the bottom  
of that vat  
and died  
a miserable death.

He really croaked.  
But the other frog  
missed his friend,  
of course,  
saddened  
by his loss,  
but he kept  
right on going,  
persevering,  
swimming,  
persevering,  
sim-  
persevering,  
swimming with determi...

Here we go.

He kept  
right on going-  
With perseverance  
and determined strokes,  
he had churned  
that cream into butter  
and hopped out.

Deo gratias.

I'm glad you could  
make it out tonight.

Me too.

You've been  
so busy lately.  
How are your classes going?

Good.

My plate is definitely  
full this semester.

So have you, you know,  
had any thoughts  
about our conversation  
last week?

What?

Why do you  
keep putting this off?

I'm not  
putting it off.

I...

I'm just, um-I'm not ready  
to leave the school yet.

You can live off campus  
and still teach there.  
I do it for my school.  
Why does  
the subject of us,  
you know,  
moving in together  
stress you out  
so much?  
Can't we just have  
a nice evening out together?  
All right.  
You're right.  
You're right.  
"Now you feel  
"how nothing  
clings to you.  
"Your vast shell  
reaches into endless space,  
"and there  
the rich, thick fluids  
"rise and flow.  
"Illuminated  
in your infinite peace,  
"a billion stars  
go spinning through the night,  
"blazing high  
above your head.  
"But in you  
is the presence that will be  
when all the stars  
are dead."  
When Rilke says,  
"Your vast shell  
reaches into endless space,  
and there the rich, thick fluids  
rise and flow,"  
what was he talking about?  
I think  
he's talking about sex.  
What would make you  
think that?  
"Your vast shell  
reaches into endless space."



It sounds like the metaphor  
for the body as it orgasms.  
And "endless space"  
could represent  
the infinite  
possibilities  
that open for you  
when you climax.  
And "thick fluids,"  
well, that's kind of obvious.  
I think Rilke  
is implying  
that sex and love  
can merge together,  
especially good sex.  
Annabelle, I'd like  
to speak with you.  
Look, I respect my students,  
and I encourage you all  
to have your own opinions-  
But...  
But I can't help thinking  
that you were trying  
to get a rise out of me.  
And why would I want  
to do that?  
Perhaps to get attention.  
Or perhaps I'm intrigued.  
Intrigued by what?  
By you.  
I'd appreciate it  
if you'd be  
more appropriate  
with your comments  
in my class.  
Hey, it's Anna.  
Is my mother there?  
Well, tell her  
it's me.  
Right. Go up the hill.  
Then, after winding around-  
Oh, Miss Bradley,  
Mother Immaculata  
wants to see you.

Yes, yes, I understand.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Yes.  
No, I assure you  
that everything  
is under control.  
Thank you.  
Whew.  
We need to have  
a serious talk  
about Annabelle Tillman.  
How did you get this?  
It was a Christmas gift  
from my dad.  
Seriously?  
It might not  
be a Beamer,  
but that's not going to do you  
any good here anyway.  
What are you guys doing?  
Get out of here,  
Prickle Priss.  
Come sit by me, Colins.  
Whatever.  
Your dad seems cool, Cat.  
When he's sober.  
Which is never.  
Dude, let's play  
I Never.  
Dude,  
we're seniors now.  
That didn't stop you  
from playing  
last year.  
Would you  
shut up about that?  
How do you play?  
I never had sex.  
Now, if you have had sex,  
you have to drink.  
This is so gay.  
Well, you definitely  
have to drink to the first one,  
because we all know

you're not a virgin.  
Can I play?  
You've never  
done anything, Colins,  
so you're not  
going to get drunk.  
I've done stuff.  
Okay.  
Annabelle,  
you go.  
Make it good.  
Here.  
I've never had sex  
with another woman.  
Bullshit.  
You've had sex with a girl?  
It's not that big a deal.  
Wow.  
That is...  
Wow.  
Finally, a lesbian.  
I was worried we were  
never going to have one  
after Michelle Peters  
graduated.  
What are you guys  
doing down here?  
Getting drunk.  
We were just leaving.  
You always say the stupidest-  
Shut up. Shh.  
I don't smoke.  
But they're good.  
I got them in Thailand.  
I don't care  
where you got them.  
Look,  
I really need you to try  
to start fitting in here.  
How can I fit in?  
I'm not even Catholic.  
The nose ring.  
You want me  
to take out

my nose ring?

Yes.

Fine.

Anything else

you want me to do?

The Buddhist prayer beads.

No.

I'm okay about the nose ring,  
but these stay with me.

Look, there's

a strict dress code here.

Buddhist prayer beads are-

I told you

I'm not taking them off.

Hand over the beads.

You will respect

the rules of this school

or face the consequences.

Being expelled

from your first two schools

wasn't enough for you?

You leave me no choice.

You will wear this

and add another one

just like it for every day

that you continue

to wear those beads.

I think

it will help you realize

how heavy a burden

denying Christ can be.

I'm not wearing that.

Your mother informs me

that if you don't comply,

you'll be sent

to military school,

so I suggest

you cooperate.

I think you should move her

to another dorm.

Why?

I can't control her.

Well, that shouldn't be

too hard a job, Simone.

I was able to control you.  
Your homework assignment  
for tonight  
is to take  
one of the poems  
that I'm listing  
on the board  
and write  
a two-page analysis.  
And it's due tomorrow.  
Hand it over.  
I wouldn't read that.  
Annabelle,  
I need to speak with you.  
Why aren't you  
wearing your rosary?  
You don't want to get  
on Mother Immaculata's  
bad side.  
Trust me.  
God.  
If Mother Immaculata told you  
to take this cross off,  
would you?  
I have something  
for you.  
Thanks.  
Maybe you could carry them  
in your pocket  
or hide them in your bag  
where no one can see them.  
I'll think about it.  
Why are you  
making this so hard?  
The first person  
I fell in love with  
gave them to me.  
Hmm.  
Are you still  
in love with him?  
She moved to Europe last year  
with her family.  
Think about it.  
Hey.

Hi.  
I just wanted  
to say thanks again  
for the book.  
You're welcome.  
Thanks for taking off  
the beads.  
Come on,  
Annabelle.  
We're going to take  
Prissy out.  
I'll be there  
in a minute.  
Did you take  
all these?  
Yeah.  
I didn't know  
you could paint on a picture.  
Mm.  
Can I look at them?  
Sure.  
These are  
really amazing.  
Don't get me wrong.  
You're a great teacher,  
but you should be  
taking pictures.  
Thanks.  
That's sweet of you to say.  
Are these your parents?  
Mm-hmm.  
Are you close  
to them?  
Not really.  
I don't see them  
very much.  
Your mom  
looks like Immaculata.  
They're sisters.  
You're related  
to Mother Immaculata?  
How long have you been  
at this school?  
Since I was 13.

Wow.  
I left  
when I graduated,  
but somehow  
I got drawn back.  
Yeah, I can see  
how this school  
would be a hard place  
to stay away from.  
Who's she?  
That's Amanda.  
Hmm.  
You seem  
really close.  
We grew up together.  
Where is she now?  
She died a few years ago.  
I'm sorry.  
Miss Bradley.  
I think Prissy is dead.  
I don't understand.  
She was fine yesterday.  
Look at the bright side,  
Colins.  
At least you don't have  
to smell her gas anymore.  
Catherine.  
I hate you, Cat.  
I didn't mean  
to say that.  
I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean to say it.  
I'm sorry.  
It just slipped out.  
I can't stop.  
It's okay.  
Sorry.  
Don't apologize to me.  
Let me see.  
It's bad.  
Sweetie.  
It's bad.  
Okay.  
You're not very discreet.

Yeah.  
You think I'm an asshole,  
don't you?  
Sometimes.  
My dad  
just sent me this.  
It's good stuff.  
Your dad  
gets you pot?  
For sure.  
That's weird.  
What?  
Well, they sent you here  
because you're into drugs,  
and then your dad  
gets you pot.  
Yeah, well,  
he's cool like that.  
So how's it going  
with Miss Bradley?  
Nothing's going  
with Miss Bradley.  
I had a crush on her  
when I was a freshman.  
I'm not gay, though.  
I'm into guys too.  
Michelle Peters  
was obsessed with her.  
She used to write her  
notes and shit in class.  
I'm not obsessed  
with her.  
But you like her,  
though.  
Hey.  
Good to see you guys.  
We were beginning  
to wonder about you two.  
We haven't seen you  
for ages.  
Now, now,  
no need to worry.  
It's just our little Simone  
has been buried at work.



You tell them  
about the ceremony?  
No, silly,  
I didn't tell them.  
What ceremony?  
Well-  
We're renewing  
our vows.  
Hey, all right.  
We are very excited.  
We just couldn't think  
of a better way  
to celebrate five years.  
Hmm.  
I'm really, really happy  
for you guys.  
Yeah, me too.  
I'm really happy  
for you guys.  
Oh, yeah.  
Simone, is that you?  
Ah.  
Close the door,  
please.  
Come.  
Sit down.  
Keep me company  
for a while, hmm?  
We hardly spend  
any time together anymore.  
We see each other  
all the time.  
Yeah, but it's not  
like it used to be.  
You've been out with Michael,  
I presume.  
I don't know  
why you're still with him.  
He's not good enough  
for you.  
I'm really tired.  
I'm going to bed.  
No, wait.  
What?

I can't.  
Why?  
Because I'm not  
interested  
in being  
your science project.  
They're not from me.  
Thank you.  
You can't be in here.  
Well, I need  
someone to talk to.  
I've had to listen  
to Cat and Kristen all night  
debate about what's appropriate  
to do on a first date.  
Oh, come on.  
Don't you want to know  
what's appropriate  
to do on a first date?  
All right,  
what's appropriate?  
Well, according  
to them both,  
it all depends  
on how hot the guy is  
or, in Catherine's case,  
the girl.  
Catherine's gay?  
Didn't say  
she was gay,  
but she kissed me.  
She kissed you.  
Wow.  
Do you-  
Did you...  
She's not my type.  
You play with  
your necklace a lot.  
Nervous habit.  
Do I make you nervous?  
Don't.  
Hi, it's Simone. Leave a message.  
Hey, baby, it's me.  
Are you there? Pick up.

Uh, no?

I didn't always want  
to be a priest.

Oh, no.

Oh, no.

I really wanted to be  
in the circus.

That's what I wanted.

You know, with elephants  
and zebras

and those performers,  
all those different performers.

But one Sunday,

I was in church  
and heard

our priest saying,  
"You know, some  
of those performers are gypsies.

"And gypsies are  
the children of the devil.

"And if you're  
on the path to God,

"I would suggest  
that you do not frequent  
a place like that. "

Well, my father never took me  
to the circus again.

And, you know,  
it didn't sit right with me.

If we're on a path to God,  
that's one thing,

but is there only  
one path to God?

Isn't God everywhere  
and everything?

I just don't think  
it's a good idea.

She lives  
in your dorm.

Therefore,  
she's your responsibility.

But what about me?

I really need to get away  
for a few days.

You know how delicate  
the situation is.  
Father Harris  
would like to see you.  
"Orange moon lies low."  
Good to see you,  
honey.  
It sucks that you have  
to stay here for spring break.  
"Up against a western sky."  
"Soon we'll see  
all our troubles disappear"  
"underneath  
its watchful eye."  
"Meet me, dark whiler,"  
"tonight."  
"We'll watch  
the waves roll in"  
"and the planes blow on by."  
I love teaching.  
And I love feeling like  
I have a purpose  
here with the girls,  
but everything else  
in my life is just...  
Is what?  
I don't know.  
I guess I thought I'd have  
more figured out by now.  
Well, maybe  
the best thing to do  
is not to try  
to figure it all out.  
What's that?  
A note for a sermon.  
You've always been  
my favorite.  
Do you realize that?  
You said that  
to all of us.  
Not true.  
No, you've-you know,  
you've always stood out from the rest,  
particularly the time

that you and Amanda ran off  
with all that wine  
from the rectory.  
You knew that was us?  
My problem is  
that I know everything.  
Hi.  
Hey.  
Oh, come on.  
Don't take them.  
Where do you  
keep getting these?  
Sister Claire.  
Might as well.  
I don't usually smoke.  
Neither do I.  
You were smoking  
when I met you.  
That was the day  
I started.  
You want to get  
out of here?  
I can't take my students  
off campus.  
Who's going to know?  
Sister Claire.  
Is this your place?  
My parents gave it to me  
when I graduated.  
That was nice of them.  
Compensation for guilt.  
You should live here  
full-time.  
The drive is too far  
from school.  
You could make  
a career change.  
Can I ask you  
something?  
Sure.  
The girl  
in the pictures.  
Were you  
in love with her?

Yes.  
You still wear  
her cross.  
How do you...  
She's wearing it  
in all the pictures.  
What is it?  
I just...  
Simone.  
Simone?  
Simone?  
I'm sorry.  
I was just-  
Wait.  
I want to talk to you.  
You had no right  
to read that letter.  
I'm sorry  
I read the letter,  
but you can't run away  
from this.  
This is bullshit.  
No, look.  
I don't want to talk about it.  
You don't have  
to talk about it.  
No, let me go.  
You don't have to talk about it.  
I'm not letting you go.  
Annabelle.  
I'm not letting you go.  
I'm not letting you go.  
You have a look.  
You slept with her,  
didn't you?  
Slept with who?  
I didn't sleep  
with anyone,  
and I don't have a look.  
It's more like a glow.  
Stop.  
You should hide it  
better than that.  
Hide what?

Would you  
shut up, Cat?  
May I have  
your attention, please?  
As you all  
may have heard,  
this Friday night is our annual  
end-of-the-year dance  
with St. Paul's.

Ah, ah, ah.

I expect all of you  
to be on your best behavior.

My brother and his band  
are playing at the dance.

Maybe you could play  
with them, Annabelle.

Maybe.

You know, we haven't seen you  
sing or play that guitar.

I'm starting to wonder  
if it's all just for show.

See you guys later.

Cat.

What?

"Something always"

"brings me back to you."

"It never takes too long."

"No matter

what I say or do,"

"I'll still feel you here"

"till the moment I'm gone."

"You hold me

without touch."

"You keep me

without chains."

"I never wanted  
anything so much"

"than to drown

in your love"

"and not feel your rain."

"Set me free."

"Leave me be."

"I don't want to fall  
another moment"

"into your gravity."  
"Here I am,"  
"and I stand so tall,"  
"just the way  
I'm supposed to be,"  
"but you're on to me..."  
Mike, I...  
Yeah?  
Is this the part where I hear  
you're still not sure?  
You just need  
more time.  
"We're just in that  
sort of middle place  
"where, you know-  
"I mean, there's love,  
but I don't know, Michael.  
I don't know."  
The only thing you know  
is that you don't know.  
Blah, blah, blah, blah,  
blah, blah, blah, blah.  
M-Michael...  
You know what I want,  
Simone?  
What?  
I want to be  
with somebody  
who knows they want  
to be with me.  
I want that  
for you too.  
I can't believe  
you just said that.  
I don't even know  
what to do with you.  
Can you get out?  
Sorry.  
Yeah.  
Can you get out?  
Why won't you  
talk to me?  
You haven't said a word to me  
in over two weeks.



I can't do this.  
We're not doing  
anything wrong.  
I can't do this.  
Is something the matter?  
No, I'm fine.  
Well, um...  
I'll need these students  
reviewed by Friday.  
Okay, sure.  
I'd like to think  
if something were going on,  
if there was something  
you needed,  
that you would ask.  
No, I don't  
need anything.  
Very well.  
Think you'll hook up  
at the dance?  
My hooking up days  
are over.  
What about you,  
Annabelle?  
Think you'll hook up  
at the dance?  
I hear Miss Bradley  
will be there.  
You know what, Cat?  
I'm getting really sick  
of your smart-ass comments.  
Wow.  
Someone needs  
to get laid.  
Cat.  
Cat!  
Stop it!  
Annabelle!  
Get off her!  
Stop it!  
Cat!  
Cat!  
Don't hurt her!  
Annabelle,

go see the nurse.  
I don't need  
a fucking nurse.  
Annabelle, wait.  
Don't touch me.  
Let me see your face.  
Mother Immaculata,  
you look well.  
You know, Simone,  
I thought if we danced,  
it might encourage  
some of the kids  
to get out there.  
What do you say?  
What a perfect idea.  
"I wanted much"  
"had I felt your skin."  
" The night alone  
was all it took, baby. "  
It's a dance.  
Come on, pal.  
It won't be painful.  
- Yes.  
- All right?  
"But the fire's here,"  
"and we both know  
deep down"  
"you're sweet,  
my dear,"  
" but, sadly, my words  
didn't find your ear. "  
How you been?  
I've been okay.  
Yeah?  
You?  
Good.  
Good.  
Yeah.  
"You feel nothing."  
"Say something."  
"Don't be my lost"  
"paramour,"  
" because you carry  
my words "

"on your porcelain back."  
"We find in each other... "  
"all that we lack,"  
"all that we could get."  
Okay, guys,  
we're going to take  
a five-minute break.  
Try the punch.  
We'll be back.  
God, Cat,  
your brother is so cute.  
D-Does he have  
a girlfriend?  
I think I'm going  
to be sick.  
You got a light?  
You're Cat's brother, right?  
Yeah.  
Okay, we're going  
to be in G here.  
- Mm-hmm.  
- On this line.  
- No problem.  
- Okay.  
Well, everyone seems  
to be having a wonderful time.  
Yes, they do.  
We're so glad  
that you brought the boys.  
Well, it's hardly a dance  
without boys and girls, right?  
"You will find me  
waiting for you."  
"All your fortresses"  
"go down in the night."  
" Till the dawn,  
I'll see you through. "  
"'Cause I know  
that you know"  
"you're all over me now."  
" And it's clear  
you will show. "  
"Your curtains will go."  
"But if your heart is cold,"

"my sheets are warm."  
"I will shelter you"  
"through the storm."  
"I will shelter you"  
"all through the storm."  
I wonder  
where Annabelle is.  
Who cares?  
She wasn't in our room  
last night.  
Duh.  
She's probably  
in Miss Bradley's room.  
No.  
Yeah.  
I don't care  
if they're together.  
I like them both.  
Mother Immaculata?  
Yes, Catherine?  
I'm a little worried  
about Annabelle  
and Miss Bradley.  
Annabelle, wake up.  
- Wake up.  
- What?  
Annabelle.  
Shit.  
- What is it?  
- Fuck.  
Simone.  
I want to see you  
in my office  
right now.  
That did not  
just happen.  
It's-it's going  
to be okay.  
You better go.  
Remember,  
O most gracious  
Virgin Mary,  
that never was it known  
that anyone who's ever

fled to Thy protection,  
implored Thy help,  
and sought Thy intercession  
was left unaided.

Inspired by this confidence,  
I fly unto Thee,  
O Virgin of virgins,  
my Mother.

To Thee I come.

Before Thee I stand,  
sinful and sorrowful.

O Mother of the Word  
incarnate,  
despise not my petition  
and my necessity,  
but, in Thy mercy,  
hear and answer me.

Amen.

Come in.

I'm at a loss  
for words.

How could you let  
something like this happen?

I don't know.

Well, surely  
there must have been a moment  
when you thought  
to yourself,

"Is this really  
the right thing to do?"

That would have been  
every moment.

I'm not trying to say  
what I did was right.

It's not right.

I don't expect you  
to understand.

But I love her.

I'm sorry, Simone.

Wait!

"You shot me down  
in shades of gray."

"They ricocheted  
into endless..."

"matter."  
"Your lucid eyes  
expecting me to stay."  
"You could not comprehend  
how shattered I was."  
"I lie awake at night"  
"and think  
about the golden rule of love."  
"Ay, ah."  
"You better be prepared  
to pay the price,"  
"so look  
before you jump."  
"Uh. Uh."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back."  
"Love has broken you."  
"Love has broken me."  
"Invisible to naked eyes,"  
"but this euphoria  
can't be mistaken."  
"As I undress you  
in my mind,"  
"kaleidoscopic images  
awaken."  
"I lie awake at night"  
"and think  
about the golden rule of love."  
"Ay, ah."  
"You better be prepared  
to pay the price,"  
"so look  
before you jump."  
"Uh. Uh."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back,"  
"'cause love  
has broken you."

"Love has broken me."  
"Love has broken you."  
"Love has broken me."  
"There is no beginning."  
"There is no end."  
"Eternity  
is my newborn friend."  
"Ingrained images  
and starry eyes."  
" Amazing Grace  
with electrolytes."  
"Hey, could you  
do that again?"  
"'Cause you fill me up  
time and time again."  
"I never need  
to draw the line."  
"These moments  
don't need to be defined."  
"I'm in a state  
of euphoria."  
"If I told you  
the story,"  
"I'd bring you  
to your knees."  
"Yeah."  
"I never knew  
what I was really missing,"  
"but now I do,  
and I've been decompressing."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back,"  
"baby."  
"Don't look back."  
"Love has broken you."  
"Love has broken me."  
"Love has broken you."  
"Love has broken me."

∴