Halloween

Jonathan Larson

How did we get here?

How the hell..pan left--close on the steeple of the

church. How did I get here, how the hell?

Christmas! Christmas eve, last year. I could a night so

frozen be so scalding hot? How can a morning

this mild be so raw? Why are entire years strewn on the

cutting room floor of memory as single frames

of one magic night forever flicker in close up on the 3-D

Imax of my mind. Thats poetic- thats

pathetic. Why did Mimi knock on Roger's door? and Collins

choose that phone booth back where Angel

set up his drums. Why did Maureen's equiptment break

down? Why am I the witness and when I capture it

on film does it mean that its the end and I'm alone.

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