

This is the breakdown of the script I wrote for my game Homing, where the player navigates a pigeon through a city and hears the contents of the letter depending on what area they're flying over. You can play the game at

<https://pigeonkind.itch.io/homing/download/ZjeoGs5tCVbrmNRoXVJrvJIIYfiWzK2MVg84e5s>.

## Outline

Intro - The Beginning

Beat 1 - The Pigeon

Beat 2 - The Tiny Apartment

Beat 3 - The Reminiscing

Beat 4 - The Lesbians

Beat 5 - The Tragedy

## **The Beginning**

Dear Sarah,

It's been a while. I thought you might like to know what's been going on. Summer's just around the corner and I'm facing a busy work season. Miraculously there's a whole weekend that I didn't get booked that coincides right with the end of school, so I'm taking Jacob to Disney World. You would have loved the smile on his face when I told him.

<b>Travel/Jacob</b>	<b>Generic</b>	<b>Love/Home</b>
<p><b>Beat 1 Park</b></p> <p>I took him to the park the other day in "preparation," and I explained how roller coasters are basically giant slides. He asked if Disney World had swing sets too. I fall in love with him more every day. He named the pigeon, you know. Sandwich, after her favorite food.</p>	<p><b>Beat 1 General</b></p> <p>Sometimes I wonder if I'm neurotic, sending Sandwich off to deliver letters to you without knowing if they ever reach you. Oh yeah, I named the pigeon, finally. Or rather, Jacob named her. Sandwich, after her favorite food. I almost didn't let that be her name, but I've grown to like it.</p>	<p><b>Beat 1 Post Office</b></p> <p>I hope this letter finds you. I thought this arcane way of delivering letters would have more of a chance of reaching you, but, well, I think it might be making me more neurotic. The days in between sending off Sandwich and her return are agony. Oh yeah, Jacob named the pigeon. Sandwich, after her favorite food.</p>

<p><b>Beat 2 Hospital</b>  Jacob asked me to tell the story of when we picked him up from the hospital again. I told him about our tiny apartment, and how hard I had to convince you to move to a bigger place when he came along. You were so damn stubborn. Do you remember telling me that a child raised in the city would be humbler than a child raised in the suburbs? I laughed so hard.  You were wrong, by the way. Jacob is the humblest kid I know.</p>	<p><b>Beat 2 General</b>  Springfield is the same as always. The stop sign at Maple and Main still hasn't been replaced and that old warehouse behind the coffeeshop is still vacant. It's been years. Sometimes it feels like time just... doesn't pass. I know it does, you're gone and I miss you less every day. But this little city, well, she doesn't change.</p>	<p><b>Beat 2 City Sign</b>  Do you remember the day we decided to move here? The day you convinced me to pack my shit and leave my tiny house in the burbs to move into a tinier apartment in the city? We could hardly fit my couch up the stairs and once we got it in the apartment it was so comically oversized! If I hadn't loved you so much... *laughs* Well, you knew how much I had to have loved you to give up my house.</p>
<p><b>Beat 3 The Train Station</b>  Do you remember when we thought it was a good idea to take the train on vacation instead of flying? I thought it'd be an adventure to get to see the whole country as we rode through it. You warned me that I might get motion sick, but I told you I'd take Dramamine and besides, trains are different than cars. And then you were the one that got sick. Remember? Two whole days of you puking on and off and me trying my best to comfort you while still enjoying the ride.</p>	<p><b>Beat 3 General</b>  I never got to live in the suburbs with you. It was my biggest dream, but you left before I could convince you that Jacob deserved to have a house and a backyard. That I did, too. We could've had a dog, and two cars, and a full kitchen! Imagine having an actual dishwasher. Never hearing me complain about hand washing dishes ever again! Having a guest room so our friends wouldn't have to sleep out on the couch! A play room, just for Jacob... Well, I guess it doesn't matter now. We</p>	<p><b>Beat 3 The Apartment</b>  And our apartment. Four thirteen north Maple avenue, unit 5S. No elevator. I told you you would hate walking five flights of stairs every day. You insisted you wouldn't, but day two or three, I think, you begged me to carry you up the stairs. I did, do you remember? Especially when you were sick or drunk. And then you tried to carry me up one flight once, and gave me that horrid bruise on my head when you dropped me. I tried to be mad at you for that but you were so worried you</p>

<p>I still have the dumb Katie's Crab Café tourist shirts we bought on that trip. Jacob sometimes wears them as pajamas and asks me to tell him that story. He and I are going to take that trip one day.</p>	<p>could've had so much more.</p>	<p>had given me a concussion that I ended up consoling you. I think you stayed up all night that night watching me to make sure I didn't die in my sleep.</p>
<p><b>Beat 4 The Church</b>  I took Jacob to the Unitarian Universalist Church on Thomas Street today. It's the one you would always mock for its "performative allyship" because it had that dumb huge rainbow flag out front.</p> <p>I hope you'd be happy to know it's not performative or allyship. The pastor herself has a wife, and a significant portion of the congregation is queer. I met another single parent there with a kid around Jacob's age, and I think they'd get along.</p> <p>Don't worry, I'm not about to start believing in God or anything. I just want to expose Jacob to things in this world that other people find important.</p>	<p><b>Beat 4 General</b>  I suppose you don't really care about my dating life, but, well, I'm seeing someone. Sort of. She was a bridesmaid at a wedding I organized, believe it or not. That's how I met her. She adores Jacob. I haven't seen much of her, though, because she's busy and I'm busy and I'm scared. I've told her about you though. She says you sounded like an incredible and incredibly frustrating wife. I laughed at that.</p> <p>She's right, you know. You were an incredible wife. I loved you so much and I wish I had known how to love you better.</p>	<p><b>Beat 4 The Dive Bar</b>  I found the photo strip of us when we first met. Dave's Dive Bar. You were so cocky that night I almost slapped you when you asked to buy me a drink. But you had that dumb playful glint in your eye, and your stupid crooked grin was irresistible. I took the bait and you bought me a whiskey on the rocks. Such a dumb choice! I hate whiskey! I drank it down though. For some reason.</p> <p>I went there on our anniversary this year, the way we used to. I bought myself the vodka cranberry you should have bought me the night we met. It tasted like shit.</p>

## Beat 5

### [Flying Away

I don't know if this letter will ever reach you. I don't know if any of the letters I've sent have reached you, although Sandwich always comes back empty-handed. I'm sorry, is what I should say. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

I miss you.]

### To The Graveyard

I'm writing... well... I'm writing to say how much I miss you, I guess. Things are hard, and there have been so many times when I want to reach for my phone and call you, invite you back home and stay in your arms forever.

I'm sorry for being so sentimental. Some days go by without me thinking about you at all, but other days, like today, my mind can't stop. I wonder if we were wrong, if I made a mistake in driving you away. I don't know. I try not to regret it.

### The Graveyard

I'll come visit you some day, I promise. Jacob keeps asking and I can't put him off for too much longer. I just... needed some time. Needed a lot of time.

I hope this letter finds you.

I do love you and think of you fondly.

Nina

*The pigeon lands on a tombstone and drops the letter into a pile of similar-looking letters.*

END.