

**“THIS IS OUR SONG, JUST WAIT AND SEE” by Alexander Lee-Rekers
(StageMilk, 2025)**

TEGAN and SAM sit together on a couch. Tegan is wearing headphones, and is listening to the tail-end of a song being played from a phone in Sam’s hand. Tegan smiles at Sam, who beams back—way too eager, way too intense. Tegan takes the headphones off.

TEGAN: It’s good.

SAM: Yeah?

TEGAN: Yeah.

SAM: Fantastic! I knew you’d like it. I know it’s not your usual thing, and I respect that, but I feel like this song just, like, transcends the “usual things” for people.

TEGAN: No, I get that.

SAM: The lyrics, the build of the sound...

TEGAN: I could hear the bass player-

SAM: -Kurt Render-

TEGAN: -yeah, that you were telling me about earlier. Really good.

SAM: He only played with them on a few tracks. He’s mostly a live player, like he’d do concerts and tours and stuff. *(Pause.)* I’m so happy you enjoyed it.

TEGAN: I can tell!

Something tender: a hug, a kiss, a break in the tension.

SAM: So.

TEGAN: So?

SAM: Could you picture this as our first dance song? *(Long pause.)* It’s unconventional. But then so are we.

TEGAN: Oh.

SAM: We come in solo at the start, like the bit with the cellos, and then da DUMMMMM that first big chord hits and they invite everybody out to join us. What do you think? I think it’d be great.

Long pause.

TEGAN: I mean I can picture it.

SAM: What's the matter?

TEGAN: I always thought I'd dance to something classic. Kinda cheesy, like Sinatra or Bobby Darin, but nice, you know?

SAM: See I don't relate to those artists.

TEGAN: Sure. But it's also what suits the event.

SAM: It's our wedding.

TEGAN: Right.

SAM: Isn't what we say "suits the event" what suits the event?

TEGAN: I don't think I want this song. I'm sorry, Sam.

SAM: You have been asking for my input on the wedding for months.

TEGAN: That is true.

SAM: I'm making an effort here, Tegan.

TEGAN: Hang on...

SAM: Can't I have this one thing?

TEGAN: Sam, you can have as many things as you like.

SAM: I only want *this*. To pick this song.

TEGAN: Can't you pick another song?

SAM: You told me you liked it.

TEGAN: Not for our wedding!

SAM: You lied to me... You didn't like it. You listened to it, you told me you liked it only you didn't.

TEGAN: It's- It's not my usual thing! And you knew that! And still: you sat me down on our couch and played me a *fourteen minute track* where the band literally takes a break! In the middle of the song! I could hear them put their instruments down and so I went to get up and go on with my day and you gave me a look like "Oh, no no no! It's just getting started!" And they came back and played again and it never seemed to finish! What was I supposed to say at the end of it?!

SAM: The truth!

TEGAN: It *sucked*. It's long, it's repetitive, it's pretentious- I didn't do drugs at university, Sam: I wasn't that cool. So this navel-gazing rhapsodic guitar crap completely passed me by! I love you, I don't want to lie to you, I never want to hear that fucking song again. Especially not at our wedding.

Tegan takes a breath, Sam processes this new information.

SAM: Okay. Fair enough.

TEGAN: I'm sorry I lied.

SAM: I'm sorry I pushed the song.

TEGAN: It's okay. You were excited...

Pause.

SAM: How about The Beatles?

TEGAN: Something off Revolver?

SAM: Done.