

# Goodbye, Love

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*A bittersweet love story using the lyrics Goodbye, Love from the musical RENT.*

*Casting:*

*Roger= Storm*

*Mimi= Kira*

*Mark= Izumo*

*Maureen= Sakura*

*Joanne= Sheikoni*

*Benny= Rayd*

*Collins= Meisodd*

Provided by Fanart Central.

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# 1 - Goodbye, Love

The sun hung high in the crisp, autumn air, but everyone's hearts seemed low and dark as midnight. One by one, they laid roses gently on a dear friend's graveside. Meisodd, a young man in his late teens knelt down in front of the tombstone, staring at it longingly before laying a blood red rose on top of the other white ones. He let out a shaky breath, his silver-white hair falling over his eyes. Storm, a boy about the same age as him with long, black hair tied back in a spikey ponytail, rested a gentle hand on his best friend's shoulder. "I'm sorry..." he murmured. Meisodd nodded slightly and another sigh escaped his lips. "Yeah...just gimme a minute, okay...?" Storm nodded in understanding and turned to the rest of their group, motioning to them. The woman they were burying was Meisodd's lover, Angel. It was only natural to want some alone time to say farewell.

They walked in silence, Storm and Kira standing towards the middle, though Kira was sticking closer to her ex, Rayd. Sakura and Sheikoni walked behind one another, not even looking at each other. Izumo strayed at the back, looking at the ground. Kira, however, was the first to break the silence.

"It's true you sold your guitar and bought a car...?" she asked softly, glancing at Storm. Storm nodded, turning to the sky.

"It's true--I'm leaving now for Santa Fe. It's true you're with this yuppie scum?" he growled, glaring at Rayd. Rayd merely glared back, putting an arm around Kira's waist.

"You said you'd never speak to him again--"

"Not now," Kira cut him off impatiently, pulling away. Sakura intervened, her eyes flashing.

"Who said that you have any say in who she says things to at all?"

"Yeah!" Storm agreed viscously, the tension in the air more than evident now.

Sheikoni grabbed Sakura's arm and dragged her back towards him.

"Who said that you should stick your nose in other people's--" Sakura ripped her arm away angrily.

"Who said I was talking to you?!" Sheikoni growled and stepped away from her, frustrated.

"We used to have this fight every night, you'd never admit I existed!" Kira stepped forth again, advancing on Storm with glinting yellow eyes.

"You were the same way, always "Run away, hit the road, don't commit", you're full of shoot! You're in denial!"

"I'M in denial?!" Storm echoed indignantly. "You didn't give an inch when I gave a mile!"

"I gave a mile!" Kira insisted.

"Gave a mile to WHO?" he challenged, glaring at Rayd again. Rayd just looked exasperated.

"Come on guys, chill!" he snapped, seeing Meisodd approaching out of the corner of his eye.

"I would be happy to die for a taste of what Angel had!" Storm continued, raising his voice over Rayd's.

"Someone to live for--unafraid to say 'I love you'! All your words are nice, Kira, but love's not a three-way street! You'll never share real love until you love yourself--I should know!" He was cut off by Meisodd's strong hands pushing him back, the young man looking at him sternly.

"You said you'd all be cool today, so, please, for my sake..." He sighed softly and looked back at Angel's grave with sad eyes. "I can't believe she's gone..." He turned back to Storm. "I can't believe you're going..." The sorrowful gaze turned to the others, who all looked a bit awkward except for Kira, who still looked up at Storm with a mix of fury and desperation. "I can't believe this family must die...Angel helped us believe in love..." They all chimed in now, their voices soft and sad.

"I can't believe this family must die..." Sakura and Sheikoni quietly reconciled with each other and headed home then, Sheikoni holding Sakura gently in his arms. Meisodd walked back to the funeral

home, having to pay for the burial, and Rayd left with Kira, who seemed more than happy to leave Storm's presence. Izumo and Storm were left alone together, and Storm stalked ahead, his hands in his pockets. He stopped at Izumo's voice.

"I hear there are great restaurants out west," he said awkwardly. The faintest of smiles reached Storm.

"Some of the best..." And as quickly as it had appeared, the smile vanished. "How could she...?"

"How could you let her go?" Izumo pressed, a bit concerned. Storm growled, his voice bitter.

"You just don't know!" His voice quieted again, trying to gain control of himself. "How could we lose Angel...?"

"Maybe you'll see why when you stop escaping your pain!" Izumo snapped, frustrated with the other man's behavior. "At least now if you try, Angel's death won't be in vain!"

"His death is in vain," Storm replied flatly, looking away. Izumo looked at the ground and shook his head.

"Are you insane...? There's so much to care about! There's me, there's Kira--"

"Kira's got her baggage too," Storm cut him off, glaring mildly.

"So do you!" Izumo retorted. Storm lashed out, his cheeks pink with anger and his green eyes gleaming.

"Who are you to tell me what I know? What to do?" he challenged.

"A friend," Izumo said steadily.

"Then who are you? Who are you, Izumo? 'Izumo has got his work'. They say, 'Izumo lives for his work', 'Izumo's in love with his work'. Izumo HIDES in his work," he snarled. Izumo looked taken aback.

"From WHAT?" he asked incredulously. Storm whirled around to face the other man, his emerald eyes burning into his own pale ones.

"From facing your failure, facing your loneliness!" he growled. "Facing the fact that you live a lie! Yes, you live a lie! Tell you why...You're always preaching not to be numb, when that's how you thrive! You pretend to create and observe when you really detach from feeling alive!"

"Perhaps it's because I'm the one of us to survive!" he retorted, dark hair flipping over one eye a bit, so he looked eerily like Storm. Storm looked at him in disgust.

"Poor baby," he said in a voice full of malice, turning away. Izumo sighed exasperatedly.

"Kira still loves you. Are you really jealous or are you afraid Kira's weak?" he said quietly. Storm looked at the ground.

"Kira did look pale..." he murmured. Izumo saw his words were finally starting to sink in a bit.

"Kira's getting thin, her time is running out, and you're running out the door," he pressed.

"No more!" Storm shouted. "I gotta go!" And with that, he sauntered off again, his hand shoved moodily into his jacket pockets. He froze at Izumo's voice again.

"Hey!" he shouted back. "For someone who's been let down, who's leaving town?" he challenged. Storm smiled sardonically and glanced back at him.

"For someone who longs for a community of his own, who's with his camera, alone?" He turned away again, and Izumo walked off quietly, leaving Storm there. The black-haired man turned to the sky, his eyes sorrowful. "I'll call..." He glared mildly at the colorfully red trees around them. "I hate the fall," he spat at the ground.

He stumbled back a bit as Kira re-emerged, having hidden behind a shrub. His eyes softened.

"You heard...?" Kira nodded slightly.

"Every word. You don't want baggage without lifetime guarantees...You don't want to see me die...? I just came to say goodbye, love...Goodbye, love...Goodbye!" Storm's eyes teared up a bit and he whirled away, not wanting to face her. He walked off in the opposite direction he had planned, following the path that Sakura and Sheikoni had walked on. Rayd grabbed her arm and looked at her, tears streaming down her face. He pulled her close to him, but Kira panicked a bit and wormed out of his grip, looking up at him with soft eyes.

"Please, don't touch me...Understand, I'm scared...I need to go away," she said firmly. Rayd looked at

her solemnly.

"A rehab?" Kira looked meek all of a sudden, looking away.

"Maybe--could you...?" Rayd nodded, stroking her cheek with one finger gently.

"I'll pay." Kira leaned against him and hiccuped as she tried to hold back a sob.

"Goodbye, love, I just came to say goodbye, love...Hello--disease..."