

Cancer – by Cheryl Holt

TEEN 1: Where have you been? I've been looking everywhere.

TEEN 2: Did it occur to you that maybe I didn't want to be found?

TEEN 1: No.

TEEN 2: Leave.

TEEN 1: But you said you'd help me.

TEEN 2: I lied.

TEEN 1: Are you okay?

TEEN 2: My mom's cancer is back.

TEEN 1: So?

TEEN 2: God, you are such a jerk. (Sighing.) Look, we just got back from the doctor. I can't deal with this right now.

TEEN 1: When will you be able to *deal* with it?

TEEN 2: I don't know.

TEEN 1: Why are you such a whiner?

TEEN 2: I thought we were friends.

TEEN 1: We're not.

TEEN 2: Does anything matter to you?

TEEN 1: No.

TEEN 2: Just...go away.

TEEN 1: What? Your mom's sick so you think you can treat me anyway you want?

TEEN 2: Yeah, that's exactly what I think.