

Death – by Cheryl Holt

TEEN 1: I'm sorry.

TEEN 2: Why would you be sorry?

TEEN 1: Ah...actually, I'm not. I didn't really know him.

TEEN 2: Well, if you had known, you wouldn't have liked him.

TEEN 1: I'm sure that's true.

TEEN 2: Everything is so mixed up now.

TEEN 1: Why? Because he's not here to help us finish it?

TEEN 2: I don't see how we can keep going without him.

TEEN 1: He wasn't the only person that mattered.

TEEN 2: That's what you think. I wish I was dead, too!

TEEN 1: You don't mean that.

TEEN 2: Yes, I do.

TEEN 1: It will get better.

TEEN 2: When?

TEEN 1: I don't know.

TEEN 2: Shut up. (Sighing.) Do you ever wish you could snap your fingers and become somebody else – with a different home and a different life?

TEEN 1: I wish it all the time.
