

## BOY

**Boy** Tell you what. You say “sorry” so easy, like the rough patch’s smoothed over, no hard feelings and everything’s fixed. Well, no. There’s dark . . . a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in that cave like us, it beats you down. “Sorry” can’t fix it. Better to say nothing than “sorry.” (*hearing his mother’s song, far away*) When it’s night, and I’m too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks, y’know? – between the wood nailed over the window – and I see all those little stars that I can’t reach, and I think that in a hundred years, or two or three hundred maybe, boys’ll be free and life’ll be so beautiful that nobody’ll ever say “sorry” again – ‘cuz nobody’ll have to. I think about that a lot.

## MOLLY

**Molly** Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. (*starting again*) And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person – that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if he should leave, I’ll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like “hyacinth” and “Piccadilly” and “onyx.” And I’ll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be part of a different sort of family, with friends, you know? – who understand that things are only worth what you’re willing to give up for them. (*then*) Even if I – in the face of death, I may have – you know –