

CB. The sad thing is that his hands will never heal. That the broken parts of a dead body cannot heal.

CB'S SISTER. Now I'm trapped in this body that will always know regret. A girl who should've been a butterfly, but would still always want to be a platypus.

CB. I hope you're doing well. Sorry for unloading all of this. *(Forcing a smile.)* I bet this is the longest letter you've ever gotten. Thanks for listening. Sincerely. No. Yours truly. Or. Your pen pal. CB. *(The lights change and CB's sister looks to him. The red doghouse appears. It is old and covered with cobwebs, creating a mausoleum-like presence.)*

## “BROTHERS AND SISTERS”

CB'S SISTER. Hey.

CB. Hey.

CB'S SISTER. *(Carefully.)* Are you okay?

CB. Why does everyone keep asking me that?! I'm fine! *(CB climbs atop the doghouse. His sister joins him.)*

CB'S SISTER. I know you didn't mean what you said today.

CB. You're wrong. I did.

CB'S SISTER. I know that you loved him.

CB. Look, I went through ... something. Some sort of phase. I don't know what it was, but I'm done with it now. Everything's okay. I'm back to normal. This is a good thing.

CB'S SISTER. I don't believe that.

CB. Just stop already, okay? Please. I want to move forward.

CB'S SISTER. I know I was a real bitch about ... you two. It stung. That's okay though. In time, I would've been okay with it. I would've been great with it! We're different — you and me. We're special. We're not like them.

CB. I am like them. *(Correction.)* I want to be like them.

CB'S SISTER. That's sad. *(Beat.)* You know, when we were kids, I used to look up to you.

CB. When I was a kid, I was a loser.

CB'S SISTER. No, you weren't. You were great. A little different, but great. Recently, I've seen that quality in you again.

CB. Do you ever feel like you're not a real person? That you're the

product of someone's imagination and you can't think for yourself because you're really like just some "creation" and that somewhere there's people laughing every time you fail?

CB'S SISTER. Laugh and the world laughs with you —

CB. Cry and they laugh even harder. (*She kisses him on the cheek and starts to exit.*) Do you think I'm gay?

CB'S SISTER. Maybe. Maybe not. (*Smiling.*) You know, I can't keep up with you. (*Mocking him.*) Find. An. Identity. (*CB laughs.*) Oh, I almost forgot. This came for you. (*She hands him an envelope, then leaves. He looks at it and the wind is knocked out of him.*)

### "DEAR CB ... "

*The lights dim. CB stands alone in the center of the stage. He is holding in his hand the letter. And just staring at it. He opens it, tentatively. It begins to rain, but just on him. The cast enters and stands in a semi-circle around him.*

ALL. Dear CB.

CB'S SISTER. How unexpected to get a letter from you after all these years.

VAN'S SISTER. I thought you had forgotten about me.

VAN. It sounds like you're going through a pretty rough time and having to deal with situations that you feel like you can't handle —

TRICIA. But if anyone is equipped to deal with these things, it's you.

VAN. I promise that things get better.

TRICIA. Hang in there.

TRICIA and VAN. Be strong.

MATT. I'm so sorry for your loss.

MARCY. I was talking to a girl the other day who told me of an incident that happened at her high school.

ALL. There was a boy.

MATT. Bullied.

TRICIA and MARCY. Tormented.

MATT. To the point of opening fire on their cafeteria. He was quiet and awkward. No one ever spoke to him unless it was to insult him. He took the lives of many people. The girl told me that