

## SPINE

by Bill C. Davis

Claire, 13, talking to her dying brother, 11

Setting: a country home in Connecticut, the present

Dramatic

*Claire's younger brother, Christy, is dying. Here, she speaks to him for what she knows will be the last time.*

○ ○ ○

**CLAIRE:** It's really weird that you can't talk. But I know what you want to say. I do. You want to say, "Claire – you're a very good sister." And I want to say, "You're a very good brother" – you are, Christy. You're a better brother than Mike. I guess that's not saying very much. Charlene and Reesy and Jenny ask about you. They worry about you. They worry that you're having pain, cause I told them when I've heard you yell. I didn't tell them when you cried – I wouldn't do that. But a few times you screamed. The first time you did that, I was so scared. It was the most scared I've ever been until just a little while ago – until just before I gave you your present. That was the most scared I've ever been. But that's not my secret. *(Pause.)* I thought something awful once – not too long ago. Remember July fourth? You wanted us to go to the lake and I wanted us to go to the ocean, because they have the best fireworks; in the sky and in the water – like stereo. But you wanted to go fishing in the lake. I was real mad, was so mad, because that's what always happens. Whenever you want to go somewhere that's where we always go. And I wished something awful – I was wrong – I know I was, but I wished ... I said to myself, "I wish he'd hurry up and ..." *(She can't say it.)* It was bad to think that, and I really didn't think it long. I just wanted to see the fireworks from the boats. and that's not what I wish. I wish you'd never die. That's what I really wish, Christy. I'm sorry. Blink that you forgive me. *(Christy blinks.)* Thanks Christy. *(Claire kisses him. She leaves his bed and goes to Lois.)* Mom. . . .