

GABBY SIDE

Edited from pgs. 86 – 87. To be read as a monologue. The italicized dialogue is for context only.

GABBY

He's selfless. I need help with mom or studying - he comes running.
The number of times I've come home and found my lawn mowed -
He's the only family I got, John. I'm an only kid. My dad died and mom decided ... she might just as well be, too. And your brother is ... here.

Not exactly a ringing endorsement.

I mean *here* here. Present. Not judging the things I tell him. Or feeding me advice. I can sit in silence with him and feel utterly at home. More than I do in my own house.

I don't know the man you're describing. I mean, sure, I'm familiar with the silence, but with me that's filled with more judgement than his screaming tirades.

Well ... maybe you earned that judgement.

Whoa. Okay ...

I'm sorry, John, but I knew the man for four of the worst years of his life. A divorce. Taking care of a dying father. Raising a daughter that confuses the shit out of him And I didn't even know you existed. Why?

Because you weren't here. Because *you*. Not Ray. It's the one big difference between you two. He's sorry, but can't say it. And you don't even realize you should be sorry. You should've been here. For Ray. For Natalie. For your dad. You should've been here.

When it counted I was here.

When? The funeral? It's a lot easier to bury a man than it is to watch him die.

I don't have to listen to this.

GABBY

Name badge.

Before you storm away like a big baby, let me help you with your badge.
Don't want it all cockeyed on your first day of work.