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Wind

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[TWO PEOPLE ON STAGE: OLDER BROTHER AND YOUNGER SISTER, BROTHER IN LATE-TWENTIES, SISTER IN LATE TEENS. BROTHER IS STILL, WATCHING SISTER. SISTER IS SLOWLY PACING, CANNOT SEE HIM.]

[SISTER CONTEMPLATIVE] You know that sound of the wind in a snowstorm? When I walked home, today, the wind was gusting around me, and under the glow of the streetlights, the snowflakes looked like they were dancing. It was almost peaceful, really, but I could still hear that keening cry. And I suddenly felt this exquisite grief. I am alone. Alone with that whispered wail.

We used to be alone together. Remember how sometimes we would spend time in the same room, but separate? And while I might've had headphones on and you might've had your head buried in a book, I could still see your feet over the edge of the couch with your favorite pair of navy blue socks.

I just keep forgetting. I mean its been months now, almost a year, and while I know that it takes a while to get over things like this, I still just ... I expect to see you, to laugh with you, to sing with you, to dance with you, to read with you, to walk with you, to be with you... [PAUSE]... to smile at you.

Everyone tells me that I should get out more. Supposedly, I'll feel better if I spend some time out of the house, but I just can't go back to the places that used to make me happy. All I'd do there is just wish you were with me, and if I stay at home, I can pretend you're still here.

I mean, how am I supposed to keep going? You were always the better one of us, who has their life put together. Everyone looked up to you, I looked up to you, I relied on you! I can't do anything on my own, I can't hold responsibility!

[CLIMAX] ***It should have been me, alright?! I'm worthless, I'm unimportant.*** You shouldn't have gone out that night, you didn't need to get me anything. I would have been fine without a phone for a day, but instead I had to be whiney and annoying, and you had to be sympathetic and help me. So you just got in your car, despite the freezing rain and the whipping wind, like you were sure that nothing would happen, and I should have stopped you. [SLOWING DOWN] Then in a blur, the phone rang and Mom screamed and you were gone...

It was my fault.
[WIND BLOWING.]

I just want to make you proud.

[BROTHER SPEAKS] *You do.*

[HE PLACES HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER. SHE BREATHES AUDIBLY, LONG AND DEEP. SHE WALKS OFFSTAGE. BROTHER WATCHES HER GO. SCENE CLOSES.]