

***SHARDS – The Aftermath of Violence*** sample.

(Parents of four high school kids killed by a teenage gunmen discuss their options.)

JOE

An eye for an eye, I say. That kid for mine. That's how I feel about it.

ANN

I don't want this boy dead. What would that do? Another funeral? More business for the undertaker? Haven't we had enough?

JOHN

But what about the rest of them? The teachers, the principal. Somebody must have seen something in this boy. Somebody must have known.

LAURA

What about his parents? How could he sleep in their house, eat dinner at their table, without them knowing what was going on in his mind?

JOHN

Sarah's friends tell me they heard his favorite movie was about some kid who takes a gun to school and kills other students. They say he and some other kids talked about it all the time.

LAURA

And what about those computer games? You know, the graphic ones that are all blood and gore? A kid this age watching all that obscene stuff, role-playing violent games, it had to have had some influence on him. Why didn't his teachers pick up on it?

JOE

Oh, everybody's the same, nobody wants to get involved. Teachers, the principal, they're like everybody else. A kid like this running around on the loose. They knew. They just didn't care.

JOHN

The way I see it, there are a lot of people who shirked their responsibility. We've got to find out who they are. Take them to court. It's the only thing that makes sense.

ANN

Why? What are we going to get out of it? Money?

JOHN

The satisfaction of knowing that we did all we could. We've got to find the answer.

ANN

What if there is no answer? What if it takes forever? What if we have to stop?

LAURA

Let it take forever. I'll never stop. As long as we chase this, my Amy lives. She breathes with every move I make on this. I'll never stop. I'll never give up. As long as I fight this, my Amy is alive. Your son can be too.

ANN

Jason, alive? What are you talking about?

LAURA

You gave him life! Don't let somebody just take it away, not without---

ANN

Stop! Stop! You don't know what you're talking about! None of you know what you're talking about!

LAURA

But we all feel the same way, Ann. Our kids are gone, too.

JOE

And if we all stick together, we can fight this together.

JOHN

Listen to us. Try to understand---

ANN

No, I won't listen! I won't listen another minute! You people and your talk of answers and justice and finding resolution. Don't you get it? Don't any of you get it? My Jason is dead and buried. He's lying in a hole in the ground. They put him in his only suit, a suit with the pants too short 'cause he shot up so much this year. But what did it matter? He's never going to stand up again. Never going to run again. Never going to fly down that track, doing his hundred meters, so fast, like lightning .... I think now that's what his whole life was like. Bright. Brilliant ... and gone in a flash, like a bolt of lightning. You want answers? His father's looking for answers in the bottom of a beer can. Me, there's only one answer I want. Just one. I want to know why my boy is lying under a mound of dirt with me still walking around? I want to know why they didn't just shovel me in there with him and have done with it?