

Roses Are Red

DRAMATIC :: M

Craig's mother died of cancer two weeks ago at a very young age. Craig's father sent him to a therapist to help deal with this tragic loss. Craig does not like the idea of seeing a therapist, but he agrees to go to please his father. Here, he is speaking to the therapist.

Craig: You understand? You understand? No, you *don't* understand. You think just because you have a Ph.D. and a framed certificate on the wall, that you magically know what I'm feeling? What a load of crap. You've just doing your job -- making your money. You probably never cared about anyone in your life. Well I do. I care too much. That's why I'm going crazy. I feel like I'm losing my mind. Every time I see a woman who even slightly resembles my mom, I swear she's gonna turn around and it will be her. Alive, here, now, smiling at me. But it never is. I keep waking up in the middle of the night, screaming, all drenched in sweat. Yesterday, I put my fist through the window and shattered it into pieces. My mom is dead. She's dead, and I can't even cry. Cause if I do, it'll mean I accept, really accept, that she's gone forever. I don't want to do that. *I can't* do it. Can you understand that? I can't let my mom be gone.