

CAROLINE. Was he ok?

ANTHONY. Polish?

(To CAROLINE:)

No. He died.

CAROLINE. He *died*?

ANTHONY. On the floor of the court.

CAROLINE. What?

ANTHONY. Yeah. In front of everybody.

CAROLINE. Wait. What?

ANTHONY. In like two minutes he was just dead.

CAROLINE. *Holy shit.*

ANTHONY. I told you.

CAROLINE. Yeah but. Oh my god. That's horrible.

ANTHONY. Yeah.

CAROLINE. Oh *jesus*.

ANTHONY. I know.

CAROLINE. Are you ok?

ANTHONY. Am I ok?

CAROLINE. Yeah that's crazy. That's intense. That is completely messed up.

ANTHONY. It is. It's totally messed up.

Start CAROLINE. Jesus. He died?

ANTHONY. And I was...like the whole game I was thinking of that stupid line—I mean I was busting my ass on this project and reading the stupid poem and it was like stuck in my head the whole game—and I work the ball, look for the open man, pass, move, *landthismysteryherewestand*—why am I thinking that, you know? But it sticks to my brain—and I say it and play and I say it and play—and then he falls over and we all stop—we're panting, sweating, what the hell is going on—*I and this mystery*—what's wrong with him? *landthismystery*—why isn't he getting up? *landthismysterylandthis*—Then he's dead. He's dead. Here we stand, he's fucking dead. **END**

(Pause. CAROLINE *inches awkwardly to his side, puts her arm around him. Not exactly the right move but now she's done it...*)

ANTHONY. Um.

CAROLINE. (Re: her arm placement:) This is wrong, right?

ANTHONY. Well.

CAROLINE. I don't know what to do.

ANTHONY. I'm fine.

CAROLINE. You don't have to be fine. That's the most—I don't know, but you don't have to be fine.

ANTHONY. But I am.

CAROLINE. Ok.

(Removes her arm. Pause.)

I mean, What did people do? Did they pray?

ANTHONY. Pray?

CAROLINE. Yeah. For the guy.

ANTHONY. I don't know, they were pretty much freaking out.

CAROLINE. Were his parents there?

ANTHONY. I think so.

CAROLINE. Oh shit.

ANTHONY. They got us off the court pretty quick but...I think I heard the dad.

CAROLINE. God. That is the worst kind of awful. That makes my stomach hurt. And like the back of my eyes. That just hurts everywhere.

ANTHONY. Yeah.

CAROLINE. Whoa.

(Pause.)

I do wonder. Sometimes I wonder. What people are thinking. What he was thinking.

ANTHONY. When?

CAROLINE. When it started. Or before. Or—

ANTHONY. Probably about basketball, I don't know.

(Pause.)

CAROLINE. So you came here to do homework after you watched some kid die?

ANTHONY. Well.