

My Fault

By

Will Hightower

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Will Hightower
ComicWill@hotmail.com
www.EasierSaid.net

INT. DAY

KID

I've been in the system for uh... well, since I was 11? So yeah, whatever. It's as bad as you think. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get kicked out of a foster family. Oh, excuse me, "transferred". I'll age-out soon, but this kinda treatment--it stays with you. Contempt, I guess? Fear, almost. Like, my being there, my forced invasion of their home?, scares them into hating me or something. They don't even know me! All they know is what it says on the form: Parents - Deceased. When they ask about it, which they aren't supposed to freaking do by the way, I always tell them a different story.

(Putting on a solemn face and voice)

Oh, my parents went out to the theatre and were mugged and shot. And ever since, I've dedicated my life to avenging their deaths. I. AM. BATMAN!

(Beat)

They've usually stopped listening by then anyway. They probably think I did it. That's what they want to hear--like I'm a living Lifetime movie. Like mom's death was my fault somehow? It was all totally her thing. Her pills, her wine, her choice too I guess? It's like, you can't blame me for her suicide, right? Haha.

(Really asking, hoping, searching)

...Right?