

Dog Sees God, Dark Comedy

VAN'S SISTER: What? Why'd I burn the bitches hair off? Torch her tresses? Light her locks?

Her hair was a symbol of innocence and my lighter was a symbol of corruption. God told me to do it. The devil made me do it. Charles Manson is just so damn persuasive. She is Joan of Arc and I am the townspeople of Salem. I did it for Jodie Foster! Boredom— Plain and simple. It was a cry for help a plea for insanity. (flexing her forefinger) Redrum! Redrum!

Can't we just blame the government or the education system? Puberty? PMS? My parents?

I was pregnant. (beat) Don't worry. It wasn't yours. I had just gotten an abortion the day before and the next day in Biology, we were ironically learning about reproduction. I'm listening to Miss Rainey talking about fallopian tubes, the uterus, eggs and I'm feeling sick to my stomach already. Trying to zone out on anything I can. So I start reading a note over Miss Puritanical Princess' shoulder and she's telling her friend (Aping perfection) "how happy she is that she's a virgin and that she's going to stay that way until she gets married and how repulsed she is by all of the whores at our school" Without thinking, I reached into my pocket for my cute, little, Red Bic lighter and lit her cute little red hair on fire. And every day in therapy they ask me if I'm sorry yet and I just can't can't be. No matter how hard I try. Bitches like that make me sick. they've made me sick. I am officially sick, psychotic, unrepentant and unremorseful. I've been branded a sociopath and I have no choice but to believe it.