

1

I'm still in a daze as I finally say goodbye to the hospital corridors I've come to know so well. A loud BEEP! brings me to my senses as I realise that I'm standing in the middle of the road. I sprint to the pavement, my heart racing with a newfound rush of adrenaline pumping through my blood, as one word and one word only replays in my mind like a broken record-player.

Remission.

You never know how much you take life for granted until you brush death.

Never again. I'll live life to its fullest - never regretting, never looking back.

BANG.

BLACK.

2

Are you sure you don't want any pancakes, Liz? My mum signed.

Yes! Goodness, mum! I'm 20, for heaven's sake! Honestly. Just because I'm deaf doesn't mean I'm stupid!

I roll my eyes, but smile - so mum knows that even though she exasperates me sometimes, I acknowledge that I know she means well.

I hop into my car, closing my eyes and taking a deep breath before hitting the road. I *will* have a great day today - no matter what.

I open them and set off. As I look up at the sky, thankful-

BANG.

BLACK.

3

“IT’S NOT FER”, I scream to my parents who just sigh. AS IF NOT GETTING THE TOY THAT ALL YOUR FRIENDS HAVE IS NOT A BIG DEAL! HOW DER THEY! I’LL NEVER FORGIVE THEM FOR THIS!

Tears streem down my face as I decide to play the ‘**luk at me, I’m so sad**’ card. I snifle twice, lucking down. Poop. It didn’t work. I feel the luk my mummy gives to my daddy, wayting in a fammiliar feeling as I imagine the wurdz that will come next. 3. 2. 1...

“Darling” (there it is) “we can’t always say yes, okay?”. She caresses my cheek.

“Okay I guess...” I say. I still feel sulky thow...

‘Well, maybe we could get it just this onc-

BANG.

BLACK.

4

PROM? One word written on the grass outside in petals.

I process it.

“YES! OHMYGOSH, YES!” I shout to my crush of five years as he grins sheepishly up at me, radiating ecstatically. “TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH!” I laugh as he blushes, despite snorting with laughter. This would be the best event of my life!

BANG.
BLACK.

5

“TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH!” she shouts to me.
LAUGH, DUDE.

I snort.

She looks down at me, grinning like a maniac. *But the message was for her sister...*

BANG.
BLACK.

6

I cautiously slip into my car, my hands instinctively protecting my pregnant belly. *Soon*, I think...

Soon, I'll have my very own mini-me. A little one to cradle, cuddle, hold.

I turn the corner, and as I drive along what any other person would see as an ordinary street, my eyes alight upon one house in particular. **HIS**.

No. We won't go there. Not to that hidden,
clearly-boarded-up place in a corner of my mind.

No. Let's focus on Dad. Yes; in just 20 minutes, I'll be safe
in the sanctuary of his arms. Eyes closed.

When I open them, an horrific view comes into sight. What
on earth is tha-

BANG.

BLACK.

7

Today's the day.

It'll all end today.

I'll finish it. Kill myself, if you hadn't guessed.

Why carry on?

I will. I will ... I will ...

(So why's it feel like I won't?)

It's not supposed to feel like this. It's supposed to be clear.
A made decision. Final...

But I've a feeling. A tingling ... doubt? Oh, Lord. (Is this a sign?) What should I do? Live? Or di-

BANG.
BLACK.

8

“WWHHOOOPPP”, the words come out slurred. LMAO!
Must be thhat alccohol. OOPS.

Yoour nnot supposedd to drive-drink? Hic. Nno.
Drunk-driven? Nnoooo sirr. I ggive upp. Speaaking's
wayyy too hardd.

“RUUDOLPH THHE RETH-NOSED RENDEER!!!”

How I love life! Ethpesshally thoose reth cups at parti-

BANG.
BLACK.

“Alrighty, nearly there, Margaret!” I put the phone down, fumbling with that ‘end call’ button again. *Bloomin’ gadgets these days, honestly.*

Pulling into the car park of ‘Let’sBingo!’, I call John my wonderful husband.

As soon as he picks up, “Sheila! I have a bad feeling about tonight...”

“Calm down with the psychic stuff, love! Not as if a plane’s gonna land on me, OK?

“Okay sweetheart... stay safe.”

“I wil-

BANG.

BLACK.

“I’m off to work, Gina!” I shout, unable to hide my impatience.

“Again? You’ve been ‘at work’ an awful lot recently, darling ...” my wife says to me, a look of sadness and suspicion

creeping over her face. *UGH! Will she just shut up, already.*

I put on my best acting face. “I know, and I’m sorry darling. It’s just been so busy recently.”

“I can’t imagine working at a toothpaste factory is so time-consuming...”

I don’t love you, OK? is what I want to shout, to put the insufferable woman out of her misery. Instead I say, “LOOK-

BANG.

BLACK.

Pilot.

My finger is on button.

They die of course...

...

I die too....

...

So? Why I care?

...

I'm ready.

3

2

1

BANG...

BLISSFUL BLACK.

Finally, death.

How you people say in your language? An eye for an eye...?

11.

“Buhy, Mmum!”, a piece of toast stuffed in my mouth as I shout up to my mother, the food muffling my speech.

I slide onto my bicycle, my scarlet backpack digging into my shoulder due to the weight of the school project I spent hours on, now placed meticulously in a box at the bottom of my trusty backpack.

I set off, accelerating, causing my hair to whip through the wind. I feel free this way, in peace, calmness, and with a sense of safety surrounding me. After all, I *am* an air sign!

Speaking of signs, I pass the cut-off for ... the next town.
Lockerbie. Sounds ominous, for some reason.

My eyebrows furrow, the hairs on the back of my neck
stand up. What's that noise? It's so lou-

BANG.

BLACK.