

A Monologue from

The Incomplete Life
& Random Death
Of Molly Denholtz

by
Ian McWethy

Jane, 18, in study hall. This is her unexpected answer to the question from her study partner, “have you ever lost anyone?”

JANE (cont’d)

So... my biological mother died during childbirth. Which is pretty rare these days but not impossible. But obviously I never met her. So I don’t know if that even counts.

Jane looks at her trail mix bag. Decides to close it up.

JANE (cont’d)

I remember my neighbor dying of a drug overdose when I was 7. But again, I didn’t really know him and I barely remember it. Actually I’m not sure if I do at all or if I just remember people telling me about it. You have memories like that? Where your like... did I? And... then... um... in seventh grade my best friend, Mary, she... killed herself. She had just turned 13. She had depression and she was bullied a lot. She... hung herself. With a belt. That one is still really hard to think about. My parents don’t really like to talk about it and her parent split up afterwards so I never see them either. And... it feels like it’s just me sometimes. Like I’m the only one who still thinks about her. And I wonder a lot like... what would she be like now? Would we still be friends? Because I’ve changed a lot since seventh grade so maybe we just wouldn’t be friends anymore but maybe I wouldn’t have changed as much if she was still here. Anyway... that’s a hard one. Then my aunt died of cancer two years ago. Then two of my grandparents died in a car accident. Well one died right away and one lived for two more months then died like... last October. God, I’ve been to a lot of funerals the past few years, huh?

She picks up her trail mix. Wants to open it, but puts it back in her bag.

JANE (cont’d)

Oh, and then my dog died this month. Which I know people don’t think is a big deal but in some ways it was harder than... I mean I wasn’t very close to my aunt. But Ginny was with me every day. And loved me. She just ate and ran around and loved me. And when Mary died... taking a nap with Ginny or playing fetch it... was something I could do that made me feel a little more normal. And then what made it all worse is that my parents like, immediately got a new dog. And it’s so... bizarre. Because she looks like Ginny, they’re both golden retrievers but it’s just not the same. At all. It feels like they’ve replaced Ginny with a... dog robot. I kind of hate her.