Nick Enright's Blackrock

Cherie

It was my fault. If we stuck together like we said, you and me and Leanne, you wouldn't be here. But I lost youse all. Now I've lost you. And no-one knows how. You should hear the rumours. Someone seen a black Torana with Victorian number plates. It was stranger in a Magadeth T-shirt, it was a maddie from the hospital, even your stepdad. All these ideas about who did it, who did it, like it was a TV show. Every night on the news. I want to yell out, this is not a body, this is Tracy you're talking about. Someone who was here last week, going to netball, working at the Pizza Hut, getting the ferry, hanging out. You were alive.

Now you're dead. But I know you can hear me. I can hear you. (She plays a bit of a song.)

Your song. Times we danced to that, you and me and Shana, Shana singing dirty words, remember? Mum hearing and throwing a mental… I shouldn't laugh, should I? Not here. But all I can think of is the other words.

(She turns off the tape)

You were wearing my earrings. You look so great. And some guy took you off and did those things to you. I wish I knew who. You know, Trace. Nobody else does. If I knew, but, I'd go and kill him. I'd smash his head in. I'd cut his balls off. I'd make him die slowly for what he did to you.