

## **PETER**

Tell you what. You say "sorry" so easy, like the rough patch's smoothed over, no hard feelings and everything's fixed. Well, no. There's dark ... a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in that cave like us, it beats you down. "Sorry" can't fix it. Better to say nothing than "sorry." When it's night, and I'm too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks, y'know? - between the wood nailed over the window - and I see all those little stars that I can't reach, and I think that in a hundred years, or two or three hundred maybe, boys'll be free and life'll be so beautiful that nobody'll ever say "sorry" again - 'cuz nobody'll have to. I think about that a lot.

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