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*Evan and Alana, online.*Start

ALANA: Evan. Hey, it's Alana. How are you? How is everything?

EVAN: Um. Fine. Thanks . . .

ALANA: Oh my God. Jared has been telling everyone about you and Connor, how close you guys were, how you were like best friends . . .

EVAN (*Troubled*): Oh.

ALANA: Everyone is talking about how brave you've been this week.

EVAN: They are?

ALANA: I mean, anybody else in your position would be falling apart. Dana P. was crying so hard at lunch yesterday, she pulled a muscle in her face. She had to go to the hospital.

EVAN: Isn't Dana P. new this year? She didn't even know Connor.

ALANA: That's why she was crying. Because now she'll never get the chance. Connor is really bringing the school together. It's pretty incredible. People I've never talked to before, they want to talk to me now, because they know how much Connor meant to me. It's very inspiring. I actually started a blog about him, like a sort of memorial page . . .

EVAN (*Nervous for a moment*): Were you friends with Connor, too?

ALANA: Acquaintances. But close acquaintances.

*(Evan nods, relieved.)*

Can I tell you something? I think part of me always knew that you guys were friends. You did a good job of hiding it. But. I don't know.

Stop.