

MITCH

You can't comfort these damn kids. They don't know yet that the good don't always win, so there's nothing you can say to cheer them up when they lose. I want to tell them disappointment doesn't last – but from what I've seen disappointment lasts like hell. I want to tell them words don't matter – but from what I've seen words can get you killed. I just want to beat them up a little, so they understand that pain has degrees, and this is nothing – this is nothing, you little freaks. But that would violate my parole. So I do what I can. I give them a hug and a juice box. I'm here to give comfort.

(bringing all back to life)

Let's go.