

Menihek Integrated High School
Labrador City

presents

EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

CAST

Wendy -----
Tara -----
Mom -----
Gena -----
Chorus -----

Wendy Chambers
Krista Harris
Robyn Hulan
Gena Vey

Robyn Janes
Steve Frye
Deanna Hepditch

CREW

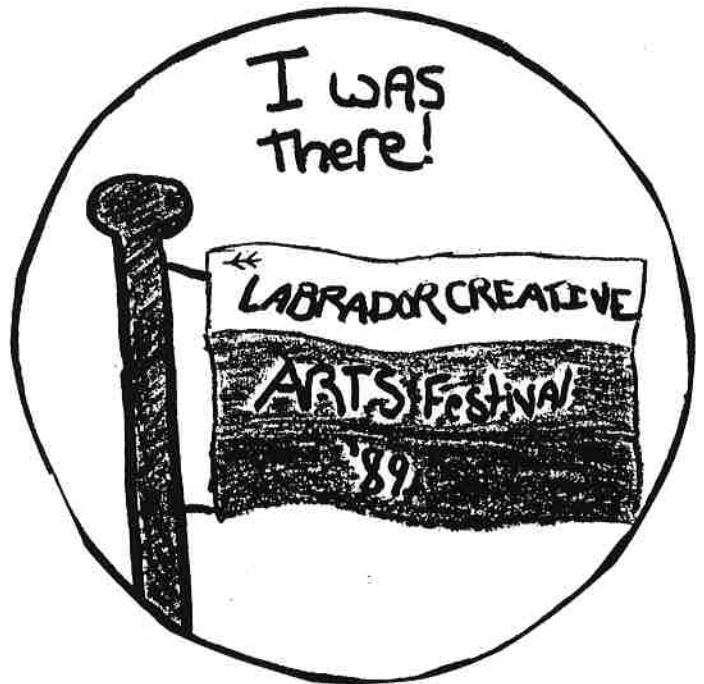
Tanya Wolfe - lights

TEACHER

Adrian Rogers - Director

*Kim Michelin
Gr. 9
Robert Leckie School*

*Sheldon & Morris
Gr. Gordon Academy
Henry*



The stage is completely bare, except for some stools S. Right and S. Left. Behind them, perhaps, something that might suggest a wall. There might be some risers Centre. The play uses a chorus that represents the inner thoughts of Wendy as well as beliefs held by society. The chorus is the abstract, while the four characters are the concrete world.

Chorus: (all) WE treat them like children
 brenda: we hide them away
 deanna: like deep dark secrets
 all: they do what WE want them to do X'S
 robyn: we mock them
 andrew: we don't understand how to accept them
 robyn: we can't accept them
 tara: watch and see
 gena: watch and see
 brenda: watch and see
 deanna: watch and see
 robyn: watch and see
 andrew: watch and see.
 brenda: we won't give them a chance
 robyn: to reach their potential
 tara: We treat them like children
 gena: children
 brenda: children
 deanna: children
 robyn: children
 andrew: children.
 all: (as they walk to stage; soft to loud) Red Rover, Red Rover, send Wendy right over. Red Rover, Red Rover, send Wendy right over.
 Wendy: STOP.
 all: (except Gena- in a circle) Ring around the rosie, pocket full of posies, ashes, ashes. we all fall down? they fall)
 Wendy: Tara?!
 Tara: It's OK Wendy. Your twin sister's here now.
 Gena: Forget these kids Wendy. It's a long time ago. I'm your friend now.. Come on, we can make it on our own together.
 Wendy: Tara??
 Gena: Wendy, come on-I've got to be going.
 andrew: Ice Cream! Ice Cream! I scream, you scream, we all scream for Ice Cream.
 all: (except Wendy. They cheer) Ice Cream! Ice Cream!
 andrew: Ice Cream!
 Wendy: Cream! Cream!
 andrew: Ice Cream! I scream, you scream, we all scream for ICE Cream.
 brenda: (Lining up at ice cream man- pushing Wendy aside) I was here first.
 robyn: I was here first.
 deanna: I was here first.
 Wendy: (to man) He's cute. But your nose is too big for

(A)

volume



A.M.

(B)

Steve / move soon

(C)

Slow

Chorus

move

sooner

your face.
Tara: Wendy!
andrew: Beat it. retard.
Tara: Look bud. You're talkin' to my twin sister. Leave her alone.
andrew: She's pretty saucy. What flavour do you want me to give her?
Tara: Give her vanilla.
Wendy: and Chocklit, and Napoleon and that green stuff.
andrew: (spills it on her) awww, gee. I'm Really sorry kid. Maybe you should just go home- and stay there.
Wendy: Tara!
Tara: It's OK. Mom, gave me money to take you to the store. I'll get you a new shirt.
Wendy: (walking past the chorus who are manequins.) I like this one.
Tara: No. We'll pick out something that looks nice on you
Wendy: How about this one.
Tara: That's retarded.
Wendy: Stop it.
Tara: It'll look nice- in a bag.
Wendy: You're jealous cuz I'm prettier than you.
andrew: Let's play.
brenda: PLay. *Ever | (D)*
robyn: play.
deanna: play.
tara: play. (andrew, brenda, robvn, deanna, tara-repeat one-by-one and then together-chanting) PLAY.-Yaaay!
all: Red Rover, Red Rover send Tara right over. One, Two... Three! (Tara runs over) Yaaaay.
Tara: Ok Wendy. It's your turn. Call someone over.
Wendy: DeAnna!
Tara: No. Say Red Rover, Red Rover.
Wendy: Red Rover, Red Rover.
Tara: Put it all together. Wendy.
Wendy: Red Rover. Red Rover.
all: Forget it. We'll call you over. Red Rover, Red Rover call Wendy right over. One, Two Threee...
(she runs but doesn't get through) Awwwww. Didn't get over.
brenda: Look out, it's Rover.
andrew: Get out of the way- it's Rover.
Tara: Wendy> Get out of the way Wendy. Rover is too big a dog for you to play with.
Wendy: (laughing) Here Rover Rover.
Tara: Stop it Wendy. I'm not kidding. Wendy!
Wendy: Rover!Rover! (She tumbles and rolls-screaming)
deanna: (running in) Are you ok. Wendy?
all: (all except Tara run in, asking;) Wendy? Wendy? (They repeat her name forming a circle around her)
brenda: Come on Tara- or you can't be our friend any more. (Tara joins in the circle. They continue chanting Wendy louder and louder)
Wendy: Stop it!
all: (this time quietly and then louder) Retard. *(K)*
Wendy: Tara! Tara? Tar.... (all turn away and walk right or left. Wendy slowly and sadly turns left to her bed room.

Wendy is sitting on her bed, playing with a box of Smarties. At first she sings the Smarties song very quietly. The second time it's very upbeat. On the third verse, Tara enters, singing, and they join together in the end.

When you eat your Smarties, do you eat the red ones last?
Do you suck them very slowly, or crunch them very fast?
Eat that candy coated chocolate, now tell me when I ask,
When you eat your Smarties do you eat the red ones last?

Tara: Remember when we were kids and we'd be on the porch.
We always used to rub the Smarties around our lips
to make them red. And we'd try to stick them to
our noses. Yours would always fall off first.

Wendy: I never did that. (she was doing it)

Tara: And Mom would sit us in the bath, and scrub and
scrub and scrub our faces to get them clean. (Wendy
watches TV) You don't want to watch Alf. Alf is for
kids. Lets watch Dallas.

Wendy: No, Alf.

Tara: Dallas.

Wendy: Alf.

Tara: Dallas.

Wendy: Alf. Alf-Alf-Alf-Alf!!!

Tara: Ok. Fine. Go ahead and watch Alf.

Wendy: Get the Kitty!

Tara: Wendy? What's this?

Wendy: What?

Tara: It's a list of programs for the Trades School in
Corner Brook.

Wendy: So?

Tara: It's open to the page about the waitressing program
that they were telling you about at work.

Wendy: So?

Tara: You know you'll never get accepted.

Wendy: Why?

Tara: It's useless. You aren't going to get in.

Wendy: Why not?

Tara: I know we're twins and I know we're twenty, but
Wendy, you've got the mind of a twelve year-old.
You're mentally retarded Wendy.

Wendy: I am not. Get the kitty this time Alf. (Tara
purposely stands in Wendy's way) Get out of my way.
I could watch if you weren't in my way. (Tara moves)
Some people are so slow.

Chorus: (1 by 1) slow.

Tara: What's your problem? Gee, you're some crabby.
(she braids Wendy's hair)

Wendy: I got problems too you know. MOM finds out
everything about me.

Tara: Like the first time they paid you at the restaurant.
It was in cash, and you lost all the money and
couldn't find it.

Wendy: A guy at work told me I was cute. I don't want to be

cute.

Tara: What's wrong with that? It's not a problem if you're cute. Who is he anyway?

Wendy: DJ.

Tara: Do you want to marry him?

Wendy: No.

Tara: Does he talk to you a lot?

Wendy: Yeah.

Tara: What does he do?

Wendy: He dries the dishes at the restaurant. I take the dishes and I put them in the soapy water and I wash them, and then I put them in the rinse water and DJ takes them from me. Sometimes our hands touch and..

Tara: Yeah??

Wendy: Doug, my boss, he says we're too slow.

Chorus: (1 by 1) Slow.

Wendy: But DJ took the blame. I don't like Doug. He says DJ stands for Dumb Jerk. Mom says, If someone is nice to you, you should be nice to them. There aren't a lot of people who make me feel special.

Dj makes me feel special. He's kind of slow.

Chorus: (1 by 1) SLOW.

Wendy: I don't know if he knows his numbers and stuff. That's why he doesn't call me. But his Dad lets him do things by himself. Mom thinks she needs me, but I need DJ.

Tara: I don't think Mom would let you go out with him.

Wendy: Why not?

Tara: Because sometimes twenty year-old boys have other things on their mind. I think I should tell her.

Wendy: ~~WHY?~~ No No No No No

Tara: Because you shouldn't be going out with a guy like that. It's in your best interest.

Wendy: (mimicking) It's in your best interest. I don't tell on you when you're with boys.

Tara: But that's because you're different.

Chorus: (1 by 1, repeated 3 times) SLOW.

Wendy: *I'm going to tell.*
(Tara leaves to tell, and Wendy follows but trips.)

Tara! I hate you.

Tara: I'm only kidding. I'm sorry, OK??? Come on. Get up.

Wendy: You're a liar. Tara's a liar!

Tara: I'll take you and OJ out for fries.

Wendy: His name is DJ.

Tara: Geez- sorry. Well I'll take you to Duley and you can feed the birds.

Wendy: I always feed the birds.

Tara: All right. Fine. We won't go anywhere. We'll stay home.

Wendy: Will you still take me out for fries?

Tara: Sure. Come on. Let's go. Oh, do you have some money.
I ran out.

Wendy: Well, Ok. Look that way. I changed my hiding place.

(Wendy gets her money, while Tara sneaks a glance)

Wait a second. How come you don't have any money?

Didn't you sneak money from Mom's purse?

Tara: How do you know?

Wendy: I saw you and I'm going to tell. I have no other choice. It's in your best interest.

Tara: Listen to you. You sound like me. But it's too late. She already knows. I'm grounded from the car for a month and I won't be able to take you to see DJ.

Wendy: That's OK.

Tara: Look, if you took a cookie from the cookie jar, I wouldn't tell.

Wendy: Well how come you were going to tell Mom about me and DJ?

Tara: You're different.

Wendy: I am not different. I'm just the same as you. ^{*We're even twins*} All I do is touch a boys hand, but you steal from Mom.

Tara: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. It came out wrong.

Chorus: (Tara begins to tickle Wendy and as she laughs:)

Wendy. Wendy. Wendy. Tara. Tara. Tara.

Mom turns and enters scene. She is upset.

Mom: Wendy! Tara! Stop this right now. Wendy- get out.

(Wendy leaves and steps in to a pool of light-center stage) This place is a mess. What do you think you're doing??

Tara: We were just kidding around Mom. Isn't that what I'm supposed to do when I'm babysitting.

Mom: That's exactly your problem . You're always kidding around. You don't take anything seriously. All you're concerned about is your make-up or your hair or your clothes.

Tara: Look, I got to get to work, OK? Can you just lend me the car this once??

Mom: Fine. Here, take the keys to the car but since you're in such a hurry to get there, why don't we discuss your work for a little while.

Tara: I have a job.

Mom: A job?? You can't use baby sitting for a trade.

Tara: I have marks from High School too. I GOT my High School diploma.

Mom: It's a lot more serious than that. I only want what's best for you. Can't you be more like Wendy.

Tara: Like Wendy, and wash dishes for the rest of my life? I like my job, thank-you very much.

Mom: Oh, you like your job??!! You've been out of school now for three years. You're just able to hold down a

babysitting job! With the money you're sucking out of me, you couldn't have saved anything. And don't throw your High School marks up in my face because the way I remember it, they certainly weren't anything to cheer about.

X Tara: If I haven't gone anywhere in three years, it's because I had to take care of Wendy.

Mom: Take care of Wendy! Don't you dare blame your problems on your sister.

Tara: What about your schooling. What about your life? You haven't done anything fantastic. I'm twenty. At least I have a future.

Mom: Some life and future you have, when all you want to do is spend money.

X Tara: You're a damn salesclerk. Get off my back!

Mom: Oh, sure. I come home from a hard days work and look what I have to face- this mess you and Wendy made.

Tara: Mother- she spit Smarties at me.

Mom: Wendy has no control over her life.

Tara: oh- poor Wendy. Mother, she's going to be sixty years old standing over a sink washing dishes while her grey hair clogs the drain.

Mom: At least she has a decent job, which is more than I can say for you. (Tara takes money from Wendy's hiding place without her mother seeing)

Tara: Look, I'm twenty minutes late for work and you have a meeting to go to. Later, we'll talk all you want to about my work and your Wendy. (Tara exits)

Wendy has fallen asleep during the previous scene.

Chorus: (very sweetly) Wendy. Wendy. Wendy. Wendy.

(They Chant as a flute plays) Rock-a-bye Wendy,
on the tree top, when the wind blows,
the cradle will rock,

when the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come cradle, Wendy and all.

Wendy: STOP!!

Mom: Wendy!! Wendy, what's the matter??

Wendy: I'm not alone, am I Mom?

Mom: No. I'll always be with you.

Wendy: Forever and ever?

Mom: Forever and ever.

Wendy: Mom???

Mom: Yes.

Wendy: I'll always be retarded. won't I.

Mom: You're not retarded.

Wendy: Yes I am.

Mom: You're not.

Wendy: I know I am.

Mom: (yells) You are not retarded. (Wendy cries. Quietly:)
Who told you this??

Wendy: Tara's friends.

Mom: Why?

Wendy: I don't know.

Mom: When?

Wendy: They're always telling me.

Mom: You are not retarded.

Wendy: If I'm not retarded, what am I?

Mom: You're slow.

Chorus: (together) slow.

Mom: Lot's of people are slow. You're different just like some people are black and some people are white.

It's not that you're a bad person, because you're not. It's just that you're different.

Wendy: I'm just like Tara. We're even twins. I try to be like everyone else, but they won't let me. When Tara can't do things, it's OK. But when I can't do things it's different. They don't think I know I'm different, but I do. I'm tired of being different.

I'll go with DJ. He doesn't think I'm different.

He loves me.

Mom: Who's DJ?

Wendy: No one.

Mom: Tell me about him.

Wendy: No.

Mom: Ok.

Wendy: You don't want to know.

Mom: Do you date him?

Wendy: Yes.

Mom: Do you kiss him.

Wendy: Yes.

Mom: Where?

Wendy: In the kitchen.

Mom: Where does he kiss you, in the kitchen?

Wendy: On the hand.

Mom: Anywhere beside the hand.

Wendy: No.

Mom: Maybe you should wait a little. Until you're older and you get married. Sometimes when you're married you kiss.

Wendy: I want to kiss him. He even invited me to his house.

Mom:

Do you know what comes after kissing?

Wendy: Soggy lips? You kiss me all the time.

Mom: That's different.

Wendy: Do you want me to show you how DJ kisses me?

Mom: No, that's OK. DJ's not like Mommy.

Wendy: You can say that again. hah-hah-hah. (laughs like Alf)

Mom: Dear. I don't think you should visit him at his house. That's how girls get pregnant.

Wendy: From sleeping over?

Mom: Yes. (very confused) You see there's this stork and he leaves you over at the man's house.

Wendy: I was brought by a stork?? Must have been a pretty big stork if it brought Tara and me.

Mom: Just forget the stork, Ok??? Somebody shot the stork. Your Daddy gave you to me.

Wendy: Where did he get me?

Mom: Ask him.

Wendy: I'm going to DJ's.

Mom: What will you do there.

Wendy: Kiss. He kisses me you know.

Mom: How does that make you feel?

Wendy: Good.

Mom: Even though it hurts me??

Wendy: I'm not stupid. I know where babies come from.
(pause) Mom? Mom??

Mom: Wendy!

Wendy: Sometimes kissing isn't love. It's just one person filling another person's needs. That's what fara says. I'm old enough now.

Mom: Sometimes it's not that innocent. DJ might use you.

Wendy: Are you afraid that it won't last for me because it didn't last for you.

Mom: You didn't know your father very well did you. I grew up in Rigolet where there wasn't any High School. I had to go to the boarding school in North West River to get my High School. I grew up pretty damn quick. There was nobody there for me. I was on my own for a full year, every year. He was cute; he said I was cute and he asked me to go out places. I thought I loved him. I'd do anything for him. Do you know what naive means. That's what I was. We all decided to go on this great get-a-way camping trip. We broke the school rules. When we got there,

of course it had to be pouring down rain and of course we had to be one tent short. He kissed me, and he told me that he loved me. And that just like that it was all over.

Wendy: I didn't know there was that much to it.

Mom: Well, there is. And there's a lot of other things you don't know anything about young lady. I also know that you're applying to that Trades School program in Corner Brook. You've dreamed about that ever since your last teacher told you about it three years ago. Now, stop dreaming.

Wendy: How did you know?

Mom: It doesn't matter.

Wendy: Tara found the book, and she told you didn't she.

Mom: It doesn't matter if she did.

Wendy: You're right. It doesn't matter.

Mom: What makes you think that they'll actually accept you?

Wendy: Well I guess Tara forgot to mention that they already did accept me. Gena helped me go to my old teachers from school and they wrote these letters about me. I knew I couldn't tell you. They said more good things about me in these two pages, then you said in the past twenty years. You made excuses for what I am. This talks about what I can Really do I know I couldn't tell my left from my right, and I couldn't count and I couldn't read. But now I can.

In the letter it says that I'm an exceptional child
and Tara says exceptional means really, really good.
I'm exceptional Mom.

Mom: You're exceptional in my world and my house. But
once you get out there, you're not so exceptional.

Wendy: To Gena I am.

Mom: Do you really think she likes you?

Wendy: What do you know?

Mom: A hell of a lot more than you. Who's going with you?

Wendy: Gena.

Mom: Where are you going to stay?

Wendy: With Gena.

Mom: Is Gena going to buy your books?

Wendy: No.

Mom: Is Gena going to buy your clothes?

Wendy: No.

Mom: Is Gena going to buy your food?

Wendy: No.

Mom: Well, how will you pay?

Wendy: I don't know.

Mom: Where will all the money come from?

Wendy: I've been working at dishes for three years.

Mom: And your account is in my name, young lady. You
won't see a penny of it- not for this.

Wendy: I'm your daughter.

Mom: I don't care. I don't want you to leave and you're
not going to. Now I've got to go to my meeting but
don't expect Gena over for supper because you know
what kind of a person she is- makes commitments they
don't keep. (Mom exits leaving Wendy alone)

Wendy is by herself. After a pause she begins to sing quietly to herself. On the second verse the chorus joins in as she prepares the table for Gena, and the third verse is very loud by the chorus.

Take me down to the Paradise City,
where the grass is green and the girls are pretty,
oh won't you please take me home- yeah, yeah.

(Wendy continues to sing very quietly as she finishes setting the table. Then she begins to pace)

Wendy: She's not coming. I know it. She's not- (Sees Gena and yells) Gena- where were you!

Gena: I'm having a smoke.

Wendy: (acting like a waitress) Miss Vey- your table is ready.

Gena: Wendy. Come on, I don't want to do this.

Wendy: Miss Vey. Your table is ready.

Gena: Wendy, come on.

Wendy: Gena- we agreed. This is my restaurant. I'm the waitress and you're the customer. (She strikes a pose) Welcome to Wendy's Bistro.

Gena: Fine. (goes to sit down)

Wendy: Flick the butt first. May I take your jacket, Miss Vey?

Gena: No, that's fine Wendy. No.

Wendy: May I take your jacket Miss Vey??

Gena: I'd rather leave my jacket on. (Wendy tries to take it anyway) Wendy! Come on. You wouldn't do this in a real restaurant. (Wendy ends up wearing the jacket)

Wendy: I would so. Your seat Miss Vey. (Gena sits on it backwards) Oh, Gena. How gauche. Don't you know how to sit right?

Gena: Look, I only work at a restaurant, OK? I don't eat there.

Wendy: Fine. (serves supper)

Gena: What is this? It looks like mush.

Wendy: It's what they eat in Corner Brook. It's Pulp and Paper. (she laughs)

Gena: Well if this is what they eat in Corner Brook, I'm not going.

Wendy: Are you worried about Corner Brook?

Gena: Yeah- I mean no. The course is only six weeks long and there's lots to do.

Wendy: They have three malls.

Gena: And two big theatres.

Wendy: And we can go swimming and play mini-golf.

Gena: Or real golf. And there's lots of guys.

Wendy: And McDonald's.

Gena: (they do a handshake and cheer) It's so great. We can go partying and start a new reputation, and maybe go some where else. Maybe we'll have so much fun that we won't want to come back. (Wendy is sad) Wendy??

Wendy: What?

Gena: What's wrong?

Wendy: I'm just thinking.

Gena: About what?

Wendy: Mom and Tara. I don't want to leave them all alone.
Can I take them with me?

Gena: No. Look, we're going out there so that we can learn
how to grow up.

Wendy: ~~Well, growing up is a scary thing.~~ I have to prove
to everyone that I don't need them- they just think
I need them. When you small and you talk about what
you're going to do when you grow up, it's just talk.
But now it's not any more. *I'm decided to grow up.*

Gena: Well, Wendy. That's what Corner Brook is all about.
That's why we're going out there.

Wendy: I don't even know if I have enough money. I think I
have enough money- after three years working! But
it's just that Mom gets Tara to take my money to the
bank for me and I know she takes some. I changed my
hiding place for my money.

Gena: oh.

Wendy: Are you going to read this again. (Pointing to
Trade School Calendar)

Gena: What is it?

Wendy: It's the book about Trade School.

Gena: (excitedly) All Right- yeah!!

Wendy: Just as excitedly) All Right- yeah!! (reads) A

waiter/waitress service course is a six week program

to enha-- in hands? the job oppor....opor...

Gena: Opportunities?

Wendy: The job oppor..tuinities of those interested in
the service in..dust.,,

Gena: Industry.

Wendy: To be a waitress is a very important respons.. re..

Gena: Responsibility?

Wendy: Responsibilililitly. To look after the needs of your
custom.. cust..omers, and your employ..er requires
great ability. Course starts May '89. It'll be a lot
better out front. I get to handle money. I can

handle money right? I'll get to see the people

instead of what's on their plates. And I can keep
my tips. And I can offer toothpicks and mints. Once,
Doug, he spilled a whole bag of mints on the floor.
Then he put them back in the bag and offered them to
me.

Gena: That's gross. It reminds me of this time I had this
fight with my Mom- so I took the hamburger meat out
of the freezer and threw it a way and then I put
this dog food up there. We had Gaines burgers for
supper.

Wendy: Awww- Ge-Na. Come here, I want to show you something
This is my Photo Album. Do you have one?

Gena: No- we don't have a camera.

Wendy: Do you keep the pictures in your head? How do you

fit them all in?

Gena: It's not like a photo.

Wendy: Here's a nudie picture of Tara.

Gena: I can see she hasn't changed a bit.

Wendy: (Laughing like Alf) Hah-hah-nan. This is my kindegarten graduation picture. I graduated with everyone.

Gena: Yeah, and pretty soon me and you will be graduating with everybody.

Wendy: Yeah!!! You know people don't understand the way we are. They don't understand you because you stay out late and they think you hang around with the wrong people. They think you're a really hard person but you're not. You're different. You're differenter than different.

Gena: Well, Wendy, I guess that's what makes it special. Look, why don't we forget about supper and go out to get something to eat.

Wendy: You mean you don't like it. It's called "Wendy a la surprise."

Gena: NO! No. It's not that I don't like it. It's just that it's- ahhhh- cold. Yeah- that's it.

Wendy: Well, I don't think my Mom would like it if I went out.

Gena: Who's here to stop you?

Wendy: Mom's not home!!

Gena: Come on!

Wendy: I'll go and get ready. (begins to leave) Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back. (exits)

Gena is still sitting alone when Mom enters.

Gena: Hello Mrs. Hulan.

Mom: What are you doing here?

Gena: I'm waiting for Wendy. We're going out.

Mom: You're taking her out??

Gena: I'm not taking her. We're going together.

Mom: So you watch her at work too.

Gena: I don't watch her. I work with her.

Mom: Her condition is complicated you know.

Gena: Yes, I know all about her "Condition." I'm sure she'll be fine in Corner Brook.

Mom: So you know all about that too.

Gena: yeah.

Mom: Well, she's not going.

Gena: Of course she's going. She's had all sorts of help picking out this course from her old teachers. Even the restaurant is helping.

Mom: We just don't have enough money to hand out to anyone who becomes her friend.

Gena: Who do you think you are? The girl is twenty years old. You can't go around telling her what to do.

Mom: I'm her mother. She's had me for the past twenty years. Who do you think YOU are to come in here filling her head with these fancy ideas.

Gena: I'm her roommate. We're staying at a Boarding

House. The land lady is highly recommended.

Mom: How will she get to school.

Gena: The house is on a bus route.

Mom: Wendy's never been on a bus before. She won't know when to get off.

Gena: Mrs. Hulan, it's time she learned.

Mom: What about money.

Gena: Hasn't she told you anything? The restaurant is paying for the program. She only needs money for board and her plane ticket. I'm sure she's saved that much in the past three years. (Gena turns away as Tara enters)

Mom: You're home from babysitting early.

Tara: Yes I am.

Mom: Something wrong?

Tara: NO! No. Nothing at all.

Mom: Is it the parents day off.

Tara: No.

Mom: What happened?

Tara: I don't know. The kid freaked out. I forgot to give the kid his stupid medicine and he took this seizure

Mom: What??!

Tara: Are you saying that it's my fault?

Mom: I'm saying that it was your responsibility.

Tara: Look, I think I've been through enough. They fired me.

Mom: What did you do then. Run?

Tara: No.

Mom: Panic? Just like when you were small and Wendy got attacked by the dog. (She storms out)

Tara: NO! No! Nothing like that.

Gena: (very long pause) Nice outfit you got there Tara.

Tara: Thank-you.

Gena: Where'd you get it.

Tara: At a store.

Gena: Looks pretty expensive.

Tara: Well yes it is.

Gena: You don't make much money, do you Tara?

Tara: No, I don't.

Gena: You must have been saving up for a pretty long time to get that.

Tara: Maybe I was.

Gena: You know, you're always buying new clothes. You've always got money in your pocket. Where do you get it From Wendy??

Tara: No. I get her money and I take it to the bank for her.

Gena: You steal from her, don't you. You're the one that insisted she always be paid in cash. Teach her something about being responsible with money you said.

Tara: Well what does she want the money for anyway. That money is as much mine as it is hers.

Gena: Well, I want some of the action. Give me a cut.

Tara: What??! Not a chance. You don't even know Wendy.

Gena: Ok. fine. I'll just tell your Mom. Mrs. Hulan!

Tara: Wait! She made \$150 last week. I'll give it to you if you keep your mouth shut. (she does)

Gena: Mrs. Hulan! (as Mom comes in)

Mom: How much was that?

Tara: Just \$20 that I owed Gena.

Mom: oh.

Gena: No, Mrs. Hulan. It was \$150 that Tara stole from Wendy.

Tara: I didn't steal it. I earned that money. All my life I've been taking care of Wendy and making sure she doesn't do anything to hurt herself. I earned every penny of that. I worked for it.

Mom: You never worked for anything a day in your life. Your sister is different from you. You have to help her.

Tara: It is work, and it's hard work. I could have been doing other things for three years but I had to stay home and take care of Wendy.

Mom: Don't ever blame her like that. I encouraged you to go. But you wouldn't. You couldn't. When it comes to Wendy, I take all the responsibility.

Wendy: (entering. She has changed to go out and is very dressed up) Mom! Tara! I'm my own responsibility. I'm going out tonight with Gena and I'm going to Corner Brook and you can't stop me. Come on Gena-

Let's go. (They go toward the door)

Mom: Wendy, wait. You're my daughter. I just want you to know that I'll always support you, even though I think it's wrong.

Wendy: Don't worry Mom, I'll always be your little girl.

Mom: You can tell me about your night out and your trip to Corner Brook in the morning. (Wendy turns- they hug. Wendy and Gena go out the door but Wendy checks the mailbox on the way. She takes out a letter and opens it. Wendy and Gena freeze. The light inside the house fades and we see the silhouette of a line of people moving up to a desk where they get rubber stamped and then they move on. A girl with a limp moves to the desk but is not stamped. She is sent back. The line freezes, and we hear:)

Chorus: Dear Miss Hulan,

Although we had accepted you into our waitress program, we have now reanalyzed your application. We believe your handicap will act as a barrier to your success, and are sorry to inform you that none of our programs enroll you or any exceptional children.

Thank-you for understanding.

Yours sincerely,

Dean J.F. ~~Everman~~.

Simpson

BLACKOUT