

Northern Lights Academy
Rigolet

presents

HELP ME!

CAST

Sandra Jacobs
Dr. Susie Whitmore
Roxanne Day
Melanie Andrews
David Goliath
Roxanne's father
Susanne Parker
Sylvia Matthews
Jessica Loring
David's father }
Eugene Smith }

Dawn Penton
Hilary Blake
Brenda Blake
Heather Campbell
Ralph Shiwak
Donna Groves
Jackie Shiwak
Ellen Adams
Carlene Palliser
Darryl Shiwak

CREW

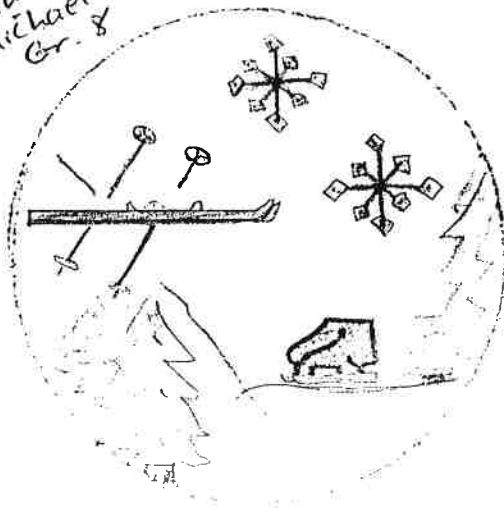
Lights & Sound - Millie Shiwak and Blanch Williams
Backstage - Dawn Michelin

TEACHER

Marie Rich

We wish to thank Tony Martens, Brenda Daily and Maggie Hodgeson (authors) and the Nechi Institute (publishers) of The Spirit Weeps for permission to use The Spirit Weeps as a resource in writing our play "Help Me!".

Laura Norman
St. Michael's School
Gr. 8



Michael O'Leary
St. Michael's School
Gr. 8



Opening

Children enter from opposite wings of stage

Lights dim

Mime abuse

Scene 1

Father sits waiting for son to enter, rest take places in circle on stage right

Son attempts to sneak in from stage left

Father: Well you're late again I see you little son of a bitch. What's your excuse this time.

David: I'm not late, I don't need an excuse.----
Besides I'm old enough to do what I want.

Father: Yah, you think you're old enough but I told you to be in at 9:30....

David: 10:00

Father: God help me!! If you're going to live in my house, you'll love by my rules, not your own little rules.

David: I'm not going to live by prison rules, let's make up some new ones.

Father: This is not a prison...

David: You're right, this is worse than a prison.

Father: No! It's Not!

David: Yes it is!!

Father: If you were living in a jail, you would be worse off than this. You wouldn't even be allowed to go out. I'll show you what a jail is like.

David: Hey, don't hit me.

Father: This is better than you living on your own...
You'd probably be on drugs all the time if you lived on your own, you little.... Oh, God, you'd be a little junkie, that's what you'd be.

David: I don't do drugs.

Father: Yah, right. What's all this, Huh? What's all this?

David: Jes, you're nothing but an alcoholic anyway

Father: Alcoholic, Alcoholic,..... God, I don't even
drink for God's sake, God help me. You little
no good. I should beat you or something

Fight

David: Where's God now, you devil?

David holds father down

David: I hate you, if you ever hit me again I'll kill you.

light goes down

SCENE2

David and Eugene enter circle and take their places

lights Rise

Dr. Whitmore: Hello, my name is Dr. Susie Whitmore ...
and welcome to the Johnson Centre for the Abused.
As you already know this is the first session...
I will start off with the rules.

David: Always rules. The hell with the rules.

Eugene: I could add a few things to that.

Dr. Whitmore: Pardon?

Eugene: Nothing

Dr. Whitmore: First we must attend 5 sessions.
Second there will be socialization, that is mixing
with each other, until after the sessions are
finished and

David: Why not?

Eugene: Sick

David and Eugene: (talk among themselves)

Eugene: It'd be better wouldn't it?

David: Yah

Dr. Whitmore: No it wouldn't because it would create...
people group up on each other and will not be
equal

Eugene: Wouldn't it be better if we had a friend?

Dr. Whitmore: It would be best if we are all *friends*

Eugene: O.K.

David: Yah

Dr. Whitmore: And the last rule is that we must respect
each other as equal, and as an individual, and we
must accept what happened to them....

First off I would like us all to hold hands

Suzanne: I only got one hand

David: Hold my hand

Dr. Whitmore: Well, I guess you (Eugene) can hold on
to her sleeve

Eugene and David act up

Others: Hold her sleeve. Yah, hold her shoulder

Dr. Whitmore: What's wrong

David: Hold on her ponytail, her arm might be contagious.

Dr. Whitmore: I just told the 3 rules and the last rule is you must behave yourself, everybody is an equal.

Eugene: O ---K---ay

Dr. Whitmore: First off, as I began to say, is we hold hands.

Eugene: "Mmm"

Eugene and David are disruptive

Dr. Whitmore: This is not a prayer, would you please hold his hand

Eugene and David snicker

David flicks hand

Eugene: Yes, maam.

Others: (snicker) (except Dr. W.)

Dr. Whitmore: I just told you the third rule. Do you want me to say it again? Do you want me to write it down for you?

Eugene: Yah

David: OK

Dr. Whitmore: O.K. after this session meet me and I'll write it down for you.

Eugene: No, I've got to leave at after the session's over.

Dr. Whitmore: Well then.

David: Got to get a cup of coffee..... Well, I do.

Dr. Whitmore: That's not very funny (intense look)

Eugene holds hand

Dr. Whitmore: Please close your eyes and lets have a moment of silence.

David: A prayer?

Snickers / snoring

Dr. Whitmore: What does silence mean? (address boys)

David: I haven't got that good a memory.

Eugene: I never got that far in school.

David: we've never experienced it.

Dr. Whitmore: We must follow the rules. Everyone must hold hands, close your eyes, and have a moment's silence before we begin to help everyone relax with each other. Next time this will be easier.

Sylvia: Can we let go hands now?

David: Yah...

Jessica: Yah, mine started sweating, my palms or something.

David: Oh yes.

Sylvia:

Dr. Whitmore: O.K. I want each of you to introduce yourself, tell....

David: Jane Fonda

Dr. Whitmore: Tell your age and tell something about yourself. (pause) Would you start please.

Sylvia: (looking at floor)
My name is Sylvia Matthews. I'm 16, and I live in a foster home.

Jessica: My name is Jessica Loving, 21.

Dr. Whitmore: Can you tell us something about yourself?

Jessica: (reluctantly) I'm going back to night school.

David and Eugene snicker and mock

Sandra: At least she made it through school.

David: I can't spell.

Eugene: Kindergarten a b'y.

Roxanne: Roxanne Day, 16

Dr. Whitmore: Can you tell me a little bit about yourself?

Roxanne: I don't have anything to say about myself.

Jessica: She's a prostitute (to Sylvia)

David and Eugene: wwhooo

David: Where's my money (laughing)

David and Eugene snicker

Eugene: How much I wonder (laughing)

Dr. Whitmore: Remember the rules please.

Sandra: Sandra, age 16. I have no hobbies.

David: Boring, Boring

Eugene and David laugh

Dr. Whitmore glances at them and they stop

Dr. Whitmore: And what are your hobbies, and what is your name and age?

Melanie does not respond

Eugene: I don't have a name.

David: I don't remember my name because-....

Dr. Whitmore: We'll get to the guys in a minute.

David: I never ever talked to myself.

Dr. Whitmore: What's your name, please?

Melanie: Melanie (voice fades)

Dr. Whitmore: And how old are you?

Melanie: 16

Dr. Whitmore: Do you have any hobbies?

(pause. Melanie does not respond)

Eugene: I got some.

Dr. Whitmore: How about you?

Susanne Parker: Susanne Parker. Age 16. I'm learning how to ...

Eugene: Farley Mowat, age 55.

David: Jane Fonda, 21.

Dr. Whitmore: Pleased to meet you guys.

Eugene: Have you read my book? Never Cry Wolf?

David: Did you see my T.V. show?

Dr. Whitmore: Pardon; would you please tell us your correct name if it's not too hard.

Eugene: Too hard, ah?

David: Too hard.

Dr. Whitmore: Could you guys stop kidding around (Eugene laughs). It can't be too hard to tell us your names.

Eugene: Yup.

David: His name is Wok With Yan.

Dr. Whitmore: And you?

David: Wok with Frying Pan.

Everyone laughs

Dr. Whitmore: Can you please tell us your correct names?

Eugene: What for? You don't need to know.

David: Yeah.

Eugene: Just call me ahh....

Dr. Whitmore: Just your first name.

Eugene: Just call me Bozo.

Dr. Whitmore: Your first name.

Eugene: What do you need to know our names for anyway?

Dr. Whitmore: Because, we'll know who we're talking to if we know your name...

Eugene: How absolutely sick.....
Who's first?

Dr. Whitmore: You are, aren't you?

David: OOH

Eugene: Eugene.

Dr. Whitmore: And what is your age? Can you tell us something about yourself besides being a comedian?

Eugene: I'm, aah, 17 and, aah, I ... don't know anything about myself...a boy? (to David)

Dr. Whitmore: What about you?

David: I'm not 17 (joking) O.K.? David, that's all.

Dr. Whitmore: How old are you?

(David doesn't answer)

Eugene: 102;...95 his hair, luh, grey right there.
luh (grabs his hair) says augh.

(David doesn't say anything)

Dr. Whitmore: Do you have any hobbies David?

David: No

Dr. Whitmore: How old are you David? (David doesn't answer)
Can you please tell us your age?

David: You're wrong. I'm 18.

Dr. Whitmore: As we continue this session I would like to talk about animals. I would like to know what type of animal you would like to be, and why.

Sandra: Why do we have to do this?

Dr. Whitmore: If you do this, I'll tell you later, O.K.?
Can you please start off. (to Sylvia) Sylvia,
can you please start off?

(Sylvia doesn't answer)

Dr. Whitmore: Sylvia, would you please start off?

Sylvia: Whaa? Do I have to?

Eugene: Sookie

Dr. Whitmore: Would you be able to tell us what animal you would like to be?

Sylvia: Nooo

Dr. Whitmore: Why not?

Sylvia: Tell them to. (shy) (Boys laugh)

Dr. Whitmore: But I asked you. (laughs again)
Will you boys stop it? (angry)

David: What?

(Eugene laughs)

Dr. Whitmore: (to Sylvia) We're going to be here longer.
I'll wait for you.

Sylvia: I'd like to be a puppy.

Dr. Whitmore: Can you tell us why?

Sylvia: (still shy) no

Dr. Whitmore: O.K., we're still waiting.

Sylvia: Because they're cute.

Dr. Whitmore: O.K. What about you? Jessica.

(pause)

Jessica: a bunny

Dr. Whitmore: And why?

Jessica: Because they are soft and cuddly, and....
everyone loves them.

(Boys laugh) (David fingers moving like a bunny on his leg)

Dr. Whitmore: What's so funny. Would you mind showing
and telling us?

(Boys still laughing)

I don't mean.....Would you mind sharing it with us?

Eugene: No, I couldn't

David: Do you want to see it?

Dr. Whitmore: Would you share it?

David: No....we're not doing anything.

Dr. Whitmore: What's so funny then?

David: Ask him.

Eugene: I'm crying b'y.....Nothing

Dr. Whitmore: Don't let this happen again.

David: Yes b'y... O.K. then.

Dr. Whitmore: Roxanne, would you tell us what animal
you would like to be and why please?

(Boys snicker)

If you guy's don't be quiet you will have to leave
for a few minutes.

Roxanne: I would like to....Hey, how about you? What
animal would you like to be.....

Eugene: Yah

Sandra: Yah

Dr. Whitmore: I would like to be a cat, because they are
not afraid of anything...Now I've answered your
question....

Roxanne: A vulture ...

Roxanne: Because they are big and strong and no one picks on them.

Dr. Whitmore: What about you?

Sandra: It's personal

Dr. Whitmore: Everything here is confidential. Everything here is personal.

Sandra: A kitten.

Dr. Whitmore: why?

Sandra: Because it's parents look out for it and wouldn't let anyone harm it.

Dr. Whitmore: What about you Melanie?....What animal would you like to be?

Melanie: I don't see why it is important.

Dr. Whitmore: I'll tell you after we finish talking about animals

Melanie: (says nothing)

Dr. Whitmore: We'll wait all day and all night.

Melanie: I would like to be a kitten.

Dr. Whitmore: Why?

Melanie: Because they are cute and cuddly and everybody likes them.

Roxanne: I hate them.

Dr. Whitmore: Please remember to be supportive to others... What about you Susanne?

Susanne: An eagle

Dr. Whitmore: Why?

Susanne: They are strong and no one picks on them.

Dr. Whitmore: What about you Eugene?

Eugene: Wha

Dr. Whitmore: What kind of animal would you like to be?

Jessica: A monkey?

Eugene: A monkey

Eugene: Ah, I like to be a komock.

Dr. Whitmore: What's a komock? Well?

Eugene: Wha

Dr. Whitmore: What's a komock?

All snicker except Dr. Whitmore

Dr. Whitmore: And why would you want to be a komock?

Eugene: Wha

Dr. Whitmore: Why would you want to be a komock?

Eugene: They're irritating. Haven't you ever had to pick them
out of your head?

Dr. Whitmore: What about you, David?

David: I don't know...Wha you going to wait all day and
all night for me too?

Dr. Whitmore: No, you can tell us next time.

David: So what do you want me to do?...I don't know,
ah, a black bear.

Dr. Whitmore: Why?

David: I don't know, doesn't matter anyway.

Dr. Whitmore: Yes it does.

David: Ah, I don't know.

Powerful, that's the only thing I could think of.

Dr. Whitmore: What animal describes power to you?

David: I just told you....A black bear. I wouldn't wrestle with one.

Dr. Whitmore: The reason I asked you which animal you would
prefer to be is that you reveal to me something
about yourself. People who would prefer to be
small animals such as kittens and puppies reveal
a need to be comforted and loved.

(Eugene and David snicker)

Dr. Whitmore: What's so funny?

Eugene: What?

David: Did you ever hear tell of someone in love with
a komock?

snickers

Dr. Whitmore:....people who chose animals such as horses
and birds reveal a need for freedom...and people
who desire to be lions and tigers reveal a need
to have power and control....
Now that we have told a little about ourselves,
we will all feel more comfortable next time we
meet.....
Before the next session I want each of you to write
a letter to the person who abused you...

Eugene: they are dead

David: I know

Dr. Whitmore: Write to them anyway so you can express
your feelings about being abused.

Roxanne: Do we mail the letter?

Dr. Whitmore: NO....

David: I hope not...too

Dr. Whitmore: you can bring it here and read it out or
you may keep it for yourself.

Roxanne: We read it out to these people!

Dr. Whitmore: These people have been hurt like you,
but you only have to read it out if you want to.

Eugene: What postal code do I use RIF or what's AOP RIP
something like that?

Dr. Whitmore: If you want to

Eugene: O.K.

Dr. Whitmore: Thank you for coming...seeyou next time

Eugene: The pleasure is all yours.

Scene 3

(writes)

Sandra: Dear Dad...you may be mad at me for what I have to say

(starts again)

Dear Dad...Lynn and I were talking about you one night

(starts again)

Dear Dad...

(stands and reads letter)

Dear Dad,

I know that you are mad at me for what I told the police and social worker, but you should never have touched me or Lynn in our private parts. You could have made me pregnant if I wasn't on the pill. I think that Lynn thinks that she is going to have a baby. Your baby dad. Your own daughter is going to have your baby. I hope that she gets an abortion.

I want you to know that I almost killed myself three different times. The first time was when you made me suck your penis. I went outside and took a gun from your shed, and I was going to shoot myself, but I wasn't able to find any bullets. The next time I took all the pills in your bathroom. Do you remember when I was in the hospital for five days? I took them because you had intercourse with me. Do you remember telling me in the hospital that if I told anyone why I took the pills that you would make sure that I would never see mom again. Do you remember that? Well I do and I don't see mom anymore because she thinks that I am lying about what you did to me. The other time I tried to kill myself was when I was on drugs. I became an alcoholic and a drug addict because I couldn't deal with what it was that you were doing to me. Mom doesn't believe me and she doesn't believe Lynn either. I hope that you and mom will be happy together without us. I know that I will, because I know that you will never be able to touch me ever again. I will pray for you and mom.

Your daughter,

Sandra

Scene 4

Dr. Whitmore: Welcome back for the third session on abuse. I am glad to see everyone is getting more comfortable...Today we will be talking about sexual abuse.

Sexual abuse is inappropriate sexual behaviour between an adult and a child.

Sexual abuse can happen in many forms ranging from fondling to sexual intercourse.

We most often hear of men sexually abusing females but men may sexually abuse boys.

Cases of women sexually abusing children are rarer than cases of men abusing children.. However, some women do abuse children male and or female.

Incest is a special kind of sexual abuse. It is sexual intercourse that occurs between people who are forbidden by law to marry because they are closely related, such as father and daughter.

Incest is seen as a danger to the family structure.

Sexual abuse is not caused by sexual desire or love. The abusers do not like themselves and may feel they have no power over their own lives.

Sexual abuse is the use of sex to gain power over another persons life.

Are there any questions?

Susanne: Does...you know...sexual abuse cause...can they still have babies?

Dr. Whitmore: Yes, victims of sexual abuse can still have babies.

Sandra: Do babies born to incest victims have health problems?

Dr. Whitmore: Most babies as a result of incest are quite healthy. Most problems occur because the mother is not fully grown herself.

Abusers select for their victims, people who they know they can control. Coming to groups like this help victims regain control over their lives.

O.K. now that we've talked about sexual abuse we will start telling our stories, would someone like to go first...What about you Jessica?

Jessica: No

Dr. Whitmore: What about you, Melanie?...
You Sandra?

Sandra: No

Dr. Whitmore: You? Roxanne? Well if no one will volunteer
I will pick someone.

(Eugene picking at Sylvia)

Sylvia: I'm not sitting next to him, I heard he was a
killer.

Eugene: You could be a killer too if you were beaten
since you were small, and someone killed your best
friend. God...

Sandra: Who was your best friend?

Eugene: It's none of your business

Dr. Whitmore: Why can't you tell us?

Eugene: I don't know, I don't want to tell you... O.K.
It's a mistake...O.K. God....

Jessica: Who was your best friend?

Eugene: My pet snake. O.K.

Sandra: Who killed your snake?

Eugene: My father. O.K.

Jessica: Why did he do that?

Eugene: He didn't like him. I'd kill something if I
didn't like it either. I killed my brother.
I didn't like my brother, so I killed him. O.K.

Dr. Whitmore: What did your brother do to you? Why
didn't you like him?

Eugene:....He beat me, O.K. God...since I was small he
beat me, so did my father...God...

Roxanne: Why did you kill your brother?

Eugene: He was beating me...a steel pipe you know,
in the head.

Sylvia: How come he beat you?

Eugene: Cause...I told his....girlfriend that he was going out with another girl...so he started to beat me up...and he came after me with a steel pipe...and then I killed him.

Melanie: Wha'd you kill him with?

Eugene: A knife...

Jessica: Why didn't you knock him...

Eugene: A switch blade my buddy gave me to protect myself with...saving it for the right moment... I guess that was it.

David: Do you regret killing your brother?

Eugene: No

Sylvia: How come?

Eugene: I don't know...I guess you wouldn't regret it either if you was beat all the time like that since you was small.

David: Why do you think he beat you?

Eugene: Something I do I suppose....I was....I was like... like you say, say you got high class society and low class society...I'm the low class society...~~if~~ so he picked on me then...

Sylvia: What do you mean by low class?

Eugene: poor...low

Sylvia: But you're all from the same family!

Eugene: Yah...but I'm...considered low

Jessica: Why are you considered low?

Eugene: Cause my father thinks I'm not his son, I think. he thinks I'm someone else's son and my brother, he thinks the same thing.

David: Where were your parents when this used to happen?

Eugene: My father was working, my mother's dead, so... he couldn't do nothing about it. My father wouldn't do nothing about it anyway.

Sylvia: Does your father love you?

Eugene: No, you knows he don't love me, eh... God

Jessica: When did your mother die?

Eugene: I don't know. I can't remember.

Sandra: How did she die?

Eugene: I can't remember that either...she was probably poisoned by my father.

Melanie: How do your father treat you?

Eugene: Pretty shitty, I think...compared to the rest of my family...pretty...

Susanne: Are you the youngest?

Eugene: Yah, I'm the youngest...probably the stupidest too, I think.

Roxanne: Why do you think you're stupid?

Eugene: Hey, I got my head bashed in enough to be stupid, probably haven't got enough brain cells left.

Sylvia: How old were you when they started beating you?

Eugene: Can't remember that, pretty small...before I started school.

Sandra: Were you ever put into the hospital once you were beaten?

Eugene: Don't remember.

Susanne: Did you ever tell anyone you were being beaten?

Eugene: No...I thought that was part of life...until a few years ago...then I decided I was going to run away when I got 18...but I couldn't take it till then...I killed my brother...

All I ever wanted was a family that loved me.

Roxanne: That's all I ever wanted, too.

Sylvia: Me, too.

Dr. Whitmore: Everyone hold hands for a moment to help Eugene get through this. We'll have a moment of silence please.

Jessica: She's stuck up

Sandra: She's a snob

Dr. Whitmore: Why do you think she's a snob?

~~Sandra:~~ She never talks to anyone

Sylvia: She wouldn't hold our hands.

Jessica: She thinks she's too good for us.

Dr. Whitmore: Did she tell you that? Perhaps you don't understand Melanie.

Melanie: Can I read my letter?

Dear Dad,

You probably don't care that I'm writing you, and I didn't want to at first, but then I realized this was the perfect chance to tell you how I felt when you were treating me that way. Maybe, after reading this, you'll be sorry. Maybe, just maybe you'll feel almost as bad as I did. I hope you will learn how wrong you were to hurt me.

I remember many times coming home from school and seeing you lying on the couch - drinking. One day I came in and you had the apartment in a mess. I tried to sneak into my room but you saw me there and started yelling at me, telling me to clean-up. You called me a lazy - good-for-nothing little brat and told me if I didn't do my work around the house you would make me lick the dirt off the floor. I tried hard to tidy up but it still didn't satisfy you. Nothing I ever do does. You got off the couch and staggered towards me, grabbed me by the hair, threw me down and yelled at me to lick the floor. You started bashing my head into the floor. I was getting lightheaded but I could still feel the pain just as much. I guess you got bored with that because you stopped and dropped me; then started kicking me in the ribs. All the time you cursed me. The words you said hurt almost, almost as much as you beating me up. You stopped again and walked away, satisfied I guess, that I was hurt and had punishment enough for now.

I lay there and I was crying. My head was paining and my ribs were aching. I felt so miserable and rotten inside because I blamed myself for your drinking and thought I deserved to get my head bashed in. I know better now. You deserve to be hurt and to be shown what horrible things you've done. I don't care what anyone

says. No one will ever make me forgive you or feel sorry for you. No one should get away with the kind of stuff you did. Before I started therapy I tried to deny and forget what you did, but not anymore. I want everyone everyone on the face of this earth to know what you've done so that when you walk down the street people will stare at you the way they stared at me. You will feel like trash, the way I felt like trash. Maybe then you'll be sorry.

All I ever wanted was for you to love me. I always felt so alone, like no one liked me. I thought no one wanted me or would ever want me. I want you to change and become the father I need and want so much. Things weren't always bad. Before mum died things were alright. Why can't they be like that again. I need you to love me. Please get help. For both our sakes.

Your Daughter,
Melanie

Sandra: Is that why you're so quiet?

Melanie: I guess so.

Jessica: I'm sorry Melanie

Sandra: Sorry Melanie, I shouldn't of said that

Melanie: That's all right.

Sandra: No it's not! If I had known I wouldn't of called you a snob.

Dr. Whitmore: Before we leave, lets all hold hands and say a silent prayer for those who still are not getting the help they need.

Scene 5 Nightmare Scene

Father: Oh Lord its hard to be humble when you're perfect
in every way.

What are you doing Sis?

Daughter: I'm decorating the Christmas tree

Father: Looks like you're making a mess. What's that
anyway?

Daughter: It's bulbs, tinsel, the tree, stars... Are you blind!

Father: You're doing it all wrong, the star's supposed
to be on top.

Daughter: It is.

Father: No it's not. It's right there. Look, see it?

Daughter: No. Stop pushing me around all the time.

Father: I don't push you around.

Daughter: You always...

Father: I just nudge you a bit...

Daughter: You always push me around when you come in
drunk...I'm not...

Father: I'm not drunk...I only drink a little at a time

Daughter: Yes you are...

Father: I'm never drunk. Don't say your father is
drunk again or I'll beat you up

Echo: beat, beat, beat

Daughter: You're loaded to the eyeballs, thats what
you are

Father: No wha! You're so dumb, you can't even decorate
a Christmas tree right.

Daughter: If you think you can do better, why don't
you do it, you little bum

Echo: Bum, Bum, Bum

Father: What's that you called me?

Daughter: I called you a b - u - m. Read it, bum--

Father: You little...God dam bitch

Fight ensues

Father: You ever call me a bum and I'll, I'll beat you.
You'll not stand up, and

Echoes: beat, hit, beat, hit

Daughter: You done beating me up?

Mother: What's the matter with you laying on that floor
Getting lazy? Get up and do your housework.

Daughter: I don't see why you don't pick up for me anymore.
You spineless little jellyfish. You're
scared of my father, that's all.

Mother: You get out of this house right now, get out,
go on, this is my house; LeaveYou,leave.

Daughter: I might as well go, I does everything for
myself anyway. You don't do a thing for me. If
you didn't care about me

Mother: You thankless little brat, get out. There's
the door.

Daughter: I might as well, you wimp.

Echoes: Get out
I'm only a kid
Get out
I'm only a kid
Get out!!
I'm only a kid!!

Roxanne: (wakes up)
1-800-668-6868

Kids Help Phone, can you help me please.

Scene 6

Dr. Whitmore: Welcome back for the fifth counselling session. Last time we heard Sandra's and Roxanne's stories. Tonight we will hear some more. Today we will begin by talking about the other types of abuse. As well as sexual types of abuse, there is physical and mental abuse.

Victims of physical abuse often avoid places where other people can see their bodies - i. gym classes, take showers in public. Abused victims often are afraid of the dark because...

Melanie: I'm afraid of the dark.

Dr. Whitmore: Why?...Why are you afraid of the dark?

Melanie: It seemed like I was afraid of everything. I can't go out of the house alone, especially in the night. I can't walk down the street without being afraid. I know I shouldn't be afraid but sometimes I feel like I'm living in hell.

Dr. Whitmore: The fear should go away if you deep up the therapy...Abuse victims also fear abandonment or banishment by their mothers. The mothers can not cope with knowing their children are abused. They are not strong enough to face the truth. The victim may be suicidal, alcholics, drug addicts, truants (that is seen by society as bad kids) they often run away. Sometimes they fail school because they believe no one cares and they..

David: I'm a failure.

Sandra: Why do you say that?

David: I was treated like one, I was told I was one.. my father said I wan son, so I just assumed I was.

Susanne: Why did he tell you that?

David: I don't know.

Dr. Whitmore: your father was a very religious man wasn't he? Perhaps he thinks you were a sinner.

David: He thought I was a bad kid. He said I would never be anything...I hope he burns in hell... I'll prove him wrong yet.

Dr. Whitmore: You've come a long way, just getting through therapy.

Mental abuse is not as easy to identify but it can be just as destructive because the abuser convinces the victim that they are stupid or failures. There are no physical scars to hide but the victims suffer just the same. They may believe they cannot succeed at anything. Robbing children of a positive self-image is just as cruel as physically beating them.

Some victims of abuse may work very hard in school to succeed, or become anorexic because they can control one of these aspects of their lives.

Dr. Whitmore: The important thing to remember is that abusers have the power to make their victims feel helpless, to make them believe they caused the abuse they suffer. But it's not the victims who are at fault. It is the abusers, the adults, who know better, who are the guilty ones. You have no reason to feel guilty because you were abused. You are the victims.

Dr. Whitmore rejoins circle

Dr. Whitmore: In this session Jessica, Sylvia and Susanne will tell us their stories. Who will go first?... What was that Roxanne?... Does anyone have any questions?...

Dr. Whitmore: What was that Roxanne?

Roxanne: Nothing

Sylvia: What happened to you?...Jessica?

Jessica: I was beat by my father and my husband.

Sylvia: What do you mean by beat? Like everyday?

Jessica: Yah.

Sylvia: What did you do about it?

Jessica: Nothing

Sylvia: How come?

Jessica: I didn't know there was anything I could do.

Susanne: How long did you stick with him anyway?

Jessica: Two years.

Sandra: When did you get married to him?

Jessica: When I was 18, after I left home.

Sylvia: How come you stayed with him even though he beat you?

Jessica: There was nothing I could do about it,...I didn't know any other kind of life.

Melanie: How did anyone find out what was going on?

Jessica: I told them...the police.

Sylvia: What did the police do about it?

Jessica: They took my husband.

Melanie: What about your father?

Jessica: I never told them about him.

Sylvia: Where do you live now?

Jessica: By myself, in an apartment.

Melanie: Do you love your husband?

Jessica: I guess I loved him once.

Sylvia: Did he start beating you after you married him?

Jessica: No, before I married him.

Eugene: Where was your mother while your father beat you? Didn't she do anything?

Jessica: Home, she couldn't do anything.

Sylvia: Did you have any friends?

Jessica: Not really

Sylvia: Why didn't you tell the teachers?

Jessica: Because I didn't think it was their problem.

Melanie: Did you ever try to commit suicide?

Jessica: No, I ran away, that's the only way I thought
I could escape

Sylvia: Where did you live at after you ran away?

Jessica: On the street

Sylvia: How'd you get money?

Jessica: I didn't have any, until I met my husband.

Dr. Whitmore: So you married him for money?

Jessica: More or less. He treated me nice first.

Dr. Whitmore: Does anyone have any more questions for
Jessica?

Melanie: Are you afraid of, um, like going with anybody
else? Are you afraid that they will treat you
like that too?

Jessica: I know that there are people out there that
do treat others like they treated me, but, there
are some others who are not like that. So, I'm
not really afraid.

Roxanne: When your father was beating on you, did anybody
see any of your bruises or anything?

Jessica: Nope, I hid them.

Roxanne: Did your father beat your mother?

Jessica: Sometimes, when he got really angry.

Roxanne: Why did he beat you anyway?

Melanie: I bet it made you feel pretty rotten.

Jessica: Yup

Sandra: Do you love your parents?

Jessica: My mother, because I knew she couldn't do anything about it.

Roxanne: Are your parents still alive?

Jessica: Yup

Melanie: Are they still married?

Jessica: Yup

Melanie: Do you still go and visit them?

Jessica: No, never saw them for quite awhile.

Dr. Whitmore: Is that all the questions? Do you have anything to ask, Sandra?

Sandra: Nope

Dr. Whitmore: What about you, Eugene?

Eugene: Nope

Dr. Whitmore: Oh, we'll start asking questions to Susanne

Sylvia: What happened to your arm?

Susanne: Lost it in a car accident.

Sylvia: Who was in the car with you?

Susanne: Mother and father

Jessica: What happened?

Susanne: Car skidded on ice.

Sylvia: Did they get killed?

Susanne: Yup

Sylvia: Who do you live with now?

Susanne: With foster parents

Sylvia: And how do they treat you?

Susanne: These ones are nice, not like my other ones.

Roxanne: What was your other ones like?

Susanne: That woman. She used to beat me and make fun of my arm.

Melanie: What did you do about it? Did you just take it or go for help?

Susanne: I couldn't do anything!

Melanie: You didn't go for help

Susanne: Nope. She said if I told anybody, she'd kill me.

Melanie: How did anyone find out?

Susanne: Postman. Saw her hitting me.

Sandra: Did the postman tell the police?

Susanne: I don't know who he told.

Sylvia: What's your foster parents like. The ones you have now?

Susanne: They're real nice. They understand what I've been through.

Sandra: Did your former foster parents have kids?

Susanne: Nope

Melanie: So you were just the only child?

Susanne: Yup

Sylvia: How old were you when your mother and father died?

Susanne: 13

Melanie: How long did you live with your first foster parents?

Susanne: Two years

Jessica: What did her husband do about it?

Susanne: Nothing, he didn't know.

Jessica: Are you afraid that your fosterparents will treat you like the other ones did?

Susanne: Sometimes

Roxanne: Do you trust these fosterparents? The ones that you now have?

Susanne: No. I don't trust anybody. It's kind of hard to trust other people when you don't trust yourself.

Melanie: Why don't you trust yourself?

Susanne: Anyone I ever trusted, beat me.

Davidhitmore: Even your real parents?

Susanne: No. My father or mother never beat me.

Jessica: Do you have any other relatives?

Susanne: Nope

Melanie: Do you miss your parents?

Susanne: Alot

Melanie: Did you ever feel that it was your fault that you were being beaten?

Susanne: Sometimes

Roxanne: What made you feel this way?

Susanne: It made me feel kind of helpless.

Roxanne: No, what made you feel that it was your fault?

Susanne: They told me

Engenehitmore: Why did they take you in anyway?

Susanne: I don't know

Sandra: Was it because of the money?

Susanne: They said they wanted a child

Melanie: What kind of stuff did they say to you?

Susanne: I'm a good for nothing little brat....
I'm lazy....I'll never be anything

Melanie: Because of your arm?

Susanne: Yup. They used to laugh at me.

Roxanne: Do the foster parents you had back then, do they still take in other children?

Susanne: I don't know, and I really don't care.

Melanie: Aren't you afraid that they might do that to other kids?

Susanne: Aren't you afraid that the kids that they may have now feel the same way you did?

Susanne: No. Probably wouldn't be allowed to take in more children anyway.

Eugene and David: Nope.

Roxanne: Did you have to do any chores?

Susanne: A lot.

Jessica: Did you have any friends?

Susanne: No. Not really. I wasn't allowed out.

Roxanne: Why?

Susanne: I don't know. They said I had to go home straight after school.

Roxanne: Did you do well in school?

Susanne: I did O.K., I suppose.

Jessica: Did you ever try to commit suicide?

Susanne: I'm crazy, but not that crazy.

Dr. Whitman: Does anyone have any more questions for Susanne?

Sylvia, you haven't told us what happened to you.

Sylvia: So!

Sandra: Who abused you?

Sylvia: My father and my uncle.

Dr. Whitmore: How old were you when you were first assaulted?

Sylvia: I think I was six. I knew something was wrong. But no one was going to take the word of a six year old over her parent.

Melanie: Why didn't you tell your mother?

Sylvia: Do you think she'd believe me?...Once I told her you husband is having sex with me...You know what she said..."Well I hope you enjoy it because he never has sex with me."

David: How old were you then?

Sylvia: Eight

Sandra: How did you feel?

Sylvia: Like trash...the scum of the earth...My father told me he loved me, then he would sexually assault me.

David: Your mother, she didn't help you?

Sylvia: I don't think she could.

Eugene: When did your uncle begin to assault you?

Sylvia: When I was nine. My parents left me at my Aunt's house. My uncle told me I was a slut, that I was trash and he wanted to teach me a lesson.

Roxanne: Why didn't you run or scream?

Sylvia: I couldn't, but inside my head I screamed louder than anything you ever heard. But you know what hurts most?...When my parents came back, the first thing they asked was "how much trouble" did I cause them?

Roxanne: How could you cause trouble?

Sylvia: I : . . . didn't, you know, that time. At home I had to do something to ease the pain, so I got stoned or drunk and I swore a lot.

Jessica: When did they stop abusing you?

Sylvia: When I was 16, oh, they had promised me over and over again, but it didn't stop till I ran away. I moved in with my boyfriend but he hurt me too. I guess I attracted guys who had a need to hurt people...

Sandra: Do you see your family now?

Sylvia: We all go to therapy. My father, sister and brother were also sexually abused when they were children.

Melanie: Did you ever try to kill yourself?

Sylvia: I tried it twice. I figured the only way to get rid of the pain was to get rid of the person. Thank God I failed.

Sandra: Is the therapy working?

Sylvia: It's not easy, but I think we are all worth the pain. I love my father very much and I realize he needed to feel important and wanted.

Dr. Whitmore: If you could say one thing to the world what would it be?

Sylvia: Those of you who are victims of abuse, remember that the person who is abusing you has the power to make you believe it is your fault; that you're no good; you're trash. Just remember it is their fault.

Sandra: Mothers, if your daughters or sons tell you they are being abused, believe them. Help them right away. They may not be there tomorrow, then you will feel guilty.

Eugene: . . . Fathers, uncles, grandfathers or any other person who has sexually assaulted or has a desire to sexually assault a child, get help. Stop running. Take the responsibility off what has happened and get help.

Roxanne: If you are in any trouble like this at all, phone someone; talk to someone who can and will help you end this nightmare.