

MENIHEK DRAMA

presents

JUSTICE AND LAW

collectively written by the company

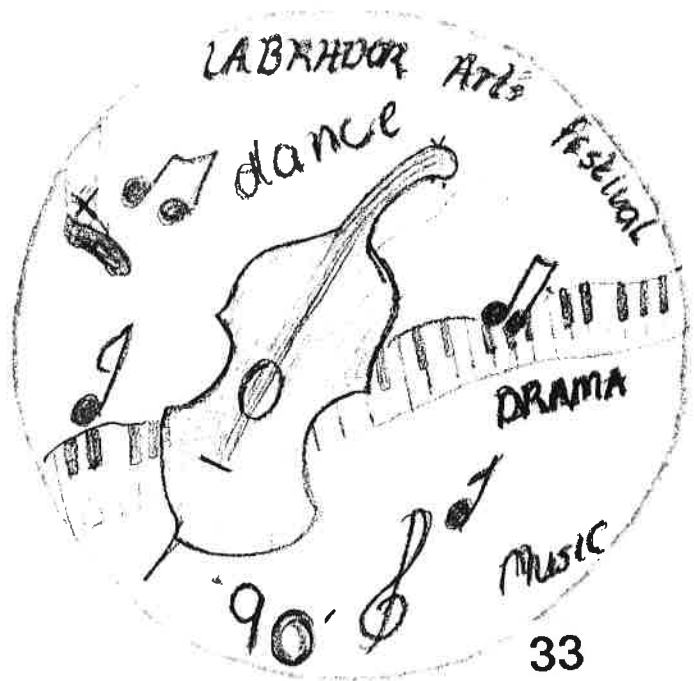
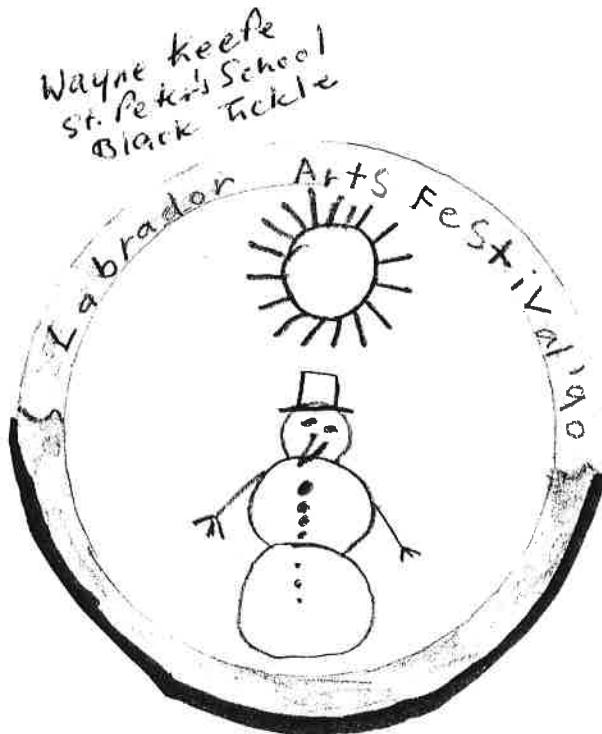
Cast

Harris .....	Krista Harris
Christa .....	Christa Freaake
Lorena .....	Lorena Efford
Wendy .....	Wendy Chambers
Guard.....	Deanna Hepditch

Production

Stage Manager .....	Deanna Hepditch
Lights and Sound.....	Tanya Wolfe
Assistant Direction.....	Kay Taylor
	Deborah White
Direction.....	Jocelyn Hayes
	Adrian Rodgers

Leslie Anne Gilholme  
Gr. 9 - St. Michael's



## JUSTICE AND LAW

### Menihek Drama

#### Characters

Lorena - a 16 year old who lives with her mother. Her father had left a couple of years before, after a bitter divorce.

Christa - a 16 year old who seems to be 'just a little slow'

Harris - an 11 year old tomboy. Her favourite hobbies are chewing gum and playing catch. She doesn't have any parents and has been shuffled between foster homes for the past couple of years.

Wendy - a 20 year old environmental activist.

#### Jailor

Scene 1 A holding cell at a police station. Christa, Wendy and Lorena are detained on charges and Harris is waiting to be transported to a new foster home.

Centre there is a table measuring 2' x 2' and a chair. Up right and up left forming an inverted V shape are 2 bunk beds. Left of the beds is a toilet. Farther left is something that suggests a drain pipe about a foot in diameter.

The cyc is behind the bunk beds and prison bar pattern is projected on the back. Behind the cyc is something that suggests rocks, a fence or wire.

Scene 2 - Harris and Christa enter. Christa plays a tape on her tape player. It becomes increasingly energetic. Harris joins in. This should be carefully choreographed to create an exciting note. At what seems like some sort of 'peak', Lorena abruptly shuts off the machine.

Harris: What did you do that for?

Lorena: Cause I don't want to listen to it. Anyone who gets arrested, thrown in a holding cell and dances is stupid.

Harris: Well, I did!

Lorena: Too bad!

Harris: Look man, I killed two people for getting in here.

Lorena: Really.

Harris: Yeah, and I can kill you too!

Lorena: Ooh, I'm scared!

Harris: You should be! (Lorena moves to a different bunk.)  
Hey, c'mon, I'm lonely over here by myself!

Lorena: Suffer!

Harris: What did you do to get in here, you rob a jewellery store?

Lorena: No, I killed a nosy ten year old.

Harris: I'm eleven, and besides, you don't scare me. Come on over and tell me what you did.

Lorena: No!

Harris: Wanna make a bet?

Lorena: No.

Harris: I bet you that I can find out what you're in for before you find out what I'm in for!

Lorena: Really.

Harris: I'll bet you my baseball hat.

Lorena: OK, I'll play your silly game but if we're going to do it then we're going to do it right. Your hat and a promise that you'll never talk to me again!

Harris: So, what do I get?

Lorena: Umm, my earring?

Harris: No.

Lorena: How about a ring?

Harris: That's girl's stuff!

Lorena: How about a smoke?

Harris: Okay.

Lorena: Okay, so, what are we going to play?

Harris: Well, I'm a better thrower than you are so the person who can't throw as good has to tell the other person what they're in for.

Lorena: That's stupid!

Harris: How about a bubble blowing contest?

Lorena: That's even worse! How about something intelligent like a mind game?

Harris: Wha?

Lorena: I'll ask you questions or you'll ask me and we'll say the first thing that comes to mind.

Harris: I guess. Wait now! First we've got to write down on a piece of paper what we're in for and give it to her.

Lorena: What's that going to prove?

Harris: How do I know that you're not going to lie to me?

Lorena: How do you know that I'm not going to lie to you on paper?

Harris: Cause you don't lie on paper.

Lorena: Oh, I almost forgot until you mentioned it. Alright, c'mon! So, since this is my game I'm going first. Where do you live?

Harris: On the street. What's your favourite colour?

Lorena: Blue. OK so what colour is your room?

Harris: I don't know. Do you like airplanes?

Lorena: Yeah.

Harris: When was the first time you were on a plane?

Lorena: A little while ago.

Harris: Did you sit next to the window seat by wing? And did you wear a long, black jacket?

Lorena: I don't remember.

Harris: So, exactly how much fuel does a 747 take on?

Lorena: What are you getting at?

Harris: (Shrugs.)

Lorena: It doesn't matter now. I already know what you do and where you came from.

Harris: Ya, well, I know you and where you came from, too.

Lorena: Tell me.

Harris: No, you tell me.

Lorena: I asked you first!

Harris: I asked you second!

Lorena: Ya, well. I'm five years older than you.

Harris: We'll tell her, and she can tell us both.

Lorena: Alright.

Harris: I'll go first. (Harris whispers to Christa; then Lorena has her turn but Harris tries to overhear.)

Lorena: Sit down! (They whisper.)

Lorena: Alright?

Christa: When you were small you were on a great big airplane, and your mom came and took you and she...

Harris: Yo!

Christa: You're making me nervous!...and she left and someone took you and you were on the big plane...

Harris: No, I wasn't!

Christa: ...and I can't remember what happened after, but, you're a foster child, and you're a highjacker with no pants.

Harris: No!

(Harris & Lorena run for their scribbled notes.)

Lorena: You robbed a bank and killed ten people?

Harris: You robbed an Arabian prince for 2000 pesos? You're a highjacker and a robber.

Lorena: I made it up!

Harris: No way man! The prince was on a plane wasn't he? And you robbed the prince then hi-jacked the plane!

Lorena: That's a lie!

Harris: You're not supposed to lie on the paper!

Lorena: Ya, well, you didn't tell the truth either! You killed ten people?

Harris: Ten and a half to be exact. You lied twice, so that's two smokes.

Lorena: Alright, but there's one condition, you've got to smoke them both at once.

Harris: Ya, I bet! One, two. (Harris coughs violently.) Not so tough now, are you?

Harris: It's not the same brand that I'm used to, that's all.

Lorena: So, give me your hat?

Harris: You can't have it.

Lorena: Ya, but you lost and I won, you've got to give it to me.

Harris: No you didn't, you didn't guess where I came from.

Lorena: You lost!

Harris: It's my hat!

Lorena: I won it, fair and square.

Harris: Alright, alright, I'll tell you where I came from, if I can have my hat back!

Lorena: I guess so.

Harris: Okay, my name is Harris & I'm a foster child, but it doesn't matter. The people I had before, they didn't want me any more, so, now I'm here waiting for my next parents who pick me up tomorrow, that's all. I'm staying here for the night. But it doesn't matter 'cause I'm not going back no more. You know what I did to the other people? I took their cat, and I put it in the microwave but the door wouldn't close 'cause the tail got caught in the door. So I took it out, and I put it in the blender and I turned it on and cat was flying everywhere.

Christa: How would you like it if a cat did that to you?

Lorena: Don't be so dense! She's not telling the truth! So, what are you in here for?

Christa: I saved someone's life.

Lorena: Oh ya. So, you saved someone's life and got put in a holding cell.

Christa: It's a bit different than that. His name was George. He was so gorgeous, and was really friendly. He was always good to me.

Lorena: I remember my first love.

Harris: Me, too.

Christa: He was always there for me. He was a very good listener. He was the only one I ever cared about. And he didn't run off with anybody, either.

Lorena: Wish I could say the same thing for my first love. He ran off with this red head with pig tails and freckles.

Harris: Me, too.

Christa: George kept me warm at night. He was a bit big, but he had great, big, beautiful, blue eyes, and a fuzzy face, and a nice coat.

Harris: He had hair on his face? Ugh, gross!

Christa: He had such a nice coat. He used to wash it everyday, to keep it clean, and he had a bad case of bad breath, but I used to give him dog biscuits and then I'd have to nurse him after he was chasing cats.

Harris: You went out with a dog?

Lorena: Please tell me it was just your pet.

Harris: No way, man. She really went out with a dog!

Christa: He was my pet!

Lorena: So, what did you do for this George?

Christa: Well, when I found out that he was impounded, I knew I had to find him, I had to find a way to get him back. I snuck into the pound, and there was George, trapped in a cage. I didn't know what to do, there were all kinds of dogs around, and they were whining. And cats meowing. I knew I had to set them free. I knew I couldn't let them stay there. I thought I did a good thing, I had to let all the cats and dogs go back to where they came from. It was so sad. It was like all the soldiers at Vietnam, taken away from their homes. I didn't know what else to do! I knew I had to do something, so I let them all go, and I never saw George after. Then I found out that he died.

Lorena: Look ---

Christa: Christa.

Lorena: Look, Christa, that's the most ridiculous story I've ever heard!

Harris: So, who are you and what are you in here for?

Lorena: Lorena, and I lit a fire, and I was burning something, and something else caught afire, and it got bigger, and bigger. But it's no big deal.



Scene 3 - Wendy enters.

Wendy: I don't belong in here. Do you know why I'm in here? Because of the government. And you know what the government's problem is? They're all close-minded.

Harris: Absolutely.

Wendy: They don't care what us little people have to say.

Harris: Yeah.

Wendy: They don't care what's going on in the world. Like right now, there's this really big hole in the ozone layer...

Harris: What's a zone layer?

Wendy: It's ignorant people like you that make this such a bad place to live in.

Harris: I'm not ignorant.

Wendy: I didn't mean you're rude. I meant you're stupid.

Harris: Well I bet ya you don't know who number 27 on the Nordiques is.

Wendy: What's the Nordiques?

Harris: The best hockey team in Canada.

Wendy: I don't know about hockey. That's where a bunch of goons skate around the ice and rough each other up.

Harris: It's great isn't it. I play hockey.

Wendy: You do?

Harris: Yup.

Wendy: But you're a girl.

Harris: So?

Wendy: Why do you play hockey with a bunch of chauvinistic pigs?

Harris: I don't play with pigs, I play with boys.

Wendy: Why don't you play on a girls team?

Harris: Because I don't have any friends who are girls.

Wendy: Come on - you could have this specially designed equipment.

Harris: I don't need specially designed equipment. But Freddy does.

Wendy: Who's Freddy?

Harris: He's this dirty cross checker. In one game he came over to me and he had his stick up, so I took my stick and I nailed him right in the --

Wendy: You're missing the point.

Harris: Not with Freddy.

Christa: What is the point?

Wendy: The point is, a girl her age should not be subjected to such violence. Do you watch cartoons?

Harris: Yeah.

Wendy: Do you watch Bart Simpson?

Harris: Don't have a cow, man.

Wendy: I thought so. These cartoons teach you bad manners.

Harris: It teaches you how to use the phone.

Wendy: It teaches you how to use the phone improperly.

Harris: What's your name?

Wendy: Parker.

Harris: What's your first name?

Wendy: Wendy.

Harris: Well, if I were to phone you up I'd ask for Wendy P. When d'ya p? Any time I want to. I.P. Freely.

Wendy: That's exactly what I mean. (Lorena is trying to whistle). Excuse me, but you don't know how to whistle.

Lorena: I know.

Harris: Well, why are you doing it?

Lorena: You're making me laugh and I've got to go.

Wendy: You can't get out of here. This is a holding cell.

Lorena: Not go outside, I've got to go to the bathroom.

Wendy: The can is right there. (She points to the toilet.)

Lorena: I'm not using that.

Wendy: Why not?

Lorena: There's no privacy.

Wendy: We're not going to look.

Lorena: What about them.

Wendy: Who?

Lorena: (Points to audience.) The guys in the next cell.

Wendy: Oh. Ok everybody - close your eyes. Go ahead.

Lorena: You could at least turn around. (They do and all whistle together. Then Wendy lets out a big whistle.) THAT DID IT.

Wendy: Sorry about that.

Lorena: Well, I can't go now.

Harris: You'll explode.

Lorena: Don't make me laugh. You've got to do this for me. Here. (She grabs Wendy and Christa and a blanket and makes them hold it in front of her.) Not like that. Turn around. (They do.)

Wendy: Well?

Lorena: I can't when you're just waiting like that.

Wendy: Try humming or something. (She does. Harris sneaks up on the top bunk bed and looks down. She screams.)

Wendy: You little devil.

Lorena: Look - I'm not going through this any more. I've got to get out of here.

Harris: Yeah! Let's escape.

Lorena: Sure.

Wendy: And how do you plan on doing that?

Harris: We'll dig a hole. Come on - let's dig down.

Christa: In to a concrete floor.

Harris: We'll tear down the bars.

Wendy: With your bare hands.

Harris: We'll seduce the security guard. Yo bud. Come here. You got somethin' that I want.

Wendy: The security guard is a woman.

Harris: Flush me down the toilet. (They scream and try to do it. As they continue to talk, Harris inspects the drain pipe left and begins to wiggle through it.)

Wendy: That's the best idea she's had all day.

Lorena: She's so naive - she probably believes in Santa Claus.

Wendy: How can she think that she'd ever get out of here?

Harris: (From behind the cyc - outside the cell.) Yo.

Christa: She's so hyper.

Harris: Guys!

Wendy: How can some one be that stupid?

Harris: Yo. Guys. I'm out here.

Wendy: Wait now.

Lorena: It's from outside.

Christa: (At a window.) Look - she made it.

Wendy: Come in and get us.

Harris: Ok.

Wendy: (They run to the pipe.) How'd she do it?

Christa: (Stopping to look at toilet.) She actually got down through the toilet.

Wendy: Come on kid - crawl through.

Lorena: Yo Harris.

Wendy: I think I see her. Is that your eyes?

Harris: No.

Christa: I don't see any eyes.

Wendy & Lorena: She's not coming through the toilet.

Harris: Don't worry. It's only a rat. I'll bring him out and show you.

Wendy: No. No. No. You just come out by yourself.

Harris: Uh-oh.

Wendy: Whaddya mean uh-oh?

Harris: I'm stuck. Oh no.

Wendy: Stick your arms out and we'll pull you. (She does.)

C,L,W: 1-2-3...(she comes out.)

Wendy: You stupid kid.

Harris: Come on you guys - let's go.

Wendy: If you got stuck in there - we're never going to get through.

Lorena: You go on.

Harris: I'd never leave you guys.

Wendy: Gee thanks.

Harris: Let's order food.

Wendy: Why don't you go and see about it.

Harris: (She walks s.r.) Yo. Bread and water.

Wendy: What's she doing here?

Lorena: Harris is just here overnight 'til her new foster home's ready.

Wendy: What about you?

Lorena: It's just a mistake. I was burning this piece of paper and it got out of hand.

Wendy: And you?

Christa: I let my dog and all the other animals out of the dog pound.

Wendy: You're kidding. That is so excellent. Civil disobedience. I love it. I'm kinda here for the same thing.

Christa: You let your dog out too?

Wendy: Ah, no. I was protesting against low level flying at the base and I got arrested.

Lorena: Big deal.

Wendy: Big deal. That, my friend, is the problem. I was sitting with my friends and we said WHAT are we going to do about this. We decided we're going to protest. We're going to get on TV and show everybody about this stuff. At first it was just a few of us but then our group started to grow because people started to take notice of what we were saying.

Lorena: That's what you're here for?

Wendy: No. I'm in here because of this guy named Ed. Me and Ed were datin', right, and he's sweet but sort of up tight so we broke up. To get back at me, Ed, who's this Captain in the air force decided it would be REALLY funny if he took these parts out of a military aircraft and plant them in my pocket.

Christa: Is that bad?

Wendy: Do the words espionage and conspiracy mean anything to you?

Christa: No.

Wendy: Let's just put it this way. I'm wandering out through the gates of Canadian Forces Base Goose Bay with these pieces of a jet fighter in my pocket. The military police searched me and here I am.

Christa: So you did it?

Wendy: No, I didn't do it - the parts were planted on me.

Harris: Ok you guys. Here's a piece of paper. The guard said we had to write down what you want to eat. Then they order out and I can get it from the guard. I'll get some raw sausages, and some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with mayonnaise on them, and...

Lorena: That's gross.

Wendy: Look kid. We'll go out and get the food from the jailer because it might be a whole lot to carry. Give me your piece of paper. (Wendy and Christa exit.)

Scene 4 - Lorena begins to write in a diary. Harris leans over her shoulder.

Harris: What? To be what?

Lorena: Hey, stop being so nosy.

Harris: I'm not nosy. I'd let you read my diary if I had one.

Lorena: So interesting it would be too...oh, I beat up Freddy the dirty cross checker, so and so had a nice dress on so I decided to ruin it with my ice cream...

Harris: It'd be worse than ice cream, it'd be mustard and ketchup and everything.

Lorena: Will you stay still? You're making me sick. Oh yuck.

Harris: What?

Lorena: There's a bug on the floor.

Harris: Where?

Lorena: Right there. Oh.

Harris: No, don't.

Lorena: You can't let that go crawling around.

Harris: Oh Henry, hey, he likes you.

Lorena: What do you mean...Henry?

Harris: How did you get out?

Lorena: Get out of where?

Harris: This is Henry from my bug collection. You were going to step on him; how dare you?

Lorena: Bug collection? How long have you had a bug collection?

Harris: A long time now and I've been collecting them since I came here, too. They're in my Rice Krispie box.

Lorena: That's gross. Yuck. It supposed to be Snap Crackle Pop, not Snap Crackle Crunch.

Harris: Hey, that's no way to talk about them. Bugs are human too, you know.

Lorena: Human?

Harris: Yeah, well, they are.

Lorena: In some countries they coat them in chocolate and eat them for dessert.

Harris: That's not funny.

Lorena: It's true.



Harris: That's really mean. Bugs can be really interesting. Look, there's Joey, he's really cute. Just look at him. And there's Cheryl.

Lorena: How can you tell them apart?

Harris: And Freddy, Freddy is that dirty cross checker. I call him Freddy because he's the bully here, he eats everybody.

Lorena: Okay, I can see how you can tell Freddy, but how can you tell who the others are?

Harris: Because they're really interesting, they become just like your best friends. Come down, I'll show you some. There's all kinds of them down here, I betcha.

Lorena: Why can't you collect stickers or My Little Ponies?

Harris: Bugs are grosser, I like 'em. Come down here, I'll show you some.

Lorena: I think I'll pass.

Harris: Oh, come on.

Lorena: It's only because I'm bored and there's no one else here.

Harris: See, look at this little guy. He's cute.

Lorena: Are they all that weird looking?

Harris: He's a millipede; he has thousands of legs. Milli stands for thousands, betcha didn't know that. Here.

Lorena: Don't pick it up. Harris, that's gross.

Harris: Here, you take him. He won't bite. Come on.

Lorena: He kind of tickles.

Harris: He likes you.

Lorena: You're sure?

Harris: Yeah, you can tell. Tell you what?

Lorena: What?

Harris: You can name him and we'll keep him.

Lorena: Name him? What would be a good name for him?

Harris: All kinds of things, as long as it's not a girl's name.

Lorena: I'll name him Booger.

Harris: Yeah, that's a good name for him. Be careful with him. Let's put him in the Rice Krispie box with the other bugs.

Lorena: Hey, keep Freddy away from him.

Harris: Oh, Freddy won't touch him. They're just distantly related.

Lorena: I didn't know bugs could be related.

Harris: They're almost the same kind. I call it distantly related.

Lorena: Oh.

Harris: Maybe after I leave, you could look after them. Maybe you could keep them all and take care of them for me.

Lorena: Why aren't you taking them with you?

Harris: Because I'm not going back there any more, so I can't take any stuff with me like my bugs.

Lorena: I'd give anything to be in your situation.

Harris: You would?

Lorena: Yes.

Harris: Why?

Lorena: I know it must be hard not having any family, not having parents; but at least you're not here for doing something wrong.

Harris: Well, what did you do that was so wrong?

Lorena: I started this fire, and now they're trying to decide what should be done with me, whether I'm guilty or not.

Harris: Did you get caught?

Lorena: I'm in here, aren't I?

Harris: So you're guilty. The way I look at it, you're not wrong until you get caught. So the biggest mistake a person can make is in getting caught.

Lorena: So, I lit the fire, but if I hadn't gotten caught, then lighting the fire wouldn't have been wrong.

Harris: Yeah see, you've got to learn to get away with things, like me. I do lots of things, and get away with them. Maybe I should look for more bugs or something. Maybe I should look over on Wendy's side cause she'd flatten me if she saw bugs over there.

Lorena: Isn't that a stupid way of looking at things, about nothing being really wrong unless you get caught?

Harris: Nah, I do things all the time and get away with them. I remember last year when I used to play hockey, I used to beat up all the boys, and when the coach used to come in and wonder what all the racket was about, I'd put on my pretty little girl smile, and he'd never suspect me. The guys wouldn't say anything, because they knew if they did I'd beat them up good.

Lorena: You wouldn't have been able to get away with it if you weren't a little girl.

Harris: I guess.

Lorena: You're not so bad for a little person.

Harris: You're not so bad yourself.

Wendy: (From S.R.) Hey! Harris! Can you come here and carry some of this stuff? (Harris exits. Wendy enters with a bag of food.)

#### Scene 5

Wendy: Excuse me, that's my bed. What are you doing snooping around in my stuff?

Lorena: Did you see my diary?

Wendy: Is it orange with a little pink splotch on the cover?

Lorena: That's it.

Wendy: No, no, I haven't seen it. Ok, off my bed.

Lorena: Give me my diary.

Wendy: I was only kidding. I don't know where it is.

Lorena: Are you as cold as I am in here?

Wendy: If you're cold, put on your jacket. (She glances at a page in the diary.)

Lorena: I can't, they took it.

Wendy: They took your jacket. They let me keep mine.

Lorena: Yeah, I was real upset too, cause I just got it and it cost a lot of money; it was white leather. I loved it.

Wendy: Leather, you had a leather jacket?

Lorena: Yes.

Wendy: Do you know how many cows are senselessly slaughtered each year just to make leather jackets?

Lorena: I paid good money for it.

Wendy: You can't put a price on life.

Lorena: I don't want to argue with you. I guess I should be thankful they left me my make-up.

Wendy: Oh, your make-up, yes. Have you ever heard of the Draize Test? That's an experiment done on animals to find out the effects of make-up on human eyes...do you know what they do? You know those cute fluffy white rabbits, they take those and pin their eyelids open and pour make-up into their eyes for days on end. Some of them go blind and have to be killed because of the pain.

Lorena: Yeah, well, I'm not the only one who wears make-up Wendy, so why rag out on me?

Wendy: It's simple. I believe one person can make a difference.

Lorena: Yeah, as if I'm going to wake up one morning and say "today I think I'll change the world" and just like that everything will be perfect.

Wendy: Ok, ok, so one person can't really change the world, but change has to start somewhere and it can start with one person and soon other people take notice. Before you know it, everyone is changed.

Lorena: Can't you talk about anything without fighting?

Wendy: I guess so. How do you feel about low level flying here in Goose Bay?

Lorena: I don't.

Wendy: Ok, the Iraqi-Kuwait crisis?

Lorena: The what?

Wendy: Nuclear war?

Lorena: Who cares?

Wendy: The Korean War?

Lorena: Before I was born.

Wendy: Vietnam?

Lorena: Across the sea.

Wendy: We have nothing to talk about then.

Lorena: We may have nothing to talk about but there is something I can do.

Wendy: Oh, you little creep. Don't you hit me with the pillow.

Lorena: Hey, what's this? That's my diary. You did read it. Thanks a lot, Wendy.

Wendy: I'm sorry Lorena, I didn't really read it. One of the other two must have put it there.

Lorena: Was it as juicy as you hoped it would be.

Wendy: It said something about a fire?

Lorena: I was burning pictures of my dad and somehow the fire got bigger and before I knew it the house was on fire.

Wendy: You didn't tell the cops that, did you?

Lorena: Yeah.

Wendy: Whoa, big mistake. Now they're going to think you set a fire on purpose.

Lorena: I didn't mean to do anything wrong so I certainly wasn't going to try and dream up lies for the police.

Wendy: But you've got to watch out for yourself, Lorena. there's no sense in you getting in trouble when you don't need to.

Lorena: Well, there's not only me to look out for.

Wendy: Who else is there?

Lorena: My mom. She's hurt and in hospital.

Wendy: Lorena, you didn't try to hurt her. This is not really your fault. Try not to feel so guilty.

Lorena: What about the fire? I did start it you know. Everyone's been so nice to me and that only makes me feel worse. Sometimes I wish someone would get really angry with me and yell at me.

Wendy: Ok, Lorena, I'm not really on your side. You know I think you really meant to do it, you just wanted to be the center of attention, as usual. You meant for that fire to get bigger, you wanted other people to get upset and notice you. You meant to do it, and hurt your mom, and no wonder you're so guilty now. It is all your fault.

Lorena: I didn't mean it.

Wendy: That's just my point. Let's just suppose I had a friend once; she was my best friend and you know what that's like, you always hang out together and tell each other all your secrets. One day she stopped being there for me, so I found her and tried to talk to her about it; she had hurt me and I was angry, and I told her how I felt and at the end I told her to get out of my life, that I

never wanted to see her again. Because I wasn't going to let anyone walk over me. At the time I felt good about telling her off...until later, later when I got a phone call...telling me my friend had committed suicide. Well, I was the last person who had seen her alive, and I had said all those things to her, so I guess her death was my fault, huh?

Lorena: Wendy, she didn't kill herself just because you had told her off.

Wendy: But I was the last person to talk to her and I had told her to get away from me, I must have had a part in it.

Lorena: She must have had a lot of other problems on her mind too.

Wendy: Maybe I should have thought of her feelings; all I had on my mind was telling her off.

Lorena: Wendy, you were angry because you were hurt. You didn't mean to hurt her. What happened is not your fault.

Wendy: That's exactly my point. Lorena you shouldn't feel guilty. You didn't try to hurt anyone. You didn't mean for that fire to get out of control. It's not your fault. You're not guilty.

Lorena: Oh. I'd like to be alone for awhile.

Wendy: Sure, ok. By the way, I really didn't read your diary.

(Wendy walks up left and sits alone. Christ enters with more food.)

### Scene 6

Christa: This reminds me of all the time I spent with George. He would always just sit there and listen to whatever I wanted to talk about. You know, he was a lot like you...he never talked back either. Oh, I'm not saying you're a dog. I'm just saying you never talk to me.

Lorena: Christa, no offence or anything, but I'm not in the mood for talking right now.

Christa: You always seem to have time for Wendy or Harris.

Lorena: Maybe you wouldn't understand.

Christa: Well, you never know, just this once, I might understand.

Lorena: No, I don't think so.

Christa: Fine, no one ever talks to me anyway.

Lorena: Christa, now I've gone and hurt your feelings. I'm not implying that you're stupid or anything. It's just that everybody marches to the beat of a different drum, and, well, let's just say yours is not four four.

Christa: I didn't tell you I played the drums. I can play the bagpipes. Listen.

Lorena: I didn't say you played the drums. It's a figure of speech like cat got your tongue.

Christa: Since you mention it, where did that expression come from? Did anyone actually lose their tongue to a cat? I mean I'd like to know these things.

Lorena: It's just a saying. Forget it.

Christa: So what are you writing?

Lorena: Nothing.

Christa: Something was bothering you when I came in. Is that what you're always writing about?

Lorena: You just wouldn't believe what's happened to me - I can't - believe it myself. I'm not sure how things have gotten so out of control. It's like a nightmare...no matter how hard I pinch myself or try to wake up, I can't. Nothing that you or anyone else can say is going to help that.

Christa: Why do you need that book when you've got me?

Lorena: That's a bonus.

Christa: Thanks a lot.

Lorena: I was just joking.

Christa: Sure.



Lorena: You know, you're one of the most frustrating people. Ok, Ok. You really want to know what happened to me? Fine, I'll tell you, but remember you asked for it. Ok, it's like this, it all started when my dad left my mom and me...ran off...some other kids calling him daddy. Can you imagine what that feels like? Well, it made me angry, and the angrier I got, the more I wanted to get back at him. So I took his pictures, put them in a wastepaper basket and set them afire. Ooh, it gave me a lot of satisfaction. But then the fire got bigger, the curtains caught on fire, and before I knew it, the house was blazing.

Christa: So the house burned, that's not the end of the world. There must have been insurance. You got out okay, at least no one was hurt.

Lorena: But that's just the point, Christa. Someone did get hurt. I guess you don't know...my mom is in the hospital. She's in critical condition from third degree burns. She was in that fire...the one that I started.

Christa: I'm sorry, really sorry. I didn't know. Sorry I bugged you.

Lorena: You're sorry. You should try being in my shoes.

Christa: No, I don't think they'd fit.

Lorena: Nice try, but not even you can cheer me up.

Christa: So what's happening with your case?

Lorena: I don't know yet. I still have to go to court. But you know something, no matter what they do to me, I can take it. It's my own conscience that I have to settle.

Christa: The court will help you, Lorena; they'll give you all your answers. The courts are always right. I mean, they're the only ones who really have to judge you.

Lorena: But the court is only a group of people. How can a bunch of strangers know what is right for me when I'm so confused myself?

Christa: That's what courts do.

Scene 7

W & H: Pizza! Pizza! Pizza! Pizza!

Wendy: Pizza for you.

Harris: And pizza for you.

Wendy: Here's a milkshake for you.

Harris: And here's your milkshake.

Wendy: Here's our pizza.

Harris: And here's our pizza.

Wendy: Here's our milkshake.

Wendy: Gimme a milkshake (pause). Excuse me, is this a styrofoam cup?

Christa: So?

Wendy: This is a styrofoam cup.

Christa: Big deal.

Wendy: Styrofoam is not biodegradable, Christa. I refuse to drink this.

Harris: Good, more for me.

Lorena: Wendy, can't you stop being the conscious environmentalist for once and have some fun.

Wendy: Uh-uh. (spoken with her mouth full.) Who are all those milkshakes for kid?

Harris: Me.

Wendy: You are a real pig.

Harris: Oink, oink.

W & H: Oink, oink, oink.

Christa: What took you guys so long anyway?

Wendy: Oh, she was making some passes at the guard.

Harris: Yeh.

Lorena: Another woman?

Wendy: No, it was a guy and he was really cute.

Harris: Almost had him too, eh?

Wendy: She did.

Christa: Passes? What kind of passes you guys talking about?

Wendy: Welllll, she passed him to the right, then she passed him to the left, and then she ran over him, touchdown.

Lorena: Watch out for the pizza.

Wendy: She would've had him too if she knew how to whistle.

Harris: Hey, I know how to whistle.

Wendy: Oh can you kid? Well, let's hear it. Come on, whistle, whistle, whistle.

Harris: I just can't do it when people are watching, that's all.

Wendy: Oh. (All three turn and cover their eyes.)

Harris: Uh (makes an attempt to whistle, gives up.) Hey, I can spit, I can spit real good. I can spit really far. I bet I can spit on you from right here.

Lorena: I'm really disappointed in you. Here you are supposed to be the perfect tomboy and you don't even know how to whistle.

Wendy: I remember the first time I learned how to whistle. I was at a peace rally in South Africa, yeh, I was at a peace rally in South Africa and I was sitting next to uh Nelson Mandela. Yeh.

Lorena: No, I think it was Tom Cruise.

Wendy: Oh yeh, yeh, Nelson was the other one. Yeh, I was sitting next to Tom Cruise and it was Tom Cruise who taught me how to whistle.

Christa: Wow, how did he whistle?

Wendy: Oh, so you want to know the Tom Cruise technique to whistling? Okay, everybody gather round. First you lick out your tongue. Then you roll your tongue back to the tip of your teeth, then put your fingers in a "v" like so. Put them on the tip of your tongue and blow.

Harris: (Whistles) I got it! I got it!

W L C: Yeh (clap).

Wendy: Go get the guard, go get him.

Harris: Yeh, now I can get the guard. Hey (she whistles). Yo baby, over here.

Wendy: I don't think it's working.

Harris: Who needs 'em?

Wendy: Hey kid, were you ever at a party?

Harris: Yeh.

Wendy: Okay, well, come here. We're going to play a little party game. It's really easy and you'll like it. Drop your shake. This is a fun game. The object of the game for you is to find us and the object of the game for us is not to be found by her.

Harris: Oh, like hide-go-seek.

Wendy: I'll just give you three short turns. One. Two. Three. Hide, hide, come on guys.

Harris: Got someone, got her, got her.

Wendy: Guess who it is?

Harris: Wendy.

Christa: No it's me, Christa.

Harris: Yeh, it's Christa.

Wendy: Okay, run and find someone else.

Harris: I got someone.

Christa: Who is it Harris?

Harris: (She opens her eye slyly.) Lorena.

Lorena: Cheater.

Harris: I didn't cheat.

Christa: One more to go.

Lorena: Well you know it's Wendy, go find her Harris. come on, run and get her.

Harris: I've got her.

Wendy: Kid, you know I have a snicking suspicion that you cheated just a little tiny bit.

Harris: I didn't need to cheat, that's an easy game.

Christa: Have another shake.

Harris: Oh, I don't feel so good. (Acts sick.)

Wendy: I have another idea.

Lorena: Not another one, Wendy. I can't handle any more of these great ideas of yours.

Wendy: Come on, this one is fun. Here's a roll of toilet paper for you. Kid, come here. I beg you (to Lorena) I can wrap the kid here from head to toe with toilet paper before you can wrap Christa.

Lorena: Yeh, right. Keep dreaming.

Harris: Let's go.

All: (Sing the jeopardy tune.)

Harris: We won.

Lorena: That's not fair, Harris is only eleven.

Wendy: Yeh, but her tummy is bigger, she just had seven milkshakes.

Harris: Yeh, mummy, mummy, I'm coming to get you.

Lorena: Maybe we should get a little rest.

Wendy: I'm kind of tired too.

Harris: Come on. We just got started.

Christa: Take a break, Harris.

Harris: No way. Come on. (The others are lying down.) Guys. (Harris lies down too and the lights dim as most people doze. Wendy is holding her lit cigarette over a trash can. There is a puff of smoke. Lorena sits up but can't say anything. Finally she lets out a scream. The others react.)

Wendy: Relax, Lorena - it's just a piece of paper. It's no big deal.

Lorena: (Backs away.) No. Stop it. Put it out.

Wendy: What's the problem?

Lorena: You never lived through this. You couldn't understand.

Wendy: I'm sorry. We're all sorry. (They all hug.)

### Scene 8

Wendy: Oh, they missed one.

Lorena: One what?

Wendy: One of the parts of the airplane I supposedly took.

Harris: Oh, let me see...don't. Do you think it will blow up?

Wendy: No, it's too small.

Lorena: What is it?

Wendy: I wonder what it does.

Christa: You put a pin through it here, and it sets off a charge on this co-ordinate right there and pushes down, it hits this button and KABOOM!

Wendy: What do you mean KABOOM?

Christa: Ah, it's a fire mechanism for a missile.

All: OHHHHHHH!

Wendy: How do you know?

Christa: It says right here.

Wendy: (Reads) Firing mechanism for missile.

Christa: But don't worry, it's not set up so...

Harris: Can I have it?

Wendy: No.

Harris: Why not?

Wendy: Because it doesn't belong to you.

Harris: It doesn't belong to you either.

Wendy: Yeah, but you'll get grease on your hands.

Christa: No she won't. It's never been used.

Wendy: Excuse me.

Christa: See, if it was used, it would have grease on this cap.

Wendy: So this has never been used?

Christa: Right.

Wendy: Ok. So, if this was in the airplane, it would have had grease on it. So, if I was to take this out of the plane, it would have had grease on it cause it was in the plane. But, this has no grease on it, so it wasn't in the plane, so I couldn't have taken it out of the plane.

Christa: Right.

Harris: Well, if I were the judge, I'd let you go.

Wendy: Yeah, but you're not the judge.

Harris: Sure I am. Order in the court.

Lorena: Yeah, and I'm the prosecutor.

Christa: I'll be the jury.

Wendy: I guess I'll be me.

Harris: Stand up, do you swear to tell the truth, and God you swear.

Wendy: I do.

Harris: Ok.

Lorena: Mrs. Parker...

Wendy: Oh, wait a minute, I just got a brilliant idea. If I act really stunned, then they'll never think that I would be that smart to think of something like that, and I'll be innocent. Ok?

Lorena: Ok. Miss Parker, on the day of July 29th, where were you?

Wendy: Umm, I was at the airport thing here in Goose Bay boy for the military.

Lorena: And what were you doing there, do you know?

Wendy: No, I don't have a clue.

Lorena: Miss Parker, do you make it a habit of carrying around airplane parts with you?

Wendy: No, I don't boy, I suppose it just started.

Harris: She's innocent, she never did it, you can all go home.

Lorena: You're the judge, you can't do that.

Harris: Oh. Next.

(Wendy plays both roles.)

Wendy: Miss Parker, Miss Parker, Miss Parker, while you were at CFB Goose Bay, did you at any point of time leave your apartment?



Wendy: Yes girl, I went to see my ex-boyfriend, like he's a real stiff. We were dating for awhile, and he's really nice and everything, but we just didn't see eye to eye. You know, sometimes he can be just such...

Lorena: Your Honour!

Harris: No, keep going, keep going.

Wendy: ...aggravating person, and other times he can just...

Lorena: Objection!

Harris: Shhhhh.

Wendy: .....frigger...

Lorena: Your Honour, you can't have her walking around the court like this.

Harris: Yes she can.

Wendy: Shhhhh.

Wendy: ...he's a real practical joker right, always trying to get me in trouble. He thought he was right funny. I really didn't, cause I was the one always getting the blame for it. And one of these days man, I just said to him, I said listen to me son, I said we just can't be seeing each other any more.

Well girl, that sounds like something Ed would do. He's not like me. I like to call him special Ed.

Ok, Miss Parker, could this special ed person have planted the airplane parts on you?

Yes girl, I think that's what it was.

Christa: We, the jury say she's not guilty.

Wendy: Hey, I got me off, I can get you off too. Come on.

Christa: No, no.

Wendy: Why not, it's just a game.

Christa: So?

Lorena: We did it for Wendy.

Christa: So?

Wendy: Don't you want to be like me?

Christa: No.

Wendy: Hey, listen, do you hear something?

Lorena: Yeah, me too, what is it?

Wendy: I hear a "Scratch, Scratch".

Lorena: A dog, yeah a dog.

Harris: Yeah, a dog.

Wendy: Oh Christa, look. He's so cute.

Lorena: Oh, he's gorgeous.

Harris: Oh, let me see.

(Christa comes over.)

Wendy: Oh, look at him.

Lorena: "Ruff, ruff". Ha, got you.

Wendy: Did you see Lethal Weapon?

Christa: Yeah.

Wendy: Stay on the can.

Christa: But I don't see any toilet paper that says KABOOM, you're dead.

Harris: Hey, get up.

Christa: No, I can't.

Wendy: Swear her in.

Harris: Do you swear?

Christa: No.

Harris: I think you're supposed to say yes.

Christa: Oh, yes.

Wendy: I guess you're the prosecutor.

Lorena: I was the prosecutor last time.

Wendy: But I'm the defence, I can't be the prosecutor. You be the prosecutor.

Harris: But I'm the judge.

Wendy: Oh, come on, it will be fun.

Harris: Did you do it?

Christa: Do what?

Harris: Let the animals out?

Christa: Yeah.

Harris: I rest my case. Now you.

Wendy: Ok. To start the defence of my client I am going to ah state the charges which are ah charged on her or something. Ok. We got break and entry, that's ok, vandalism, trespassing, and letting your dog out of the municipal pound. What would you call that?

Lorena: Something technical like, letting your dog out of the pound.

Wendy: Ha, I had to ask, ok, where were you on the night of August 19, 1990?

Christa: I can't remember.

Wendy: Yes you do, that's the night you went into the pound and let George out.

Christa: If you say so.

Wendy: Ok, Christa, now this is going to be the hard, really hard part, so think...ah no don't think, listen very closely, not that close. Ok, remember, George was in the pound and George was your doggy, and you didn't want

George in the pound, did you. So you went into the pound and let him out.

Harris: You're supposed to be the defence. I'm the prosecutor.

Wendy: Look, I'm working, I'm working really hard. Ok, Christa, how did you get into the pound?

Christa: There was a ring with keys on it so I opened the door.

Wendy: Ah ha, so if the keys were by the door, then you didn't break in and you did not vandalize. That's two charges down and two more to go. Ok, how long was George in the pound? Christa, how long was he in the pound? Christa, about a week? Ok, we will pretend it's a week anyway. Ok, George was in the pound for a week, and during that week did you visit him a lot? Yeah, you did. Ok, and so when you went to the pound on August 19, 1990, with the keys to the pound, you were just visiting George, weren't you. And visiting dogs in the pound is not against the law. Trespassing is down. Ok, one more to go. Christa, what's wrong? Christa, what's wrong?

Christa: There's a bomb underneath me!

Wendy: Christa, I'm going to let you in on a little secret now, ok? Now, don't tell Lorena or the kid that I told you. There's really no bomb.

Christa: You lied!

Wendy: Listen, the bomb won't kill you but I will if you get off that toilet. Ok. Where were you on the night of August 19, 1990?

Christa: I was at Jane's house, ah, it was her birthday so we were watching movies, and having cake.

Wendy: Ok, so then you went to the pound?

Christa: No, I went home.

Wendy: So, you mom took you to the pound?

Christa: No, I stayed home and played Scrabble.

Wendy: Isn't that the game where all the letters are jumbled up?

Christa: Well, actually I didn't play, I watched.

Wendy: Ok, did you let George out?

Christa: Ah, well, I brought him his toy. It's a rubber duckie, it was yellow, and I bought it at Woolworths, it was really cute, it was his favourite toy and so I had to bring it in, and he started playing with it.

Wendy: So then you let him out?

Christa: Ah, yup. Do you have a rubber duckie?

Wendy: Oh, I had one, he was so cute and he was little and yellow, yeah ok, anyway, Christa, did you let the other dogs out?

Christa: Well, since I was taking George for a walk, I decided to let the other dogs come out for a walk too. So they could get a bit of exercise, you know how...

Wendy: Ok. So, you were just taking George and his friends out for a walk. So they could get some exercise, and you were not letting them out. You did intend to bring them back.

Christa: Right.

Harris: Ok, you're off, you didn't do it.

### Scene 9

Harris: So, guys, if we're all innocent, then what are we doing in here?

Christa: Good question.

Harris: Well, let's escape.

Wendy: You got stuck in the tunnels last time. That's the only way out, how are we gonna get through?

Christa: I've got it. Listen to this guys. In our town lots of transport trucks go through and there's this one tunnel that's not quite big enough. One day a transport truck got stuck in it and it was days before anyone could figure out how to get the truck out. And guess what - it was my cousin's idea. He said why don't you just let the

air out of the tires. Sure enough, they let the air out and the truck went through. My cousin is only eight.

Lorena: Obviously he's got all the brains in your family.

Christa: No.

Wendy: So, Christa, if we get stuck in the drain pipe what are we supposed to do, deflate?

Christa: I dunno, it works if you're a transport truck. Any more ideas?

Harris: Alright, so everybody wants to get out of here. Is everybody in?

Christa: I'm in.

Wendy: I'm in. Lorena are you in? Stick up your hand Lorena.

Lorena: I'm not in.

Wendy: What do you mean you're not in?

Lorena: I'm not going.

Wendy: Why not?

Lorena: I'm staying here, you guys go on without me.

Wendy: No way. Come on, just tell us why.

Harris: We're all innocent.

loreana: No we're not.

Wendy: You don't deserve to be in here any more than we do. You're going.

Harris: I'm going to find Harvey for you and then you won't have to stay.

Lorena: Who's Harvey?

Harris: Harvey is the rat in the drain.

Lorena: Don't go bringin' him in here.

Wendy: Leave the rat in the drain pipe.

Harris: Wendy, he's ozone friendly. (She enters the tunnel.)

Wendy: In that case...

Harris: Come here, quick. I've got something to show you.

Wendy: What?

Harris: I was looking for Harvey right? And I put my arm up in the tunnel and I felt around and I thing there's a great big tunnel there.

Wendy: Another tunnel?

Harris: Yeah, it's twice the size of me.

Wendy: Well we should fit through this time.

Harris: Come on, let's go.

Wendy: Look, you guys, we just can't run out through the tunnel and sneak out, it's not that simple.

Lorena: Yeah, we need a plan.

Christa: Well, what's the plan?

Wendy: That's another good question.

Lorena: I've got it. Okay.

Christa: How come you always have all the ideas?

Lorena: Because you're too slow to think of them. Anyway, this is the plan. Harris will go first because she's familiar with the tunnels. Then you, Christa, you'll follow her up. And Wendy, you take up the rear because we need you to keep things organized.

Harris: What about you?

Lorena: Well, we need someone to keep watch. Remember the guard comes by at about 9:00. So I'll just stay here and...

Wendy: ...watch out for the guard and then follow us up behind.

Lorena: Ah - maybe.

Christa: Hey, guys, I have another idea. I saw this in a movie once and I tried it and it worked for me too. We could take the pillows and put them in our beds, cover them and it looks like someone's sleeping.

Wendy: Yeah, the guard will never know as long as he sees you, Lorena.

Lorena: I'm impressed with you Christa.

Harris: Let's do it.

Wendy: Okay, what time is it now?

Harris: Quarter to nine.

Wendy: Alright, it's now quarter to nine. The guard makes his rounds at...?

Lorena: Nine.

Wendy: Right, at 9:00. That gives us about 14 minutes to stuff our beds, get up into the tunnel, wait for you and make a run for it out of this place.

Harris: Let's do it.

Lorena: Ok, guys, don't wait too long for me. You don't want to get caught.

Wendy: Well, lets see, 20 minutes should be plenty of time for you to get up here. We'll wait for you outside the tunnel. Outside. Guys, where does this tunnel lead, are we sure we can get outside? We could end up in a sewer for all we know.

Harris: Cowabunga, dudes.

Christa: Let's go, Leonardo.

Wendy: Seriously, we have to find out where the tunnel goes before we all just decide to go up there.

Harris: Well, I'll just go up and see.

Wendy: Okay, you go and we start stuffing beds.

Lorena: I've got Harris'...



Wendy: Hurry up, kid, we only have 14 minutes. Anyone have a couple of extra pillows, you know, make my hips look realistic.

Lorena: Give it a rest.

Christa: Looks good.

Harris: Okay, I checked. It's just this great big tunnel that leads outdoors. There's all this green grass but I think we'll have to jump a couple of feet, though.

Wendy: Well, I guess this is it. I guess we're going.

All: Let's do it.

Wendy: Team huddle. Okay guys, lets run through it one more time. Well, we have 10 minutes before the guard makes his rounds at 9:00. We have to get up into the tunnel and out. We'll wait for Lorena for about 20 minutes, if you're not there then we'll know something is wrong. Well, kid, you go first. Christa, you follow her up and then I'll go.

All: Let's do it, let's go. (Make their pack) Three Two One, we're gone.

Lorena: Alright, I'll see you outside.

Wendy: Yeh, 20 minutes, if you're not there I'm coming back in for you. (They all leave.)

Lorena: Bye.

(They are now outside.)

Wendy: Hey, you know this makes a very good point. While we were in there nobody seemed to have any time for the...the...

Harris: ...the little people.

Wendy: Yeah, kid, the little people. Nobody wanted to listen to what we had to say.

H & C: Yeah, yeah.

Christa: That's true.

Wendy: So you know what? This makes a very important point about freedom of speech. We should have freedom of speech. Nobody should be able to take that away from us.

H & C: Hey, you're right. We have rights too.

Wendy: Come on, coppers, come and get us. Try to hold us back now. We're out, we've escaped. Come and get us.

Harris: No Wendy, no, we'll be caught. I'll have to go to another foster home.

C & H: Stop, no, we don't want to be caught.

(A spotlight and alarm.)

Wendy: Yeah, come on, get us. We have the right to be heard (The cops have them.) Freedom of speech is our right. We have the right to say whatever we want.

(Lorena watches through the window and then sits, beginning to write a letter, and reads aloud.)

#### Scene 10

Dear Mom,

I was just sitting thinking about you. You know, being in a holding cell isn't really as bad as everybody makes it out to be. Well, at least it wasn't until my roommates got taken away. Now, even though I'd never let them know it, I really miss them. You can make really good friends in such little time. They're probably some of the best friends I've had in my whole life.

The one I took to the best would have had to have been Harris. She's an eleven year old girl, but you should never call her that face to face. She's the biggest tomboy that I've ever met. Don't worry, she's not in here because she did anything wrong; she's just between foster homes. I think I took to her because she thinks life's so simple. Her attitude is nothing is wrong until you get caught. But then again, she wanted to escape by being flushed down the toilet, so you can't take anything she says too seriously.

I also met this girl named Christa. You know, I just realized it, but I don't even know her last name. Christa's a nice girl but I don't think she's operating on all six cylinders. You see, she thinks that the courts are always right. She puts them right up there with God. That might work for her but I find it really difficult to understand.

I also met this girl named Wendy Parker. She's the perfect environmentalist. We didn't get along much because she's always going around yelling and protesting about everything that I believe in. But before she left we were on neutral ground. I think that's basically because I learned to respect her. You see, one day we were talking, and she told me that she didn't think that the fire was my fault, and I finally came to believe her. I didn't mean to start the fire, and Wendy says that's all that matters. Don't get me wrong, I'm so sorry that you has to get hurt by all this. I'd do anything to be able to turn back time so none of this would have happened. But it did, and I'm not going to carry all the weight on my shoulders. I didn't mean to start the fire, so how can it be my fault? Wendy taught me there was a difference between justice and law. If there was justice, you wouldn't be hurt - but the world is unjust. There is law, and I'm sure I'll be out soon.

I guess I better go now. I'll get to talk to you soon, anyway. I've got this really strong feeling that I'm not going to be here much longer. Then we'll be able to handle this together. I love you and all we have to do is...(enter with letter)

Jailer: Writing?

Lorena: My mom.

Jailer: I have bad news, mam. You might want to take a break. (Lorena gets up.) I'm afraid your mother died this morning. You'll be charged later today with manslaughter. (Lorena sits. The jailer burns the letter.)

Curtain.

T H E E N D