



JANE HARRISON, a Muruwari descendant, was commissioned by Ilbijerri Theatre Co-operative to write *Stolen*, about the Stolen Generations. *Stolen* premiered in 1998, followed by seven annual seasons in Melbourne, plus tours to Sydney, Adelaide, regional Victoria, Tasmania, the UK (twice), Hong Kong and Tokyo, and readings in Canada and New York. Jane was the co-winner (with Dallas Winmar for *Aliwa!*) of the Kate Challis RAKA Award for *Stolen*. *Stolen* is studied on the VCE English and NSW HSC syllabi.

On a Park Bench was workshopped at Playbox and the Banff Playrites Colony, and was a finalist in the Lake Macquarie Drama Prize. *Rainbow's End* premiered in 2005 at the Melbourne Museum and toured to Mooroopna, and then to Japan in 2007. Jane was the 2006 Theatrelab Indigenous Award Winner for her most recent play, *Blakvelvet*. She contributed one chapter to *Many Voices, Reflections on experiences of Indigenous child separation*, published by the National Library, Canberra. Her greatest creations are her two daughters.

STOLEN

JANE HARRISON



Currency Press, Sydney

CURRENCY PLAYS

First published in 1998 by
Currency Press Pty Ltd,
PO Box 2287, Strawberry Hills NSW 2012 Australia
enquiries@currency.com.au; www.currency.com.au

First edition reprinted 1999, 2000

First revised edition published 2000; reprinted 2001 (twice)

Second revised edition published 2002; reprinted 2002, 2003, 2004 (twice), 2005

This third revised edition published 2007

Stolen copyright © Jane Harrison, 2000

Introduction copyright © Wesley Enoch, 2007

COPYING FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES

The Australian Copyright Act 1968 (Act) allows a maximum of one chapter or 10% of this book, whichever is the greater, to be copied by an educational institution for its educational purposes provided that that educational institution (or the body that administers it) has given a remuneration notice to Copyright Agency Limited (CAL). For details of the CAL licence for educational institutions contact CAL, 19/157 Liverpool Street, Sydney NSW 2000. Tel: (02) 9394 7600; Fax: (02) 9394 7601; E-mail: info@copyright.com.au

COPYING FOR OTHER PURPOSES

Except as permitted under the Act, for example a fair dealing for the purposes of study, research, criticism or review, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission. All inquiries should be made to the publisher at the above address. Any performance or public reading of *Stolen* is forbidden unless a licence has been received from the author's agent. The purchase of this book in no way gives the purchaser the right to perform the play in public, whether by means of a staged production or a reading. All applications for public performance should be addressed to the author care of Currency Press.

In accordance with the requirement of the Australian Media, Entertainment & Arts Alliance, Currency Press has made every effort to identify, and gain permission of, the artists who appear in the photographs which illustrate these plays.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA CATALOGUING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA:

Harrison, Jane, 1960– .

Stolen.

3rd rev. ed.

ISBN 978 0 86819 797 5 (pbk).

1. Aboriginal Australians, Treatment of – History – 20th century – Drama. 2. Aboriginal Australians – Removal – Drama. 3. Children, Aboriginal Australian – Government policy – Drama. 4. Children, Aboriginal Australian – Drama.
I. Title.

A822.3

Set by Dean Nottle.

Cover image by Mollison Communications: www.mollison.com.

Cover designed by Kate Florance.

Printed by Southwood Press, Marickville, NSW.

Contents

Making History: Directing <i>Stolen</i>	
<i>Wesley Enoch</i>	<i>vii</i>
Author's Note	<i>xiii</i>
STOLEN	1

Making History

Directing the first production of *Stolen*

Wesley Enoch

Jane Harrison's *Stolen* is a play that helped to change the course of history. From the first standing ovation at its Melbourne premiere in 1998 through its sold-out seasons across Australia and the world, *Stolen* found a time, place and issue perfectly in tune with the zeitgeist, and helped to galvanise support for the plight of the Stolen Generations. The play has been regularly revived in new productions, it has toured across the globe and it has been seen by almost 150,000 people. In April 2000 when then Minister for Aboriginal Affairs Senator John Herron provoked public outrage by saying that only ten per cent of Aboriginal children were ever taken from their families, the Sydney season of the show sold out within three days. The following month *Stolen* was performed during the time of the landmark walk across Sydney Harbour Bridge when more than 200,000 people turned out to show their support for Indigenous issues. It's a rare thing to be involved in a play that encapsulates a definitive moment in art and politics.

Stolen was originally commissioned by Ilbijerri Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Theatre Co-operative in 1992, after the success of *Up the Road* by John Harding. Kylie Belling, current Artistic Director of the company and part of the original Ilbijerri Committee, says that the aim was to create a contemporary piece of theatre that was important to the community. Ilbijerri advertised for a writer and Jane Harrison applied. Harrison and a team of researchers, most notably

Antoinette Braybrook, then began interviewing community members and devising a script. I became involved in 1993 and directed a reading of a draft then called *The Lost Children*. The title was changed when audience members argued that the children were never lost, they were stolen. This happened before the Royal Commission or any broader public knowledge of the Stolen Generations. It is hard to believe now, because it seems that we have always known it, but the general population in the mid-1990s knew nothing about Aboriginal children being taken away as part of a government policy called Assimilation. It is part of the extraordinary nature of this work and the political campaign that surrounded it that this changed.

After the initial reading, Ilbjerri spent five years trying to raise funding for a full production, and undertaking a number of redrafts and workshops in the meantime. It was not until 1997 when Aubrey Mellor, Artistic Director of Playbox, and Sue Nattrass, then Artistic Director of the Melbourne International Festival, teamed up with Ilbjerri to finance the production that it finally got off the ground.



The five principal characters in *Stolen* each represent a story common among Aboriginal people:

- Anne is a pale-skinned child who is adopted and grows up not knowing she is Aboriginal. She must make a journey of discovery to reconcile her identity to her past, both black and white.
- Sandy is a young man who has been on the run from the authorities his whole life, but refuses to forget the cultural skills passed down to him from his family.
- Shirley was taken as a child and grows up to see her own children taken from her, personifying the cycle of the Stolen Generations.
- Ruby is abused and beaten as a young girl, before being trained as a domestic and eventually suffering from mental illness.
- Jimmy is a vibrant young boy who rebels against the system, is beaten and takes his own life in jail.

The journey of each character is shown by a different structure—a song, a letter, the line-up for example—which is repeated several

times to show the changing circumstances and to develop individual narratives. This reflects the practice of traditional storytelling methods which have a repetitive song/dance structure. Such use of repetition not only helps in the learning of a story but it highlights the subtle changes in understanding that may occur over time. As you grow older your life experience affects how you read a story. In this sense, *Stolen* is less of a play and more of an accumulation of affecting experiences for an audience. It gives an emotional resonance to a political issue.

The brief to Jane from Ilbjerri meant that certain guiding principles were kept at the forefront, and these were passed on to the production team as we brought the show to life:

- The piece should be contemporary and unlike any other Indigenous theatre piece. We did not want it to be a naturalistic, kitchen-sink drama.
- There were to be no ‘stars’, it was to be a true ensemble piece.
- Traditional forms of storytelling should be our greatest influence.
- We should not shy away from the emotional power of the stories.

Developed in the script and during rehearsals were a number of symbols designed to encapsulate the experience of being taken away and the subsequent feelings of isolation this engendered:

- A filing cabinet represented the bureaucratic letters and documents that controlled and regimented the children’s lives, but could not be accessed by them. Even today some people have not seen the files that controlled their childhoods.
- Beds signified the institutions where the children were kept. There was a regimented way to make them and a strict inventory of linen and bedclothes. The beds were moved about the performance space, too, to symbolise how the children were not permitted to settle or rest. Our beds should be places of security and relaxation, but in *Stolen* they were charged with uncertainty, fear and institutionalisation.
- The ringing of a bell symbolised the strict authority in the homes and missions, summoning the children to classes, meals or to line up for inspections. In the original production the bell was rung to call the children to be viewed for prospective adoption or a

weekend visit with a white family. For some children this led to abuse.

- Children's songs helped to emphasise the age of the children at the beginning of the play, and to accentuate their lost innocence and loneliness.
- Suitcases were the production's clearest symbol with each character carrying a suitcase to represent their journey and the 'baggage' of their lives, their history and their stories. At the beginning of the performance each actor entered with a suitcase. At the end, once the set had been dismantled, they exited, again carrying a suitcase to signify that their journey was not yet finished.

One of the dangers with a play like *Stolen* is that it becomes a 'stand and deliver' experience with motionless actors delivering their lines, preaching their stories. Since true drama needs action, we spent much rehearsal time searching for and developing actions and concepts that distilled the experience of being taken away. In the scene where Shirley is talking about going into the wool shop, for example, the actor held knitting needles and her long panel of knitting unravelled without her knowledge. As the audience saw her hard work falling away, they could identify the feelings of the story in the action.

Indigenous plays are a way of weaving our perspective into the public storytelling of this nation. So much of what the general public knows about Indigenous Australia comes from a white perspective, filtered through the white-owned media. Plays give us a direct way to tell our stories; to give a sense of what it's like to be Indigenous. We are not a problem to be solved, we are people with emotions and families. The universal themes of *Stolen* have been the key to its success. Audiences across the globe can identify with the need for a child to have a mother, what it means to be separated from your family, what it must feel like to be denied your culture and language. They recognise that no one should be treated as sub-human.

It is encouraging that a story so specifically Indigenous has had such a huge effect on the nation and on audiences worldwide. It shows that telling a story has the power to affect the course of history. By engaging in fiction somehow we can get closer to the facts and by telling very specific stories we tell universal ones. Maybe 'truth-

telling' is the role that theatre needs to take into the future as our media become increasingly focused on entertainment and less concerned with seeking the truth; and as our politicians care more about spin than working for a community.

Theatre is a powerful medium because, at its best, drama reaches deep inside its audience and touches their souls, not necessarily to provoke change but to illuminate a side of themselves that may lie dormant. Working on *Stolen* was one of those experiences for me. Through all the turmoil and terror it has maintained my belief in humanity's generosity even in the face of extreme hardship, and my faith in the power of theatre to shift the fabric of society.

November 2006

WESLEY ENOCH is the eldest son of Doug and Lyn Enoch, from Stradbroke Island. He has been Resident Director at Sydney Theatre Company, Artistic Director of Kooemba Jdarra Indigenous Performing Arts, and Ilbjerri Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Theatre; Associate Artist with Queensland Theatre Company; director of the Indigenous section of the 2006 Commonwealth Games Opening Ceremony; and Associate Artistic Director for Company B.

As a writer, his work includes *The Sunshine Club*, *A Life of Grace and Piety*, *Grace*, *Cookie's Table* (Winner of the Patrick White Award 2006). Directing credits include *The Dreamers*, *Conversations with the Dead*, *Capricornia* (Company B, Belvoir St Theatre); *Stolen*, *Black Medea* (Playbox / Malthouse); *The Sunshine Club*, *The Cherry Pickers*, *Black-Ed Up*, *Black Medea*, *The 7 Stages of Grieving* (Sydney Theatre Company); *The Sapphires* (Melbourne Theatre Company); *Black-Ed Up*, *Radiance*, *The Sunshine Club*, *Fountains Beyond* (Queensland Theatre Company); *Murri Love*, *The 7 Stages of Grieving*, *The Dreamers*, *Changing Time*, *Purple Dreams*, *Bitin' Back* (Kooemba Jdarra); *Stolen*, *Shrunken Iris*, *Rainbow's End* and *Headhunter* (Ilbjerri).

Author's Note

Jane Harrison

Stolen had its genesis with Ilbijerri Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Theatre Co-operative. Ilbijerri had previously produced John Harding's *Up the Road* and was casting about for ideas for their second production. The *Stolen Generations* was an issue of great magnitude within the community, and that became the chosen theme. Ilbijerri placed an ad in a newspaper seeking a 'writer/researcher' and I responded. Never for a minute did I have an inkling of the impact it would have. On me. On Ilbijerri. On the eventual play's audiences.

I had no idea that the play that I would write (but not research—Antoinette Braybrook admirably fulfilled that task) would have eight years of consecutive seasons in Melbourne, would tour the major cities in South-East Australia and regional Victoria, as well as the United Kingdom (twice), Hong Kong, Japan and have readings in Canada and New York.

I had no idea that that play would have four years on the VCE English syllabus and be placed on the NSW HSC syllabus. That it would be translated into Japanese and be printed in Germany. That it would win awards. And that it would give me permission to consider myself a 'playwright'.

My desire in applying for the position was to learn how to write a play—I had a writing background but no experience in theatre. But more motivating was the desire to connect more with my own Indigenous heritage. I had grown up knowing my mother was Aboriginal, that I was, but without many of the links to extended family and community. Writing the play was a big step in my (continuing)

journey home, a way of connecting with the Koori community and of further understanding my own ‘longing to belong’.

Ilbijerri did not want the play to present Koori people as a homogenous people who all thought and felt the same way; they wanted it to tell many stories and not just one, and they wanted a play that wasn’t a straight narrative. My ambitions for the play were to honour the experiences of those who had been stolen and for the play to resonate on an emotional level with its audience. It took six years, four workshops and many tears before *Stolen* made it to the stage. Tears—mine—because of the emotional rollercoaster the material engendered in me, tears of those who shared their stories, tears of frustration in the long road to production.

That the play made it through those six years of challenges and setbacks is a credit to Ilbijerri and its board. That the play has endured and has had such a positive response in the years since I credit to the powerful commitment to the play by its directors, cast and crews—the Stolen Generations have impacted their lives, in some instances directly. In each of the play’s incarnations I have been awed by the actors’ courage in working with material that cannot help but have a highly emotional and lingering effect on them. I must also thank the theatre companies—Ilbijerri without a doubt—and also Playbox as the original co-producers, and the venues who programmed the play.

All through the process I’ve been aware of the strong sense of ownership the Koori community has felt for this play—and their need for their stories to be told. I am honoured to have been part of this process.

October 2006

Acknowledgements

Stolen would not have been made possible without the generosity of spirit of those families and individuals who shared their own personal histories and gave their ideas and support. Dramatic setting by Andrea James and Jane Harrison.

Stolen was first produced by Ilbjerri Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Theatre Co-operative and Playbox Theatre Centre, in association with the Melbourne Festival, at The C.U.B. Malthouse, Melbourne, on 21 October 1998, with the following cast:

ANNE	Tammy Anderson
RUBY	Kylie Belling
JIMMY	Tony Briggs
SHIRLEY	Pauline Whyman
SANDY	Stan Yarramunua

Director, Wesley Enoch
Designer, Richard Roberts
Lighting Designer, Matt Scott
Composer, David Chesworth

CHARACTERS

JIMMY He's a mischievous boy. A shamed older boy. A sullen, angry adult with just one ray of hope—finding his family. Finally, a tormented man who gives up the fight.

RUBY A very young child who feels abandoned. A used and abused young woman. A crazy beyond reach.

SHIRLEY A stolen child who becomes a mother whose children are, in turn, stolen. A nurturer, the 'earth mother'. She never gives up searching for her kids, and always looks to the future.

SANDY Always on the run. Never belonging anywhere. A traveller, a thinker, a storyteller. A man in search of something who finally finds it—a sense of place.

ANNE Too young to understand why she was being taken from her family, Anne just saw that she was better off materially. As a teenager she had no desire to find out more about her real family. Later, when she did meet them, she was bewildered. Although still ambivalent about her real family, there is some attraction to 'going back', which is largely unresolved.

The play is performed by five actors who, in addition to the above roles, take on the following roles (sometimes merely as voices offstage):

Sandy's mum	Angry voice at grocery shop
Sandy's cousin	Ruby's tormentors—sleaze, lady, teenager, arsehole
Sandy's aunt	Man at bus stop
Sandy's aunty	Man at bar
Sandy's uncle	Two sisters at bar
Anne's adoptive mother	Anne's black family
Anne's adoptive father	Ruby's father, Len
Apple orchard owner	Ruby's sister
Jimmy's mother, Nancy Wajurri	Real estate agent
Dog trainer	Man insulting Jimmy
Voices of authority	Prison warden
Lady in the wool shop	

SETTING

Five old iron institutional beds alternate across the stage. The beds are the base of the five main characters, representing their homes at various stages of their lives. At times they become: a children's home; a prison cell; a mental institution; and a girl's bedroom. The covers on the beds are old, drab, chenille bedspreads, except for Anne's, which is much prettier; most of her story taking place in her white adoptive parents' home.

The only other variation in the beds is Jimmy's; his bed is turned around so the bedhead faces the audience. At times the bars on the bed remind us of the bars of a prison cell, where he spends a lot of time.

Each of the beds also has a pillow which is used for props in various scenes. The only other props are a drab, green, metal filing cabinet, on the far side of stage right; and Holland blinds, painted a drab green, hanging from the ceiling, which indicate the shape of the room, a triangle, with the corner being centre stage to the rear.

The main link between the five characters is that they were all 'stolen' and placed in a children's home, although not necessarily at the same time. However, in many scenes they do interact as though they were all in there together.

The 'night' scenes are in the children's home. The sounds for these scenes echo the sound of a faraway playground, children's laughing and ominous ringing sounds.

The play follows no obvious chronological order. The characters move back and forward in time, sometimes being their young child in the children's home, and other times adults. However, the play does begin with the characters as children and end with the resolution of their characters—where they are at the present moment in time, the end result of all that has gone before.

ARRIVING

With the house lights still up and ominous music heard, the actors walk in from the rear of the stage; each holding a suitcase, they stand diagonally across the stage. They look out into the audience, acknowledging those they recognise, their eyes searching the audience for compassion.

Then each of the actors slips into their character as a child. Their body language changes, and they speak over the top of one another and in the 'stream of consciousness' style of the very young. They talk about home, family—especially their mothers and fathers. Their voices are full of hope, but tinged with sadness. The cue to finish is:

RUBY: My mum's coming for me.

ADULT FLASHES

RUBY *rocks and sings a crazy lullaby.*

RUBY: Don't need no home of me own. Got enough to do.

SANDY *pats the suitcase on his bed.*

SANDY: I carry my home with me.

ANNE *straightens up the pretty bedspread on her bed.*

ANNE: My home's got lace curtains—and I've got a room of my own.

JIMMY *gazes into the distance through the bars of his prison cell (his bed). His mood is heavy and foreboding.*

JIMMY: I'm finally gunna meet my mother.

SHIRLEY *looks excited.*

SHIRLEY: Eh! I'm gonna be a grandmother!

It's dark and we hear sounds of a woman giving birth at SHIRLEY's bed. Moans. Cries.

VOICE: One more push. Big push. Keep going. You're doing great.

A baby's cry.

It's a girl!

SHIRLEY hurries to front centre stage. She waves a little hand-knitted jumper at us. And she has a parcel. She's excited.

SHIRLEY: I know, she'll probably get tons of baby clothes but she's gotta get something from her grandma. A new baby. I bet there's nothing like that feeling of holding your new grandchild—or any child—in your arms. The tiny little fingers. Those faces they pull...

She pulls a few baby faces. At the same time the lights rise on RUBY, crying like a baby. RUBY wails, then listens to see if someone is coming to pick her up. The next time her cry is louder and more demanding. Again no one comes.

Babies are so helpless, but it's funny you know. You hold a new baby again—and I had two of my own—and it's you that feels vulnerable. Kate, I held you once in my arms and I didn't get to hold you for another twenty-five years.

She holds the jumper to her cheek tenderly and pauses, caught up in a distant memory.

Heavens, *[laughing with exhilaration]* why am I standing here talking?! I'm going to be a grandmother!

RUBY meanwhile sits bolt upright and calls out.

RUBY: I want... I want my...

SHIRLEY's voice catches. She's thinking about the past.

SHIRLEY: I didn't get the chance to be a mother to Kate and Lionel and now I'm going to be a grandmother!

RUBY: I want my mummy...

SHIRLEY: But this time, this time... *[She wipes away a tear.]* This time I'm going to hold my baby and never let her go.

RUBY: *[screaming out]* Where are you?

A bell rings. JIMMY, ANNE, RUBY and SHIRLEY begin their cleaning routine. SANDY, with his suitcase, wanders reluctantly into the environment. He puts the suitcase under the bed. Music comes up as SANDY makes his bed while the others sweep and scrub the floor. The smell of Phenol wafts out to the audience. Then they stand to attention again. Another bell rings.

HIDING SANDY

Lights up to dawn. SANDY is sitting on his bedhead fishing.

SANDY'S MUM: [voice] Sandy! Sandy. We've gotta go.

SANDY: [reeling in a fish] What about my fish? I've caught a beauty.

SANDY'S MUM: [voice] Sandy, please, be a good boy. Let's go.

SANDY: What about my stuff—you got my stuff?

SANDY'S MUM: [voice] There's no time, Sandy. I'll get them to send it.

SANDY: But Mum, my fish...

SANDY'S MUM: [voice] Sandy, Run!

SANDY moves in a panicky fashion as if he was running away from something.

SANDY: Always on the run.

COUSIN: When me cousin came to stay, he was crying all the time.

He wanted his mum and dad. My mum tried to make him feel better. She said they'd see him soon, when it was safe—maybe six months—but he cried even more.

SANDY moves in a panicky fashion as if he was running away from something.

SANDY: Always on the run.

AUNT: I tried to pass him off as one of my mob but he was too pale.

One day they came snooping around—the kid's were in the bath—so my little bloke, Timmy, pushed him under the bubbles 'til they'd gone. It's the only time I've ever seen a black baby go blue! I knew then that it was time for him to move on.

SANDY moves in a panicky fashion as if he was running away from something.

SANDY: Always on the run.

AUNT: Sandy stayed a while with us. The Welfare came one day and I said, 'Quick! Hide in with Jake!' So he hid in Jake's kennel. Jake was the meanest-looking dog you'd ever laid eyes on and I said to them, 'You're welcome to look around the yard for him'—but they didn't. After that I sent him to Uncle Larry's.

SANDY moves in a panicky fashion as if he was running away from something.

SANDY: Always on the run.

UNCLE: When I took the boy in he had nothing but the shirt on his back and a wild look in his eye. He couldn't sit still. I'd take him down to the river and slowly he'd start breathing again. We'd catch a few fish and have a yarn, and he'd even crack a smile now and then. But then someone dobbed us in, and they took him. Sad to see the boy go.

SANDY runs around.

SANDY: Always on the run. But I don't want to go. Can't I stay here? I haven't done nothing wrong. I wanna stay. I don't wanna go.

CHORUS: Run Sandy!

He runs around the room as if pursued until he collapses panting on his bed.

IT RAINED THE DAY

Sounds of thunder and rain. SHIRLEY, as a child, peeps out from under the bedspread.

SHIRLEY: [*humming*] Rain rain go away
I'm looking out of the back of the car
The car's big and black
Mummy's face is getting smaller and smaller
She's so little I can hardly see her
She's all blurry
Raindrops, tears, raindrops, tears.

She gets under the blanket again as the thunder rumbles.

As the lights slowly come up to day, we hear a rooster crowing and we see JIMMY crawling out from underneath a bed.

JIMMY: Shuddup you! Bloody rooster'll get me in trouble. [*He laughs. He's crawling on his belly in a hurry to get out. He squashes an egg.*] Oh no.

JIMMY sneaks away from the chook yard back to his bed. A voice-over of his MOTHER comes from offstage.

JIMMY'S MOTHER: [*voice*] Willy, where you bin?

JIMMY: Getting eggs for breakfast, ma. 'Cept some of them are already scrambled.

He laughs.

JIMMY'S MOTHER: [*voice, sighing*] Oh Willy, Willy... Don't you get caught... The Welfare—

JIMMY laughs. He's invincible. He throws himself on the bed and becomes his adult, staring morosely at the ceiling while the sounds of the past echo around him. His eyes shut as the voice-over goes into an echoing sound that goes loud and soft, as though straining to be brought to consciousness from the past.

Don't... or the Welfare... If you... the Welfare... Willy, hide! Hide! The Welfare...

JIMMY wakes up in a fright in the children's home as the lights come up to daylight.

JIMMY: Willy...?

But it is ANNE who is shaking him awake.

ANNE: Jimmy!

LINE-UP 1

A bell rings and the children line up centre stage, front. Then they look at the person next to them and realise that they are not in the right order of lightest to darkest. They rearrange the line-up and

stand expectantly, straightening their clothes and looking eager. SANDY doesn't quite know what is going on. SHIRLEY nudges him and explains in a whisper.

SHIRLEY: A lady and a man are coming.

RUBY: Matron said they're gunna take one of us home.

SANDY: Back home...?

SHIRLEY: Not our homes, Sandy, *their* home.

SANDY: Oh. Do ya get to stay there forever?

ANNE: But why...?

ANNE is ignored as JIMMY answers over her to SANDY.

JIMMY: Nah, just for the weekend.

SANDY: Oh. Do ya get more to eat than the rotten food here?

JIMMY: Christ, anything'd be better—

SANDY: Do ya have to scrub the floors...?

JIMMY: Nah!

ANNE: But why...?

RUBY: Shhhh.

As the golden spotlight falls on each of them in turn, they sell themselves in their own particular way. SHIRLEY straightens her dress. SANDY flattens his hair.

JIMMY: *[stepping forward]* I make my bed real good!

RUBY looks shy. ANNE sticks her little tummy out and looks cute. The spotlight goes back to RUBY. She steps forward—she has been chosen. In the bright light she looks white. JIMMY looks daggers at her as they peel off towards their beds.

[Hopefully] They're gunna choose me one day.

RUBY skips out to stage right and back in the direction of her bed.

THE CHOSEN

Night lighting with only ANNE spotlit, sitting on her bed. ANNE'S WHITE PARENTS are represented by shadows falling on to a Venetian blind or a white sheet. Her PARENTS and ANNE speak in turn but do not hear what the other is saying.