

JULIE: Yes, it is, it is so specific to you.

You're alive after fourteen years.

You were never raped.

You've been educated, well-nourished, cared for . . . *loved*.

Don't you know that Mr. Wolf is gone? And that nobody will ever love you like he did ever again? Your mother will not. Your father will not.

Not because they don't love you, because they do love you, but they will never see you like Mr. Wolf saw you. They will never think of you as a prophet. Nobody ever will.

Nobody will ever look at you like that again.

Or listen to you.

Or think you have anything interesting to say, except that you were a prisoner.

You should have killed yourself with him.

(beat)

My daughter's not dead.

Long beat. It's tense, but also not tense. As if they've both passed through something now, and can experience a tenuous bond.

START

JULIE: She liked to clench gravel in her fist.

Our back patio had gravel in between some rocks. She would sit and clench gravel in her little fists. I hated it because I always thought she was going to eat the gravel, but she never did, she just squeezed. *Squeeze squeeze squeeze*, Casey would have little fists . . . !

And just . . . *Clench. Fists!*

Her first word was juice. Although she said "jews". She would point and say "jews," and very demanding, like she was some little nazi, pointing to where my husband and I were hiding Anne Frank.

Jews!

She had a little duck, a little rubber duck, that was her, you know, her teddy bear, she wanted to sleep with. We had all these plush, stuffed animals, but she liked to cuddle with her rubber duck she named "Andrew."

She liked the name Andrew because there was a big boy next door named Andrew.

(beat; this is what gets her)

She had a little crush on him I think!

(beat; she recovers)

She had an attitude, I tell you, she was a stubborn little fighter.

She was gonna be trouble one day, we always said. For us, for the boys . . .

(beat; it's too much, she stops)

She's not dead.

She can't be.

She's alive and she's happy, she's being taken care of by someone, just like you were, just like you.

You . . .

You're more than a prophet, Theresa, you're a savior, you're a promise of salvation, you're the patron saint of lost children.

(beat; a disjointed memory)

My mother always told me when I had misplaced something . . . "Pray to Saint Anthony."

(beat)

Pray to Saint Anthony.

Long beat.

END

JULIE: you should never kill yourself, never think about it, never do that. It was a terrible thing to say.

I'm so sorry.

But I just . . .

I don't know why you would tell me that, tell me that Casey was dead, why would you say that to me?

That she was drowned in a bathtub.

Where do you . . . ?

Where would you get an idea like that?

Almost imperceptibly, Theresa begins to tense up. After a moment, Julie looks at her, wonders something. Notices something . . .

JULIE: Is that something you saw, Theresa?

THERESA: I didn't see anything.

JULIE: Did you see . . . ? Did the man who took you . . .

THERESA: Mr. Wolf.

JULIE: Did Mr. Wolf . . . were there other children? Did you ever see anyone else at his house?

THERESA: *(getting more nervous)* I didn't see anything!

JULIE: Theresa, look at me . . . look at me . . .

Who else was there? Did you see Mr. Wolf drown a . . .

Did he drown someone in a bathtub?