

SCENE 5

Holly's Story

HOLLY. If I could draw, I would draw you the dress my mother gave me when I was five years old. It was my favorite dress ever. It had long sleeves, and it was charcoal gray wool with a big lace pilgrim collar and a black satin bow in the center and lace cuffs. A few months after my mother gave it to me, my father, who was a doctor, sent my mother away to a mental hospital, moved his nurse into our house, divorced my mother, and married the nurse. We had a cleaning lady who came in once a week who had a daughter a little younger than me, and my stepmother used to give her my hand-me-downs. One day I couldn't find my beautiful dress. I asked my stepmother if she'd seen it. "It will turn up," she said. A week later, I went to school, and during recess I found my dress, on the cleaning lady's daughter. I could not believe it. I ran up to her and grabbed her by the collar screaming, "That's MY dress, MY dress, MY dress" again and again until the recess monitor pulled us apart. The little girl stood there, shaking and crying. And I stood there shaking and crying, holding my satin bow in my fist. I wasn't punished because the school "understood." But I remember wishing that they had punished me. Shame on me. And my stepmother too.