

-----O S T A C L E-----

- An original one-act play that LSD students
developed for the 1990 Henry Fonda Young
Playwrights Project -

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OBSTACLE

Characters:

Dancing Nonverbal symbolist artist-in-action
Signing Catholic priest
Deaf female confessor
Hearing teacher
Classroom interpreter
Deaf high school student
Television characters (one mime performs four stations)
Deaf male adolescent
Hearing male friend
Deaf female bus rider
Hearing male bus rider
Deaf customer/relay service operator/pizza cook/
delivery boy (one mime performs all four roles)
Hearing mother
Deaf daughter
Non-signing hearing male date
Angel
Devil
Poetess

NOTE: The entire script was translated from American Sign Language, mime, poetry, symbols and other visual means to English. English is a second language for most of the authors. Since the students developed the play initially from their own deaf culture, the reader should try to visualize the text in a spatial and non-verbal context. (A cast of six performed all 21 roles effectively in fifty minutes.)

OBSTACLE

(An original one-act play)

SCENE ONE: Lights only on upstage (large white flat), downstage right (two chairs and a confessional), and downstage left (two chairs). The dancing artist enters from stage right, wearing a beret and carrying a palette. She starts to dance toward downstage center, then walks toward the white flat and begins to write the following with a large paint brush:

"3"

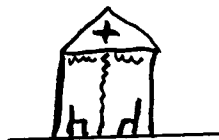
T A

S C

B L

"1" O E "2"

Then she draws a confessional:



(Then she turns the flat around to work on her "convass" in private. Lights dim on artist as she observes a priest who enters from stage right, kneels upstage center, blesses himself, enters into the imaginary confessional (SL), sits down, puts on his stole, reads from a little prayer book, and awaits the confessor. Female confessor enters from stage right, walks slowly, reluctantly kneels and blesses herself, and enters into the confessional.)

BOTH: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

CONFESSOR: Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

PRIEST: What have you done?

CONFESSOR: I am thinking about...killing myself.

PRIEST: Why think about that? You are too good.

CONFESSOR: But I feel helpless because of my deafness.

PRIEST (surprised): Helpless? I don't understand.

CONFESSOR: I feel helpless because of many obstacles.

PRIEST (confused): I am not sure I follow you. What do you mean by obstacle?

CONFESSOR: By obstacle I mean a third party or third thing or third person. You see, whenever I need to communicate with hearing people, it is mostly necessary that I bring in an interpreter, a friend or relative, or even a piece of paper. Because I became so helpless by always having to use a third party to link me up with the world, I started to want to end my life.

PRIEST: So that is why you feel confused? Perhaps you misunderstood your feelings. Maybe you are impatient with the communication system for the deaf. Maybe this kind of feeling increases your confusion. Surely there are answers to those problems in life.

CONFESSOR (disappointed): No, Father. I know how I feel. I developed this deep down hatred for anything that stands between me and a person who knows no signs. I think my feelings developed into a depression. (Pause.) I know you taught us not to hate anything or anyone, and that life is worth living, but it is the way I feel.

PRIEST (short pause): Perhaps you can teach me too. Give me some examples that will help me to understand why you feel hapless because of...obstacles.

CONFESSOR: I have many examples from my experience and the lives of my deaf friends.

PRIEST: Then tell me.

CONFESSOR: Not too long ago, my friend flunked a test in school. She blamed it on her interpreter.

PRIEST (nodding and encouraging her): Go on...

CONFESSOR (narrates until light fades): In her Louisiana history class, my deaf friend got the shock of her life...

(CROSS FADE TO STAGE RIGHT.)

TEACHER (non-signing hearing enters from stage right):

INTERPRETER (enters from stage right and sits on chair. She is wearing a dark smock. She is in an imaginary classroom):

STUDENT (a deaf female enters from stage right, takes her seat, and the class begins):

INTERPRETER (translating the teacher's speech): Good morning, class. Time for our short test. Remove everything from your desk, have your paper and pen ready.

STUDENT (puzzled, tries to get interpreter's attention):
What's this? Hey, why test now?

INTERPRETER (unable to respond to her): Ready...question number one...what is the name of our state bird?

STUDENT (disturbed, writes nothing on paper): No one told me about this test. Did you know about this? You knew?

INTERPRETER (quickly): Can't talk now. (Translating)
Number two...name our state flower?

STUDENT (getting angry): I did not study for this test.
I did not even know it...

TEACHER (notices the problem and talks to interpreter):

INTERPRETER (translating for teacher): "Why are you talking?" "Pay attention to your interpreter."

STUDENT (reverse interpreted by the interpreter): I did not know about this test. No one told me.

TEACHER: "I announced it last week."
"You had a week to prepare for the test." "Perhaps you were not watching your interpreter."

STUDENT (protesting): I watched the interpreter all the time. But nothing was said about this test. I really don't remember. Honest.

TEACHER (translated): "We will talk later, but you must do

the best you can." (Brief untranslated oral talk between teacher and interpreter.) "Let's move on... question number three, what is our state tree?"

STUDENT (not writing anything, just stares at paper):

TEACHER (translating test): Question four...name our state insect...it is not a mosquito (interpreter laughs, but not the student). Last question before our short period ends, what is our state dog? (Bell rings.) Time is up. Give me your test papers. See you next week. (Exits stage right).

INTERPRETER (getting up): I'm sorry about this. I don't know what happened.

STUDENT (disappointed): Did you forget to interpret the test announcement?

INTERPRETER (concerned): Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. I really can't recall everything I interpreted (bell rings again).

STUDENT: But it's not fair. I didn't know. I depended on you.

INTERPRETER (ready to leave): Again I'm sorry. Bell rang. I must hurry to other class. We'll talk more later. (Exits.)

STUDENT (unhappy): I feel cheated. Not fair! (Does not leave. Lies head on desk and dozes off.)

(This is a dream scene. Student is dreaming up a "solution" to her problem.)

TEACHER (entering and nining): Wake up! Good morning! How are you?

STUDENT (surprised): Good afternoon! (Rubbing eyes.) Oh, I am fine. I'm surprised that you can sign.

TEACHER: Of course, every teacher in the mainstream program can sign.

STUDENT: That's great. Now I can really learn more.

TEACHER: All right. A quick quiz. What's our state bird?

STUDENT: Brown pelican.

TEACHER: Name our state insect?

STUDENT: Honey bee.

TEACHER: And our state flower...(exits).

STUDENT (fingerspelling): M-a-g-n-o-l-i-a. (Realizes it was all a dream. Then looks disappointed again. Gets up and exits SR.)

(CROSS FADE TO UPSTAGE.)

ARTIST (Dances then paints symbols based on previous scene):



(CROSS FADE TO THE CONFESSIONAL.)

PRIEST (continuing): ...a signing mainstream teacher would have solved the problem for cases like that.

CONFESSOR (finishing her story): But now my friend hates interpreters because she can't relate directly with the teachers. What's more, the teachers never even look at the student, only at the interpreters.

PRIEST (thinking): But that does not happen often. One bad experience like that should not make you want to give up your life. Interpreters are God's gift to us. They make life easier for the hearing and deaf worlds. A very important kind of link. Again, I say, there are answers for such problems as yours..

CONFESSOR (upset): But, Father, that's not always true. You call it a "link," but I call it a terrible wall...a real obstacle.

PRIEST (listening): I still need to understand your confession. I must know so I can give you the absolution. Perhaps you will be kind to share a few more examples. I am just God's instrument. From you to me to God.

CONFESSOR (looking uncomfortable and in sotto voce): "From me to you to God." Just like one-two-three. (Turning to priest.) All right. Another reason why I'm tired of the system that requires me to depend on a third person is when we have to depend on our hearing friends outside of school. I remember when.....

(CROSS FADE TO STAGE RIGHT.)

SCENE THREE: There are three chairs on stage right. This is an imaginary home of a non-signing hearing friend. The hearing friend is watching TV. Another actor stands behind a chair, always miming different channels on television. The third actor is the deaf person.

HRG PERSON (gets up change to the channels):

TELEVISION (a rock band in action):

DF PERSON (enters stage right, knocks on door, and waits a while): Hi there!

HRG PERSON (does not sign, only gestures, voices and mouths his words): Come on in! (Both sit down to watch TV.)

DF PERSON: I don't like music.

HRG PERSON (reluctantly changes channels):

TELEVISION (mimed gun battle):

HRG PERSON (horrified): Geee...

DF PERSON (laughs): That's funny.

HRG PERSON: No, it's not funny. Someone got killed!

DF PERSON (surprised): Oh...

HRG PERSON (changes channels and starts to laugh):

TELEVISION (a stand up comedian does his act):

DF PERSON (not laughing, just staring around):

TELEVISION (a news bulletin comes on, announcing a plane crash):

DF PERSON (senses the seriousness of the news): What happened?

HRG PERSON (listening to TV): Shhh....something happened... a big plane crash...shhh!

DF PERSON (confused): What say? A big play what? What news say?

HRG PERSON (angry): I'm listening... let me hear the news.

DF PERSON (remains quiet and talks to himself): Me understand nothing.

HRG PERSON (turns off TV at end of news): Why do you always bother me?

DF PERSON (gets most of the message): Me bother you? I just only asked what the TV news said.

HRG PERSON: Hey listen, I can't sign. No time to write on a piece of stupid paper... a waste. So how can I help it?

DF PERSON (getting up, ready to leave): Me friend who happens to be deaf (short pause). Not worth fighting about. (Gesturing) Me go home now. Bye. (Exits SR.)

HRG PERSON (waves): Bye...(turns on TV, music channel).

(Hearing person starts to fall asleep while watching television alone. Then another "dream" scene occurs. The actor who performed different channels comes out of the television frame and walks up to the sleeping person who is awakened.)

HRG PERSON (signing): Who are you?

TV ACTOR: You see me everyday on television, regardless of the channel or time. Anyway, I saw what happened. I saw how mean you were to your deaf friend.

HRG PERSON (remorseful): Was I? I didn't mean to be so hard on my friend. What can I do to be better?

TV ACTOR: First, improve your attitude. Second, learn to sign: it's not that hard. Then in time there'll be better communication, instead of misunderstanding and anger.

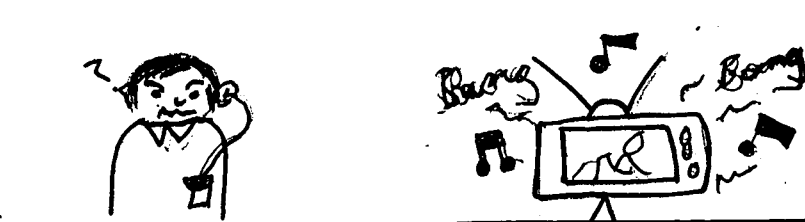
HRG PERSON (comprehensively): I see. I'll work on my attitude and signs. Thanks a lot.

TV ACTOR (getting ready to return inside the TV set): Now you take care and be good. I'll be watching you as much as you'll watch me. (EXITS inside TV.)

HRG PERSON (wakes up the second time and gesturing a bit but not signing): Was that a dream? (Gets up, turns TV off then exits SR.)

(CROSS FADE TO ARTIST.)

ARTIST (draws the following symbols):



(CROSS FADE TO THE CONFESSIONAL.)

PRIEST: That was an unfortunate situation. The hearing friend can learn to communicate better some day: it takes time. But I still don't think you should be against the system too severely. It does not help you appreciate things. You just happen to be deaf.

CONFESSOR: Why should I be punished for being deaf? I just can't forgive the system. Even a pencil and pad situation is no better. I just hate that method...writing back and forth. The paper and a pencil controls the situation...not me or the other person has any control.

PRIEST: You didn't tell me about that experience. Maybe that example can help me understand your deaf culture.

CONFESSOR: For most deaf, writing back and forth is a way of life, but still it is an obstacle. Even some hearing people hate to write, either because they can't spell or read or they're lazy!

PRIEST (smiles and listens): That could be true. Tell me why you can't stand that?

CONFESSOR: One day I took a bus ride home and I met nice hearing man. We must have written hundreds of notes...

(CROSS FADE TO STAGE RIGHT.)

SCENE FOUR: There are two pairs of chairs. A deaf female rider is on a chair center stage, staring out the imaginary

bus window. A hearing non-signing male rider enters).

HRG RIDER (talking to her but she does not see him): Is this seat taken? Lady, is this seat taken? (No response, so he sits across the aisle.)

(THE BUS LEAVES THE DEPOT AS THE RIDERS MIME THE MOVING.)

HRG RIDER (talking to the girl again): What time is it, lady?

DF RIDER (knows he's trying to talk to her and then she gestures her deafness): Me can't hear, talk (shakes head).

HRG RIDER (surprised but polite. Gestures writing on pad): You have a pencil and pad? I don't have either one.

DF RIDER (nods and hands him both items): Here...

HRG RIDER (slow mouthing): Thank you! (writes and hands her the pad).

DF RIDER (reads, looks at her watch, then writes):

HRG RIDER (takes the note, reads, writes again, and hands her another message. Apparently he likes this method):

DF RIDER (reads and signs what he writes for herself and the deaf audience): "I'm heading for Baton Rouge, my home." "Are you going there too?" No, I'm going to New Orleans for a Deaf Catholic meeting (writes that down).

HRG RIDER (takes note, reads, then writes another note, and gives back to her):

DF RIDER (reading his note): Can I sit with you? (She nods and he moves next to her.)

(Short pause.)

DF RIDER (writes a message while he leans over to read):

HRG RIDER (writes quickly...):

DF RIDER (signs his message as he writes): "No, I have never visited LSD." "This is the first time I've heard where the school is." (Makes a good expression in response to his ignorance) Shame on you!

HRG RIDER (smiles, then gestures...): I...am...sorry (then writes as she signs the words). "You have a nice expression." "Say, do you have a boyfriend?"

DF RIDER (slightly embarrassed): Yes. (Signs slowly) Do... you...have...a...girlfriend? (He doesn't understand, so she writes what she signed.)

HRG RIDER (shakes head, then listens to imaginary public announcement from bus driver, then writes): "My stop is coming." "Nice meeting you." "Have a nice trip to New Orleans." (Shakes her hand and exits.)

DF RIDER (waves goodbye, reviews some of the notes, starts to think, and in sotto voce...): What did he look like? (Puzzled expression. Tears up notes and stares out window.)

(She too falls asleep on the bus and dreams up a scene in which she and the previous rider communicate fluently.)

HRG RIDER (enters and speaks only): Excuse me? Is this seat taken? (Taps her on shoulder and signs fluently.)

Excuse me. Me sit next to you?

DF RIDER (surprised): Are you hearing?

HRG RIDER: Yes, I am. My name is Joey. What's yours?

DF RIDER (fingerspelling): M-o-n-i-c-a. Please have a seat. (He sits next to her.) Where are you from?

HRG RIDER: Baton Rouge. Where're you heading?

DF RIDER: New Orleans. I'm going to a Deaf Catholic Convention.

(Short pause.)

HRG RIDER: Do you have a boyfriend?

DF RIDER (hesitating): Not really.

HRG RIDER: Can I write to you sometimes?

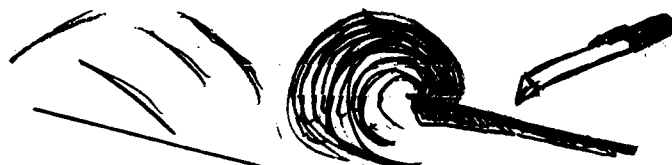
DF RIDER: Sure. (Writes her address for him then hands him the piece of paper.)

HRG RIDER; They just announced my stop. (Taking paper and ready to leave.) Nice meeting you. Bye. (exits.)

DF RIDER (waking up): Where am I? (Looking out window.) That's my stop. (Gets up and exits.)

(CROSS FADE TO ARTIST.)

ARTIST (draws the following symbols on her developing "Billboard"):



(CROSS FADE TO THE CONFSSIONAL.)

PRIEST (continuing): ...lot of people are learning to sign these wonderful days.

CONFESSOR: But can you imagine this terrible obstacle of writing back and forth all the time?

PRIEST: Well, it is a slow process. It is something two different people must adapt to: more like a compromise.

CONFESSOR (cynically): It is not a true compromise.

PRIEST (smiles): I think you are really a good person. yourself. I think you are just bitter about being hapless.

CONFESSOR (stubbornly): That's not true. You don't care how are I feel. In my heart I hate the system. It makes me feel much less than a human being.

PRIEST: Please don't misunderstand me. I want to know how you feel. So tell me more so I can learn. Please?

CONFESSOR (encouraged but careful): You think I really enjoy the TDDs? That's another example I can give you. Yes, wonderful technology. But...it is still a third thing. The deaf have to go through a telephone relay system to reach another party. It takes forever to make TDD calls through a third party. Once you TDD all your life, then you start to realize what a terrible hassle, pain, and then a resentment.

PRIEST (disturbed): Still feel that way? Again, I see it as a necessary adjustment...to help build a bridge.

CONFESSOR (interrupting him): I see it as a big gap that prevents any serious and direct communication. Now, let me tell you what happened last weekend. My deaf brother made a call. He wanted to order a pizza for his hearing friends...

(CROSS FADE TO CENTER STAGE.)

SCENE FIVE: There are two chairs on centerstage. The mime does all four characters in the performance: deaf person, relay service operator, pizza cook, and delivery boy. This is a brief written description of his performance: The deaf adolescent gathers information for his pizza order from his imaginary hearing friends. Then he heads for the phone. He hooks up his telecommunication device for the deaf (TDD) with the phone and dials the relay service number (busy signal a few times). He switches quickly to the second chair and acts like an old female operator. Mime performs both characters as they converse on their TDDs. Then he switches from the operator to the pizza parlor cook who answers the phone orally. At first, the cook is puzzled by the relay system, asks questions, then takes down the order. After he hangs up, he spins the pizza dough in the air, and continues to do his routine until the mime switches back to the operator who conveys the message to the

deaf customer. The deaf customer thanks the operator and hangs up. In a short time the deliveryboy shows up. After paying the bill, the deaf customer excitedly opens the package, turns pale, only to find the wrong order: a small pizza instead of a large one.

(BEAT.)

MIME (addressing the audience): I wish...that the whole world would own an Avis closed circuit system (his wish comes true and he mimes the previous performance quickly via the Avis system .) (To audience) How about that?

(NOTE: The playwrights feel that this mime is far better understood with a videotaped version than a written description of the performance.)

(CROSS FADE TO ARTIST.)

ARTIST (Dances then draws new symbols):



(CROSS FADE TO THE CONFESSIONAL.)

PRIEST (continuing): ...anyday now we should have a picture telephone, thus solving this problem.

CONFESSOR: Too late for my brother felt bad. Isn't that enough to make you feel the way I do?

PRIEST: I can see why you feel the way you do. To me, I think of it as a human error... or an unlucky incident that does not happen everyday. But if it happens all the time, I can understand your feelings.

CONFESSOR (quickly walks out of the confessional):

PRIEST (leaves the confessional and catches up with her):

I'm sorry if I upset you. But please don't run away from your problem. Come back inside and we'll learn to deal with this. There are answers to your situation. Won't you please come back?

CONFESSOR: You promise to try hard to understand me?

PRIEST (crossing his heart): I promise.

(Both return to the confessional.)

CONFESSOR : Well, this terrible feeling develops gradually from having to depend on a third person or thing again and again. There is nothing direct at all. Even if I use an interpreter to make calls, still it is the same old obstacle ... me, her then the hearing on the phone... one, two, three. What obstacles, what frustration, what bitterness...and what grief.

PRIEST (impressed): Tell me, how does your family feel about this? Do they agree with your...grief?

CONFESSOR: It's hopeless, Father. My mother only adds to my problems with obstacles.

PRIEST: Why is it that?

CONFESSOR: Last night my hearing boyfriend came over to see me. He signs very little. My mother was such a pest. She kept coming in between us. She treated me like a little girl. It was so embarrassing. I wanted to run away. I even hated her for awhile because she was like an obstacle: my very own mother! When he came over...

(CROSS FADE TO STAGE RIGHT.)

SCENE SIX: There are three chairs set up side by side. A non-signing mother is putting away the dishes in mime. The signing deaf daughter is nearly finished rinsing the dishes. They are standing downstage center.

DAUGHTER: My boyfriend should be here any minute.

MOTHER: Did you tell him you're deaf?

DAUGHTER: Of course he knows. But he doesn't know how to sign very well. Just a little bit. He'll catch up.

MOTHER: You can read his lips. And use your hearing aid.

DAUGHTER: Oh, mother, don't worry!

MOTHER: Don't forget to introduce me to him.

DAUGHTER: Then what will you do?

MOTHER: There are rules he should know...

(BOYFRIEND APPEARS FROM STAGE RIGHT. HE RINGS THE IMAGINARY DOORBELL. DAUGHTER RUSHES TO THE DOOR. BUT MOTHER BEATS HER TO IT.)

MOTHER (orally): Come right on in!

DAUGHTER (cutting in on mother): Mother, this is Shanny.
This is...my mother.

MOTHER (taking his arm and moving him toward the chairs.
She mouths and gestures her words very clearly): She told
me all about you. But do you know all about her?

DAUGHTER (interrupting): Please sit down...(mother quickly
sits in between them. Short pause).

MOTHER (holding daughter's hand): When she was a little
baby, she could hear perfectly normal. Then she got a high
fever and lost her hearing. But the doctors say she can
learn to speak if she practices everyday. And...

DAUGHTER (irritated): Mother, we can forget my life story.
(Signing slowly to her boyfriend) Are we going to a movie
or bowling?

BOYFRIEND (fingerspells very slowly): M-o-v-i-e. Movie.

MOTHER (interrupting): You don't have to talk with your
hands. She won her school's lipreading contest...

DAUGHTER (getting up and takes boyfriend with her): I'm
ready to go now.

MOTHER (gets up quickly and stands between them): What time
are you both coming home?

DAUGHTER (quickly): Midnight...bye.

BOYFRIEND (private talk with mother): About 11:00 p.m.

MOTHER (talking faster than before): Well, try to get here
before 11:00 p.m. OK?

BOYFRIEND: Oh, all right.

DAUGHTER (taking boyfriend by the arm, saying coldly to her mother before exiting): Bye...mother!

MOTHER (waves goodbye silently. Then she stares out of the kitchen window and daydreams):

BEAT

DAUGHTER: Hi mom.

MOTHER (signing): Did you have a nice time?

DAUGHTER: Yes, we had a lot of fun.

MOTHER: How do you like your date?

DAUGHTER: He's really a nice person. He signs so well, like a deaf person. And he said he likes you very much. He said you're pretty for your age. (Exits SL.)

MOTHER: Don't flatter me. ("Flowing water" in sink awakes her. Then she exits SL.)

(CROSS FADE TO ARTIST.)

ARTIST (Dances and draws the following symbols before exiting):



(CROSS FADE TO THE CONFESSIONAL.)

PRIEST (continuing): ... but most mothers are taking sign language classes these days.

CONFESSOR: But I lost my boyfriend. He said he got tired of listening to her. She scared him away! Now I can never forgive mother for that.

PRIEST (smiles): I'm sure you were upset. A lot of girls have the same problem: interfering mother.

CONFESSOR: You still don't believe my feelings are real?

PRIEST (short pause): I think your culture makes you feel that way. You do have some points. (Pause.) I have an idea. Why don't you feel free to talk to God yourself...

CONFESSOR (gets up quickly and runs away and sits on a park bench, physically exhausted and cries herself to sleep.)

(The angel appears to her right and the devil stands to her left and the poetess stands behind the confessor.)

DEVIL: Wake up. You now know life is not worth living.

ANGEL: Don't listen to her. She is wrong. Life is wonderful.

DEVIL: Bah, life is such a hassle. Why bother to feel so helpless all the time?

ANGEL: Ignore that. Learn to pray to God. He will give you courage.

DEVIL: Courage? What for? Why prolong the pain on earth?

ANGEL (to confessor): Get your strength from God.

CONFESSOR (saying a prayer): Dear God...

POETESS: Why, why, why...
Am I always being...
frustrated by...
A third thing?

DEVIL: Because you'll always feel frustrated.

ANGEL: But you can overcome the problems.

POETESS: Why...
Cannot I be equal...
To others who hear?
And I can't?

DEVIL: You'll never be equal. Never!

ANGEL: Think positive and you'll be successful.

POETESS: A third thing,
A third person,
A third party,
Why, why?

DEVIL: Yeah, why, why, why?

POETESS: I feel so tired...
When someone talks...
Or writes with me.
Why?

Like a wall...
Can't communicate...
Wish tear down barrier...
And sign freely.

Whenever I dream,
That when I die,
No more obstacles.
Just God and me.

DEVIL: Bahhh! (exits SL).

ANGEL: How do you overcome obstacles? You have seen how it is possible to have mainstream teachers sign, a stranger on the bus who signs, the Avis system gets your pizza order, and mother signs all the time. See, possible answers to your problems: you yourself can defeat them! (Exits SR with poetess.)

(PRIEST enters and wakes the CONFESSOR.)

CONFESSOR: Where am I?

PRIEST: I'm so glad I found you. Are you OK?

CONFESSOR: Yes, I think so. What a dream I had.

PRIEST: I was really worried about you.

CONFESSOR: I feel fine now (getting up). The air is so fresh. The flowers smell lovely. What a wonderful day.

PRIEST: You don't feel upset anymore?

CONFESSOR: I feel better because I can learn to overcome my obstacles. Thank God for dreams.

PRIEST: I'm happy to know that. (Looking at watch) Shall we go to your home? Your family will be glad to see you.

CONFESSOR: Yes.

PRIEST (follows the Confessor, pauses to look up and...)

(Both exit.)

(AS STAGE LIGHTS DIM, ALLOW LIGHTS ON UPSTAGE FLAT TO DIM LAST AND SLOWLY, THUS ALLOWING THE AUDIENCE A FEW SECONDS TO LOOK AT THE ARTIST'S WORK ON THE WHITE FLAT. THEN SHE DANCES, AND THEN EXITS).

BLACKOUT