

WANDA. Nobody likes a smart aleck. Me in particular.

WANDA. That's what my mother says to me. She doesn't like me very much. She always liked my sister better. My sister's the pretty one and the "young lady" of the family. But I'll get even with her. I'll show her. (WANDA crosses over by the ladder; underneath, peering out, if it's tall enough.)

WANDA. You see, the whole reason my mother hates me is because I'm so much taller. When I was born my mother took one look at me and thought I was part giraffe. My mother keeps harping at me to stand up straight.

WANDA. But when everybody you talk to is two feet shorter, what're you gonna do? You know those dances in P.E. class. I hate them—I really hate them. The teachers think they're doing us a big favor—getting us "socially adjusted."

WANDA. So the boys stand on one side of the cafeteria and the girls stand on the other. And if you're lucky, nobody'll ask you to dance. I'm usually lucky. But I'll never forget one Friday . . . some "good-hearted" pipsqueak came over. I knew if I didn't say yes I'd get graded down for being "uncooperative." And he was the "funny" type. He looked up and said, "How's the weather up there?" Well, I fixed him. I just leaned my chin on the top of his head, relaxed, and he collapsed on the floor. (ALL laugh.) See, you're laughing, too—just like my mother. But I'll show her. I'll get even. They're not gonna hurt me. No one!