

**Option D:**

**Catholic Schoolgirls by Casey Kurtti**

[Four girls who explore their beliefs and feelings about life and God. It is a comedic depiction of how Catholic schools were in the early '60s through early '70s. Wanda is an only-child who dances and gets perfect grades. She loves to show off.]

Wanda: My father comes home from work every night and before he even takes off his hat, he drops a bag of leaky, smelly meat on the table for my mother. She waits to see if she should kiss him or not. If it's just hamburger, she grunts. If it's liver, she practically goes to Mars.

I hate liver. I hate all things sometimes, even things I like. My ballet lessons, my dolls, and I hate my smartness. You know why? Because they were given to me. I am working on something that's mine. I have been for a long time. After school, I go home and do all my homework right away so I can go down to my father's store. He's not really a bad man. I just don't like him or something.

While he's in the back room, sawing those bones out of big legs of meat, I take some soda cans and crush them onto my shoes. I move some sawdust into a little pile on the floor, and start to dance. Not like Nancy Sinatra or Diana Ross- oh, I am so much better.

As I'm dancing, my mind just lets go and all these little movies come into my head. My favorite- I'm on the Ed Sullivan show. I'm singing a song. Fake snow is falling all around me. I have on a sexy dress. It's sort of a sad-song and I look so incredibly beautiful that people in the audience are starting to cry. Well, I break into a tap dance, just to cheer them up.