

HELEN

START

*(RALPHIE exits as FLICK, in a blinding panic, grunts after him at the top of his lungs. The pool of light fades, and with it FLICK's howling. In the darkness, the lamppost platform carries FLICK offstage. Light comes up R revealing the classroom wagon: a teacher's desk; upstage of the desk, a section of blackboard trimmed along the top with a chain of red and green construction paper loops. MISS SHIELDS sits behind the desk. HELEN stands DR of a child-sized chair next to the desk, reading her book report.)*

HELEN. ... so, while the "virtual velocity" of light is infinite, the apparent velocity will always appear to be the same. Even though the Michelson-Morley experiment proves that Dr. Einstein's theory is seriously flawed, I still like his book, "The Principle of Relativity." It was a nice break from my Shakespeare studies.

MISS SHIELDS *(stunned)*. Um ... very good, Helen. That was a ... fine book report.

HELEN. Thank you, Miss Shields.

RALPH *(at DR proscenium)*. Helen Weathers was a woman ahead of her time. To this day there are only three scientists in the world who understand her third-grade science fair project. We boys all respected her. She'd demonstrated on more than one occasion that she could beat us up.

*(HELEN puts her book report on the desk and exits.)*

STOP

MISS SHIELDS. Let's see who's next? *(She looks down at her grade book, runs down the list with her pencil. Looks up.)* Ralph. *(She glances back down at Helen's paper and makes a note in her grade book as RALPHIE enters the light. She looks up.)* Ralph, please read your ... *(She scans the classroom.)* Where's Flick?