

MOE

That's even crazier. The National Guard shot at students last week. They'll shoot again.

MEENA

She must think it's important or she wouldn't go.

MOE

start → They're protesting the war in Vietnam, Meena.

MEENA

They were talking about...Cambodia...? Is that a different war?

MOE

No...I mean now...kinda...I don't know anymore...

MEENA

Are you against the war...?

MOE

Yes and...no....

MEENA

I don't believe in any war.

MOE

Dad says World War two was a "just" war.

MEENA

"Just" war....?

MOE

Yeah...like the Allies had to stop the Nazis.

MEENA

The Vietnamese aren't Nazis.

MOE

No. They're Communists.

MEENA

So...are the students supporting Communists?

MOE

I don't...think...so. I don't know...Sometimes on the news they say they are/

MEENA

Coach isn't a communist. Her sister Patty is in my class. Patty got all her Barbie clothes and a Barbie house when Coach went to college. I don't think Communists play Barbies.

MOE

Communist or not, she's asking for trouble joining the protest rallies.

MEENA

They're protesting for a "just peace"...?

← 613

MOE

It's probably more complicated than that...otherwise the President would end the war.

MEENA

It's too complicated. Even you can't say whether you're for or against the war.

MOE

I'm just a kid. What do I know?

MEENA

Anne Frank was just a kid and everyone thinks she knew a lot.

MOE

Why'd you bring that up?

MEENA

We're reading her diary in class. I brought up that Mom went into hiding and Sister Josetta yelled at me.

MOE

What did you do this time?

MEENA

I told her Mom said: 'Anne Frank was lucky to have a roof over her head and running water.'

MOE

Josetta yelled at you for that?

MEENA

Yeah. She said, 'Shame on you! Anne Frank died and your mother survived.' I guess Mom's stories don't count.

MOE

History is made by those who write.

MEENA

Then someday I'll write about Mom's experiences in hiding during the war.

MOE

Good luck with that. She won't even tell *us* about it. You think she wants you to *write* about it for the world to know?

a beat. MEENA bends her mitt and steps on it.

MEENA

This thing is taking forever to soften up.

MOE

Just keep at it. By the end of summer it'll be like mine.

MOE watches as MEENA stomps on the mitt a bit more before she picks it up. They toss the ball between them as they talk.

End →