**OUTRAGEOUS**by Jules Tasca
Meg

I’m Meg. This is our house, 2216 Columbia Way. The people next door to us sold their house to John and Sally Robinson, the first non-white people to come into our neighborhood. Harry, my husband, was not happy. (*To Harry*) That person of color, Harry, is John Robinson. He and his wife Sally bought the house...Harry, you’re not gonna put your hands on anybody. Control yourself. You’re in a rage. Let me get you a drink and and your supper. Keep your voice down, they’ll think you’re prejudiced.... (*Out to audience*) Harry used to like to sit out back in the yard after supper, but John Robinson was trimmin’ and Sally was cuttin’ flowers, so Harry moved his lawn chair around to the side of the house which is on sort of a hill. He sat and talked to himself...That night in bed, Harry couldn’t make love...(*to Harry*) What’s the matter with you tonght? God, Harry, if you’re gonna make yourself sick over the Robinsons, we can move, you know. Why don’t you go over and talk to them? What do you mean, you don’t talk *jive*? Jive? John Robinson is the Dean of the Engineering Department at Boston University. And Sally, she’s a guide in the museum. Mrs. Kramer called me. The Kramers’re organizing. They’re gettin’ everybody to give the Robinsons the silent treatment. I’m not givin’ anybody the silent treatment. Harry, I can’t live like that. (*Back out*) The welcome wagon of Columbia Way was loaded withounly fear and bitterness and mean spirit. Harry was out all day. In one neighbor’s house and then another. Talking, complaining, cursing. It was a horrible Labor Day I spent, all alone in the house. That night, Harry came home with a smile on his face talking about a meeting in Curt Bunsen’s basement and all we had lost. (*To Harry*) The only things I lost were in this house, Harry Hart! You don’t talk to me! We got no sex life! We can’t even sit out int he back yard together! Harry!! Talk to me! (*Back out*) Harry and his gang planned to "take care of business," After dark, when we were at my brother’s house, the gang broke the basement window, dumped gasoline; then they threw in a match. It burned fast. The gang was wild, but they didn’t have much head for detail. Instead of 2218, the Robinson house, they thought it was 2216, our house. We had nothing ledt but the clothes on our backs and the station wagon. Harry and Curt Bunsen and the others were all convicted of conspiracy, harassment, violation of the civil rights act and accomplices in an act of arson. Harry’s doin’ two years for burnin’ down his ouwn home. And our insurance company won’t give us a dime because of Harry’s part in the fire. Harry’s cell mate is a black man.