Guilt Trip (*PREVIEW)*

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(*the women are at a table cutting up egg cartons)*

Carrie: So, explain to me again what these are for?

Gina: Actually, I have no idea what these are for. Mrs. Beyer just asked for three hundred of these little egg carton cups cut out.

Carrie: Three hundred?!

Gina: Three hundred. Some project she’s doing with the class.

Carrie: Hmm. (*holding them up, thinking*) Caterpillar models, maybe?

Gina: (*laughs)* Your guess is as good as mine. Thanks for offering to help, Carrie.

Carrie: Sure. The room mothers shouldn’t have to do everything by themselves. You amaze me, Gina, volunteering to be room mother every single year.

Gina: Oh, I’d feel guilty if I didn’t.

Carrie: Why? There are always twenty other mothers in the class. We should all share the load.

Gina: I know. But I always feel like I should be doing it. I can’t say no. I feel bad when there’s work to be done and I’m not helping.

Carrie: When are you ever not helping? You do everything, Gina – you’re a room mother, you’re a Girl Scout troop leader . . . don’t you teach some kids’ thing at your church, too? Sunday Class or something…

Gina: Sunday School.

Carrie: Yeah, that’s what you guys call it.

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