

She's not sad, June. NOT SAD.

(Silence.)

(JUNE scrolls through the photographs. Her reaction to the photographs is varied and profound, but she does what she can to contain her emotions.)

(JUNE turns slowly on ALICE, almost menacing...)

JUNE. (Ice cold.) Did any part of you think maybe for one second I might not be ready to see this?

ALICE. (Hesitant.) I dunno, I thought maybe if you could / see the -

JUNE. (Overlapping.) Don't think, don't think. Here's a thing about death Alice. S'trigger everywhere. That's why we talk to / each other. We communicate.

ALICE. JUNE.

You don't have a lock on death June.

(Continuous.) So we don't hurt each other just casually walking around on two feet and what-not.

ALICE. (Overlapping - sarcastic.) How could I have / known that, June? You're a fucking BRAT, ya know that? Grow up!

JUNE. (Overlapping.) Seriously, you hand me your fuckin phone like that, are you cracked? Your girl and your baby are just barely gone and you're comin after me? This is sick! All of it! You're not over them. And guess what, you won't ever be, because those motherfuckers, they take a part of you and LEAVE and they don't come back. There is no "wholeness," Alice. It's just an ache. And it's endless. So, *thank you so much, Alice*, I really appreciate you tryin and all, but don't come in here bringin your pain to (Making air quotes.) "mix in with mine." I really - REALLY - wish you wouldn't!

↑  
end

(JUNE exits.)

ALICE. (Calling.) Question...

JUNE. (Calling from off.) No!

ALICE. (Calling.) QUESTION!!!

(Long pause.)

(JUNE re-enters.)

(Pause.)

JUNE. (Softly.) Go...

ALICE. (Calm and collected.) Am I not feeling bad enough for you? Is that what this is?

(Beat.)

When you and your...cousin...were looking through my pictures, and...digging into my personal life, just so I know, what / else did you find?

JUNE. That's not / what that was.

ALICE. BE QUIET!!! I'm talking now.

(Beat.)

Page Six? Oh, that was fun. Picture me: Monday rush, Varick and Watts, passed out next to a maggot-filled dumpster. You found that one, right, when you were doing all of your..."research"? Couch-surfing in Bushwick? Coke at The Roxy? Oh, oh, what was it? There was a *thing* when I drove my dad's Porsche [I think.] off an overpass up in Pearl River.

(WEEZY's cries intensify now, and escalate through the remainder of the scene...)

But I see it now, June, I do. There's an order, a process. If I had only just done the hard work and locked myself away for *three years* with a

(Pointing toward the goat noises.)

TALKING GOAT and another one DYING, just think what I could have been.

(Beat.)