

JUNE. So - why, after all that, would you -

WEEZY. (*Mostly to JUNE.*) "Why" is such a useless question.

JUNE. Why not landscapes? Polar bears?

WEEZY. (*Mostly to JUNE.*) What you're really askin is...

JUNE.

WEEZY.

(*To ALICE.*)

(*To ALICE - continuous.*)

How bad did it get?

"How bad did it get?"

(*WEEZY has now entered ALICE's orbit. She addresses nearly all her comments to ALICE and JUNE, with an occasional line tossed in the direction of the audience (note: this is not a "Ted Talk" - it should not, in any way, sound like a lecture or a morality tale.)*)

(*WEEZY stays close. ALICE, still unable to actually hear WEEZY, may now begin to notice a gentle disturbance in "The Force," but pushes through...*)

ALICE. I didn't work for a long time after the accident.

WEEZY. Like a *really* long time.

ALICE. I just couldn't get my footing.

WEEZY. Two bottles a day.

ALICE. And then there was rehab.

WEEZY. Three failed rehabs. Two DUIs and a night in the county jail.

ALICE. I lost a few days.

WEEZY. But the mug shot was *amaaaazing*, am I right?

(*ALICE recalls the mug shot (it really was amazing). She tries to shake it off.*)

Selective editing. Because *art*, because *shame*, because *dissonance*, because *romanticizin the pain*, because if I give you the full crazy you will run very, very fast in all of the opposite directions.

(*Beat.*)

What we leave out.

ALICE. And then...

WEEZY. What we leave in...

ALICE. (*As if drawing a breath of fresh air.*) I met Nadja. And she invited me over for lunch. And I told her all about Chrissy and the baby and my stupid dad. And she just kept *pouring the tea*. She was wearing this gorgeous copper sari...and I'm sitting across from this creature and this *feast* she called lunch. The life from this woman, the heat from her heart was like the pull of gravity. It was like, I wanted to know her pain. To *mix it in with mine*. To tell her how grateful I was that she...

(*Beat.*)

We sat there in the quiet. And she put her hand on mine and asked me to take her picture. All our dishes were still sitting around, and I didn't change a thing, I thought...this looks like love to me. I don't remember a single frame, I was shaking and the lens kept blurring over and she finally just grabbed me and pulled me in. And I could smell her hair...and her skin was like -

(*Beat.*)

I sobbed and sobbed.

(*Beat.*)

I don't want to forget.

JUNE. Well, then you won't.

(*Pause.*)

ALICE. I'm supposed to drive to Atlanta tomorrow.

(*Beat.*)

JUNE. Tomorrow.

ALICE. Yeah. Have you been?

JUNE. Little kid. School trip.

(*Beat.*)

What's her name?

ALICE. Nell.

Start

End