

I am so glad I met you, June. I am SO HAPPY, I'm here, and by the way...

(**WEEZY's world cracks open.**)

(*Continuous.*) **FUCK. YOU!!!!** Fuck you, June!

WEEZY. (*Softly.*) Mama?

ALICE.

WEEZY.

YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE ONLY ONE! MAMA?! MAMA?!

WEEZY. (*Continuous.*) MAMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

JUNE. (*Overlapping. Racing out the door.*) I'm comin Weezy!

WEEZY. (*Softly. Almost childlike.*) Mama... mamaaaa... mama...

Requiem

(Part dream. Part not. A blanket of moonlight. Delicate music. A calm.)*

(**WEEZY** and **BIB**, as before. **WEEZY** holds a lifeless **BIB** in her arms.)

(**BIB** slowly opens her eyes and sits up. She stands up tall. She is strong and able as if in her prime. She removes all of her garments except for a white cotton slip and hands them in a bundle to **WEEZY**. She comforts **WEEZY** with a kiss on the forehead.)

(*Projection (optional): a baby goat, playing.*)

(**BIB** looks around the yard for a moment. She finds a garden that looks right enough for a grave and kneels in front of it. She gathers the dark earth in her hands and piles it into a mound. She clutches two handfuls of soil to her chest and closes her eyes to pray. She allows her body to release all of the pain. The emotions come. She allows them for as long as is necessary to be done with the living world. She inhales. She opens her eyes.)

BIB. (*Joyfully.*) Amen...

(**BIB** covers the grave with dark earth. She stands. She looks back at the house, at **WEEZY** in a trance, still clutching her garments.)

WEEZY. Amen...

(**WEEZY** exits.)

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