

LUISA

This morning a bird woke me up.

It was a lark, or a peacock,

Or something like that.

Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.

And I said "hello"

And it vanished—flew away—

The very minute that I said "hello."

It was mysterious.

So do you know what I did?

I went over to my mirror

And I put on my mother's necklace.

*(SHE takes the necklace which the MUTE has removed from the Prop Box and she places it around her neck.)*

And the minute the jewels touched my skin

My eyes turned mauve!

No, honestly, mauve!

And then blue!

And then sort of a deep magenta

When the sun hit them!

I'm sixteen years old

And everyday something happens to me.

I don't know what to make of it.

When I get up in the morning to get dressed,

I can tell:

Something's different.

I like to touch my eyelids

Because they're never quite the same.

#3 – Much More

*(MUSIC begins "under" and continues to build in speed and volume as she clasps her arms around herself and pours forth a torrent of pent-up passion.)*

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I hug myself until my arms turn blue!

Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry

Until the tears come down

And I can taste them.

I love to taste my tears!

I am special! I am special!

*(Suddenly SHE clasps her hands in a fervent prayer as the MUSIC stops.)*

Please, God, please—

Don't let me be normal!