

ALABASTER  
by  
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**CHARACTER BREAKDOWN**

ALICE - a photographer

JUNE - a folk artist

WEEZY - a goat

BIB - a very old goat

Note: Neither BIB nor WEEZY should be dressed like goats. While they may have the occasional goat "feature," mostly they walk and talk just like humans except for the very few moments when they don't. We should be able to see their faces, their expressions, etc. This is vital.

**TIME**

Present day.

**SETTING**

Somewhere near Alabaster, Alabama, early April. Portrait of a an old farmhouse, mid-morning. A yard, a porch. A small goat barn. The focal point is a master bedroom. An assemblage of folk art fills the corners and walls of this sun-lit room along with a large old bed, draped in white. Somewhere in this picture is a space for WEEZY and BIB, a pallet of straw, perhaps, or a lean-to.

This place, a virtual canvas, gains color and crispness as the story moves along, reflecting at any moment the mood or perspective of what the players experience as well as their point of view through the viewfinder.

ACT 1

## SCENE 1

NOTE: This is not a friendly farm; folks aren't friendly here. That's not to say they don't care. The love is there. Always. And the humor. But death and destruction is known to the inhabitants of this farm and to the people lured into its clutches in a way that changes people forever. In this play, which spans a single day, we are experiencing four women, each of them at a crossroad, each of them facing a wall of fire. Though at times it may seem like they are simply exchanging pleasantries, they are quite literally fighting for their lives. In "come to Jesus" moments like these, especially for women who have seen a thing or two, we are faced with our own mortality. We understand time as a luxury and it's *do or die* time, except no one here has their shit together. The time for pleasantries is over. Resist the urge to play things "nice."

*AT RISE: WEEZY enters the light. SHE addresses the audience as she addresses nearly everyone else around her, with a neutral, no-nonsense, no bullshit tone (she's not warm, but she's not cold either).*

WEEZY

(more dry than convivial)

My name is Weezy, I am a goat, I am aware that I am a goat.

(looking around the room)

We are presently on a small farm in the backwoods of North Alabama.

(beat)

So *that's* happening.

(beat)

We are in-

BIB

(from OFF)

Mmaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

WEEZY

We'll get through it together.

(beat)

We are in *Alabaster*, Alabama. Right near Gip's Place, of which you might have heard, the last remaining juke joint in the state of Alabama, it's BYOB, which is nothing to do with this story, but is useful information on a Friday night.

*BIB, an aging goat, enters. SHE is a bit disoriented and confused about her whereabouts.*

BIB  
(she calls to WEEZY)  
Maaaaah...

*BIB notices WEEZY and walks toward her.*

WEEZY  
That's my mama. Bib.

*BIB stops in her tracks, suddenly noticing the audience. SHE is highly PUT OUT at the site of so many unexpected visitors. SHE looks at WEEZY and back at the audience.*

BIB  
(to WEEZY - "What's all  
this, Field of Dreams?")  
Mmah-Maaah...

*WEEZY gives her a look, like "It is what it is."*

BIB (CONT'D)  
(to WEEZY - "shit")  
MAH!

*BIB works her way across the yard to her pallet at the goat barn giving certain audience members a suspicious side-eye and griping as necessary.*

WEEZY  
(to the audience)  
We don't get many visitors.

*At times, BIB stops and re-routes herself. It is obvious she has directional issues.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
(to the audience)  
She's sick. Old and sick.

*WEEZY helps her along as necessary (ad lib, e.g., "around the garden, mama," "no, yes... that way, got it?").*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
(as she watches BIB make  
her way to her pallet)  
I didn't always know my mama. I was  
taken from her when I was real  
little. I have no memory of her  
from before. But she's here now.  
Right.

*BIB settles onto her pallet.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
(to BIB)  
OK, mama?

*BIB closes her eyes.*

*Lights up on a large sunlit bedroom. On the bed, a woman sits dressed in a robe nervously sipping from a coffee mug and looking anxiously around the room. Her body, or what we can see of it, is covered with scars.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
That's June.  
(almost goading)  
June and me, we have a connection.  
Right, June?

*JUNE shoots WEEZY the bird then goes back to looking around the room nervously. There are camera bags, video and lighting equipment lying around the room.*

*ALICE, a bright-eyed woman of a certain energy, enters the bedroom as if returning from a related task.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
And that's a new person.

*ALICE unzips the case of her video camera. A small dust cloth inadvertently falls out of the bag and onto the floor.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
She's not from around here.

*During the following, ALICE sets up her tripod and video camera, pointing it in the direction of the bed.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
(to JUNE - a reminder)  
Just remember, June. You asked her  
to come.

*JUNE nods nervously in response.*

*During the following, WEEZY tucks BIB into bed and fixes a loose braid in her hair. SHE then settles into a lawn chair next to BIB outside the goat barn and watches on, eating popcorn, drinking beer, and occasionally commentating on the scene as if watching a daytime soap.*

*NOTE: WEEZY need not look directly at JUNE or the players to know everything that's going on. SHE knows all. Sees all.*

*SHE is a goat of few words and her default demeanor is cool, her expression stoic. She is tough love. Worn down by the ravages of time and responsibility, a mentor of sorts (think: Mr. Miaggi, Yoda, Gandalf).*

*Lights now focus on ALICE and JUNE.*

JUNE

Did you get something to eat?  
People talk about eatin when they  
don't know what to talk about.

ALICE

I had a snack on the plane.

JUNE

Never been on a plane.

ALICE

Never?

JUNE

I don't really know anybody I could  
fly to, anyway. Well, I know you  
now, I could fly to you.

ALICE

Sure.

JUNE

Times Square, maybe.

ALICE

See a show?

JUNE

There's mystery meat there. On  
*sticks*. Stand there in the middle  
of it, feel big or feel small.

(beat)

You live in Brooklyn right?

ALICE

Uh... that's debatable.

JUNE

How so?

ALICE

I'm kind of sorting that out.

*JUNE takes a sip from her coffee mug and offers a sip to ALICE.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Is that coffee?

JUNE  
Mmm hmm. Variation on coffee.

ALICE  
What's the variation?

JUNE  
I use Bourbon instead.

ALICE  
Instead of what?

JUNE  
Instead of coffee.

*JUNE offers her the mug.*

ALICE  
Tempting. I shouldn't.

JUNE  
Gotta be somewhere.

ALICE  
It's the work, ya know?

JUNE  
The *work*.

ALICE  
Nothing personal.

JUNE  
Do you know Annie Leibovitz?

ALICE  
I do know Annie.

JUNE  
What's she like?

ALICE  
She's hysterical. And very real.  
And miles ahead.

JUNE  
I read some place it's the  
photographer's job to make their  
subjects comfortable. She does  
not... *subscribe* to this notion.

ALICE

How so?

(off JUNE'S look)

Well, we're not *wedding planners*.  
I'm not supposed to console you,  
I'm supposed to *capture* you.

JUNE

Really?

(beat)

I bet that was meant to sound  
dangerous.

ALICE

Did it not sound dangerous?

JUNE

That wasn't dangerous.

ALICE

OK, define dangerous.

JUNE

(sipping from her mug)

Indoor malls. Banana slugs. Clowns.

(beat)

We used to let outsiders just come  
and go but things have gotten so  
desperate.

ALICE

Oh yeah?

JUNE

It's the inbreeding, we lay traps.

(beat)

Amazing what we catch.

ALICE

Really...

JUNE

*Really.*

*Pause.*

ALICE

(pointedly)

What do you use for bait?

*An electric pause.*

*ALICE's phone rings with the THEME SONG FROM PSYCHO.*

JUNE  
(recognizing the ring  
tone)  
Who the fuck is on your shit list?

ALICE  
That's my dad.

JUNE  
*Solid.*

*ALICE digs for the phone in her backpack and mutes it.*

ALICE  
Sorry.

JUNE  
Alice?

ALICE  
Yeah?

JUNE  
Breathe.

ALICE  
That's my line.

*JUNE takes a breath. ALICE takes a breath.*

JUNE  
You need a break?

ALICE  
I'm good.

*ALICE resumes setting up her equipment.*

JUNE  
So, how many women have you... ya  
know...

ALICE  
You're number seven.

JUNE  
Lucky seven.  
(beat)  
You just go from city to city...

ALICE  
Pretty much.

JUNE  
Got a favorite?

ALICE  
Savannah.

JUNE  
Is she pretty?

ALICE  
What- oooh, you're asking me to  
pick a favorite woman.

JUNE  
Sure.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
No way.

JUNE  
(a new tack)  
Do they all have scars like me?

*Pause.*

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Guess not.

ALICE  
What are you asking?

JUNE  
I thought that was pretty straight  
forward.

ALICE  
Ya think?

JUNE  
I don't know what to think, I'm  
making shit up.

*Beat.*

ALICE  
What was the question?

WEEZY  
(to the audience)  
June likes to push.

JUNE  
Do they all...have scars...like me?

WEEZY

(to the audience)

I used to think it was the PTSD  
from her injuries, but then I  
remembered, nope, she's always been  
a bitch.

JUNE

Hello?

ALICE

No and yes.

JUNE

Good answer, duh.

ALICE

It's not about the scars.

JUNE

You're taking pictures of people  
with scars but it's not about the  
scars, what's it about, then,  
Alice, tell me.

ALICE

I think it might be hard to tell  
you anything.

(beat)

I dunno, *fear*?

JUNE

Rings a bell.

WEEZY

(flatly)

Fear of the unknown, fear of self-  
discovery, fear of *happiness*, even.

ALICE

These women--some of these women--  
are-

JUNE

(overlapping)

Why not men?

ALICE

(overlapping - continuing)

In a lot of pain because-- NO. *Men*?  
Why do people / always ask me that?

JUNE  
 (overlapping)  
 It's whatever, do / you're  
 thing.

WEEZY  
 (overlapping)  
 Let her talk!

ALICE  
 (overlapping)  
 Can I finish?

*Pause.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 It's not about the scars, / the  
 scars are just a way in.

JUNE  
 (overlapping)  
 You're gonna tell me / they're  
 beautiful?

WEEZY  
 (overlapping - under her  
 breath)  
 Oh my god.

*Long pause, while ALICE waits for JUNE to settle.*

ALICE  
 They're a way *in*.

JUNE  
*In.*

ALICE  
 What I mean is -- and I want to...  
 I want to be careful here because  
 it's not like I'm an expert on  
 scars. But, what I'm learning is --  
 or what I *have* learned is -- every  
 woman, every scar, is *different*.  
 Some women are still in the early  
 stages, others have... made peace?  
 I guess? With their physical  
 worlds?

JUNE  
 And now you're in it.

ALICE  
 Mmm hmm. I feel pretty lucky too.  
 Not everyone gets to do what I do.

*Beat.*

JUNE  
(calculating)  
Why the switch?

ALICE  
*Switch?*

JUNE  
From the celebrities.

ALICE  
("What are you up to?")  
My assignment work, you mean?

JUNE  
*Assignment. Work.*

ALICE  
Have you been reading my  
diary?

JUNE (CONT'D)  
I'm not painting you in.

ALICE  
I needed a change.

JUNE  
Just all of a sudden...  
(beat)  
You spend just as much time with  
Demi Moore as someone like me,  
what's the difference, really?

ALICE  
Is that a serious question?  
(beat)  
It's more intimate, obviously.

JUNE  
Not obviously. I've seen your  
celebrity shots, those are some  
scarred up motherfuckers.

*Beat.*

ALICE  
I can see I have to choose my words  
more carefully.

JUNE  
Because you weren't before?

ALICE  
That's not how I meant it.

JUNE  
It's how I meant it.

ALICE  
I'm listening.

JUNE  
Why the switch?

ALICE  
I told you, I needed a change.

JUNE  
You needed a change because  
you needed a change?

ALICE (CONT'D)  
And it was admittedly a pat  
response, but it's what  
people say in polite company  
instead of the alternative.

JUNE  
I'm not polite company.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Which is the horrible truth  
of their *lives*.  
(beat)  
Is that ok? Is that ok, June?  
If I hang back on that  
question. Until I know you. A  
little better?

JUNE  
(flatly)  
I think you would make a shitty  
wedding planner.

WEEZY  
(disapprovingly - throwing  
popcorn at JUNE)  
Ba'laaaah!!!! Ba'laaaaaaaah!!!

JUNE  
(to WEEZY)  
Would you- I got it!

WEEZY  
(goat-spitting)  
Pfff!!

*JUNE turns her focus on WEEZY during the following.*

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
I've got... an apology.

*Two slow lifeless claps from WEEZY.*

ALICE  
No. Actually, I'm sorry. Can we  
start over?

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
Sure.

ALICE  
Great.

*ALICE nervously turns her attention to fixing the video camera. She looks around at the art in the room.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(nervously - regarding the  
art)  
I love all your pieces.

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
Thanks.

ALICE  
I haven't had a good look, but I'd  
like to.

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
Sure.

ALICE  
Did I see Jim Sudduth over there?  
You're a collector, obviously.  
(positioning the camera)  
I collect a bit myself.

*Beat.*

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
Am I *scar-ier* than Hollywood?

*WEEZY smiles at this wording.*

ALICE  
By an order of magnitude.  
(beat)  
But, I wouldn't come all this way  
just to cower in a corner.

JUNE  
(to ALICE)  
You can if you want to.

ALICE  
I don't want to.

*Beat.*

JUNE  
(turning her focus now to  
ALICE)  
You don't want to?

ALICE  
(pointedly)  
I don't want to.

*ALICE adjusts the light on JUNE. JUNE watches her.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I'm glad you answered my ad.

JUNE  
Oh, That was my neighbor, Peachy  
Sawgrass.

ALICE  
Peachy Sawgrass.

JUNE (CONT'D)  
She told me -- I know, it's a  
name, it's a name -- she told  
me you were lookin' for  
women.

ALICE  
Oh. I don't know why I thought you  
found it online.

JUNE  
I don't do *online*. I'm dumb and I  
have a dumb phone and I like it  
that way.

ALICE  
(stunned)  
*Really?*

JUNE  
No shit.

ALICE  
So...if you don't do online, how  
did you find *me*?

JUNE  
("duh")  
The library.

ALICE  
Your local library has my  
books?

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Birmingham. I called Aggie  
Nolan at the Five Points  
branch, she sends me stuff.

ALICE  
You have your own personal  
librarian?

JUNE  
She's my cousin, she's also a  
librarian, she told me she saw your  
pictures one time at the Corcoran  
when she went up there on a school  
trip to DC. She wanted me to ask  
you why people in your pictures  
look so sad all the time and then I  
looked at your pictures and I saw  
it too. The sadness, I mean. Or  
maybe that's new information. To  
you?

(beat)  
Are you gay?

WEEZY  
(to JUNE)  
OH MY GOD.

ALICE  
You ask a lot of questions.

JUNE  
Are you?

WEEZY  
(to JUNE)  
SERIOUSLY?

ALICE  
Does it matter?

JUNE  
No.

ALICE  
OK...

JUNE (CONT'D)  
Are you attracted to me?  
(beat)

ALICE  
No. No, I'm not attracted to you.

JUNE  
Really?

ALICE  
(making a joke)  
You're not my type.

JUNE  
(amused)  
DAMN! Not. Your. Type!?

WEEZY  
(amused)  
NICE!

JUNE  
Wow...

WEEZY  
(to JUNE)  
You deserved that one.

JUNE  
(mostly to WEEZY)  
Whatever.

WEEZY  
(to JUNE)  
She's just trying to do her *job*,  
June. Would you relax?

JUNE  
(bratty)  
Assignments and clients and jobs.  
Oh, my.

ALICE  
(playfully)  
You're pretty impossible.

JUNE  
So many words.

ALICE  
Maybe we should stay focused on the  
work.

JUNE  
Yeah, OK.

ALICE  
Are you ready?

JUNE  
Born ready.

*ALICE sits in a chair next to the video camera and pulls out a note pad and a pen.*

ALICE

OK. So, these questions...just say skip, OK, if you can't or don't want to answer.

JUNE

Skip?

ALICE

Yeah. Ya know, like if I ask you--

JUNE

NEXT QUESTION!

*Pause.*

JUNE (CONT'D)

My head pops off from time to time, just to warn ya.

*JUNE turns to see WEEZY amused but shaking her head with disappointment. SHE sticks her tongue out at WEEZY.*

*ALICE smiles at JUNE and takes a big breath. JUNE takes a big breath. WEEZY takes a reluctant breath. BIB, still snoozing, takes sleepy staccato-style catch-up breath and then exhales softly.*

ALICE

You're very brave, sitting there. OK...just so you know the order, I'm going to ask about the scars first so I can get the video. We'll do the photographs separately when we get the light.

JUNE

Fine.

*ALICE turns on the video camera. JUNE nervously mugs for the camera.*

JUNE (CONT'D)

I don't know why I did that, there's nobody in there.

*ALICE turns on her little handheld voice recorder. SHE looks up to see that JUNE has removed her robe.*

ALICE

Oh. No. I'm only recording from the shoulders up. You can...

*Pause.*

JUNE  
(pointedly)  
Why am I so quick to take my  
clothes off, Alice? That is  
something I should explore.

ALICE  
Are you more comfortable with your  
clothes off?

JUNE  
That is....

WEEZY  
YES.

JUNE  
Yes. Yes, I am.

ALICE  
Well, it certainly doesn't bother  
me, whatever makes you comfortable.

*JUNE begins to ask a question --*

WEEZY  
(overlapping -- to JUNE)  
GIRL, GET DRESSED!

*JUNE rolls her eyes at WEEZY and then, just to fuck with her,  
SHE slowly pulls her robe up over her shoulders and ties it  
closed.*

ALICE  
This is June. It's April 5, 2018,  
and we're just outside Alabaster,  
Alabama.

JUNE  
Lord, that's almost my gravestone.

ALICE  
So, how long have you lived here,  
June?

JUNE  
All my life. Which is forever,  
seems like forever.

ALICE  
You like living here?

JUNE  
I like the farm.

ALICE

The farm.

JUNE

(a loaded answer)  
I don't get out much.

ALICE

Why's that?

JUNE

(as if she's used or heard  
this word a thousand  
times)  
*Issues.*

ALICE

*Issues.*

*ALICE makes a note on the paper.*

ALICE (CONT'D)

Anything interesting?

JUNE

Next.

ALICE

Got it. So, what do you do for a  
living?

JUNE

That's a stupid question.

ALICE

I'm sorry?

JUNE

No, I get it. I get it. It's a  
progression.  
(beat)  
I take care of the farm. Feed the  
goats. Whatever needs doin. I don't  
really need a whole lot...

ALICE

Are you--

JUNE

actually...

*JUNE now turns her focus to WEEZY during the following.*

ALICE  
(tentatively)  
So...you're happy?  
(beat)  
Last week, when we spoke on the  
phone, you were telling me about  
the accident.

*A fuzzy memory in JUNE'S head suddenly pulls her focus. SHE looks at WEEZY for help decoding it.*

JUNE  
(to ALICE - still looking  
at WEEZY)  
Accident?

WEEZY  
(calming - "it's just a  
word")  
Accident...

JUNE  
(agitated)  
When you say accident, I think  
maybe we're talkin about a fender  
bender on the bypass.

ALICE  
I'm so sorry. I was just trying to  
be sensitive.

JUNE  
Could you not, you're creepin' me  
out.  
(turning her attention  
back to ALICE now)  
We don't have to dance around it.

ALICE  
OK.

JUNE  
Sorry.

*Beat.*

ALICE  
There was a storm?

*The video camera BEEPS. JUNE startles.*

JUNE  
(very unsettled now)  
You could say that...

*The BEEPING continues. ALICE becomes momentarily distracted trying to silence the noise.*

WEEZY  
(to JUNE - a warning)  
*Breathe.*

*The BEEPING continues.*

ALICE  
(oblivious to JUNE's agitated state)  
And you were here, right? On the farm?

*The BEEPING continues. ALICE struggles with the camera.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(regarding the noise)  
Shit. It's not stopping!

*The BEEPING stops.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Oh, there we go. God. I hate that thing.

*ALICE collects herself and turns her focus back to JUNE.*

ALICE (CONT'D)  
So sorry. OK... umm... *right*. You lost your family? They were... *crushed*?

*Pause. JUNE is now having a full-blown PTSD episode.*

JUNE  
(suddenly cold as ice)  
You need to trust me, don't you?

WEEZY  
(to JUNE - a warning)  
OK.

ALICE  
What?

JUNE  
You need to trust me

WEEZY  
(overlapping)  
She's just trying to do her job, June.

JUNE

(continuing)

because you want your story to be accurate because it's just too hard to believe or whatever

WEEZY

(overlapping)

Why do you have to be such a ball buster all the time,

JUNE

(overlapping - continuing)

but I could be unstable, right, I could just be some redneck meth head, for all you know,

WEEZY

(overlapping)

just let her do her job!

JUNE

(overlapping - continuing)

lookin for my payday, my 15 minutes, and embarrass the hell outta you

WEEZY

(overlapping)

Let her do her job!

JUNE

(overlapping - continuing)

Like that lyin shitball did to Oprah Winfrey.

ALICE

*A Million Little Pieces...*

JUNE

(overlapping)

A million little SHITBALL pieces.

*Pause.*

ALICE

("I'm not your enemy.")

June. I came a long way to be here today and I'm sitting here with you now and there are scars all over your body, every part... of your body. I just want to know what happened.

JUNE

For your coffee table book? Fancy  
New York friends.

*Pause.*

ALICE

You know, June, I have scars too.

*Beat.*

JUNE

That's hot. Are we in a club now?

ALICE

I'm on your side.

JUNE

(nauseated by the  
syllables)  
*On - your - side?*  
(beat)  
Who the fuck'r you, Jerry  
Lewis? Are you Alice, are  
you? If you were passin  
through this shit town on  
your way to sunny Orlando and  
you saw me sittin on a bench  
outside of Golden Corral, and  
you wanted to take my  
picture, would you ask my  
name and buy me a coffee, or  
is that just too much

WEEZY

(to JUNE)  
She could go, you could just  
ask her to go. Or just let  
her sit here. In your creepy  
bedroom. And get eaten alive.  
Slowly and painfully.

JUNE

of a chore?

WEEZY (CONT'D)

BY A WEIRDO!

JUNE

*On your side.* You know somethin, I  
was valedictorian of my high school  
class, you believe that? That's all  
right though, just sit there...  
with your / assumptions.

WEEZY

(overlapping - to JUNE -  
exasperated now)  
OK. OK!

JUNE

(to WEEZY)  
No. No. NOT OK.

ALICE

"My" assumptions?

JUNE  
 (to ALICE)  
 Maybe you should go. If you know  
 where you're going. Do you know?

ALICE  
 (overlapping - utterly  
 confused at JUNE's sudden  
 hostility)  
 Soooo lost. / So lost.

JUNE  
 Where / you're going? To?

WEEZY  
 (to JUNE)  
 JUNE! **KNOCK IT OFF!!!!**

*ALL ACTION stops.*

*JUNE startles. SHE glares at WEEZY. SHE looks at ALICE, horrified, as if waking up from a nightmare.*

JUNE  
 I--I am so sorry. Did I- can we-  
 can we just... umm... slow down for  
 a minute?

*Beat.*

ALICE  
 Absolutely. Yes. Yes.

JUNE  
 OK...

*ALICE's cell phone rings playing THEME SONG FROM PSYCHO.*

ALICE  
 (reaching to silence it)  
 Fuck! Goddamn you, fucking phone.

JUNE  
 (flatly)  
 What if like you changed it to  
 something from Sound of Music,  
 could that be a thing?

ALICE  
 I'm sorry.

*ALICE swipes at the phone and dismisses the call.*

JUNE  
 (a realization)  
 Oh my god.  
 (MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

(half to JUNE, half to  
WEEZY)

This is just like Bridges of  
Madison County.

WEEZY

(dryly - to JUNE)

It's not like Bridges of Madison  
County.

JUNE

(to WEEZY)

It is.

WEEZY

(to JUNE)

No it's not.

JUNE

(to WEEZY)

Yes it is.

WEEZY

(to JUNE)

No it's not!

JUNE

(to WEEZY)

Yes it fucking is!

(to ALICE)

You're Clint Eastwood.

WEEZY

(hissing)

NO! She's *not*!

*Beat.*

JUNE

(to ALICE)

Are we gonna sleep together?

ALICE

(coldly)

It's not a coffee table book, also,  
you don't know my life.

*Pause.*

JUNE

(apologetically -  
bewildered by her own  
behavior)

I'm sorry / I don't know what...

WEEZY  
 (overlapping - to JUNE)  
 The camera was beeping.

*JUNE turns to look at WEEZY.*

WEEZY (CONT'D)  
 (pointedly - to JUNE)  
 The camera was beeping.

JUNE  
 (remembering)  
 Oh, yeah. It was beeping...  
 (to ALICE)  
 The camera was beeping.  
 (reacting to ALICE's  
 puzzled look)  
 The camera was beeping and I...

*JUNE taps a bit on her head to indictate her PTSD.*

ALICE  
 (slowly - a realization)  
 Oh! Oh... and I- Oh, I'm sorry. I'm  
 so sorry, it was beeping and I got  
 distracted-- *shit*. I'm sorry, June.

*Pause.*

JUNE  
 (warmly)  
 No, ya know what, you're here, and  
 you're great, and I have a lot of

WEEZY  
 Blockers.

JUNE  
 (continuing)  
*Blockers*. So.  
 (beat)  
 You're great... you're-

*Pause.*

*JUNE looks at ALICE with ache of a thousand years. ALICE notices.*

ALICE  
 (tenderly)  
 June...

JUNE  
 Alice...