

SCENE FOUR

PAULSDALE, NEW JERSEY. BEDROOM. MORNING.

With that scream, Alice wakes up
in a cold sweat from a nightmare.

Tacie Paul, enters putting down a
breakfast tray. She moves swiftly
to Alice, easing her back into
consciousness.

ALICE PAUL

The nightmares will stop soon.

TACIE PAUL

I hope so. For your sake. I brought breakfast.

ALICE PAUL

I don't want to eat, mother.

TACIE PAUL

You need your strength.

ALICE PAUL

My stomach hurts.

TACIE PAUL

If you don't eat, you won't be able to throw
stones at elected officials. Now that you're
back home, will you be aiming at the President,
or maybe start with the House of
Representatives?

ALICE PAUL

Can I throw at the Senate and call it a
compromise?

TACIE PAUL

You've changed. Violence?

ALICE PAUL

They gave worse than they got.

TACIE PAUL

That's not the issue. Violence... it is not a
relative notion. That is not how you were
raised.

ALICE PAUL

I was fighting for equality. We believe in that
too.

TACIE PAUL

Riots!

ALICE PAUL
That's an exaggeration.

TACIE PAUL
Is it?

ALICE PAUL
No.

TACIE PAUL
Violence. Lies. You've lost your way.

Tacie exits.

ALICE PAUL

"#4 Missing the Boat (Reprise)"

ANOTHER TIME I FAILED
ANOTHER GUILT TRIP FROM MY MOTHER
MAYBE I TUCK MY TAIL
AND RUN FROM THIS PLACE TO ANOTHER

WHEN WILL I PIERCE THE VEIL?
WHEN WILL I MEET MY GREAT WHITE WHALE?
I WISH I WEREN'T SO FRAIL.
STILL LET'S GET ON THE TRAIL.

TRANSITION TO: