Alabaster

16th Street Theater

By Audrey Cefaly

JUNE SIDE A
Edited to be read as a monologue from page 19-21

JUNE
You need to trust me, don't you? You need to trust me, because you want your story to be accurate because it's just too hard to believe or whatever, but I could be unstable, right, I could just be some redneck meth head, for all you know, lookin for my payday, my 15 minutes, and embarrass the hell outta you like that lyin shitball did to Oprah Winfrey.

On your side? You sound like fuckin 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 of a chore? 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....

Maybe you should go. If you know where you're going. Do you know? Where you're going?