Maybe I’m not ready to admit that the author of this little black book….the one who filled in the pages…was me.

**GIRLS**

HEIDI...

HEIDI...

(As the music reaches it’s peak, there is an electric surge and the lights go out.

For a moment there is blackness. And then a sinister, otherworldly drum fill plays as the next light we see is the light of her book, being lit on fire by Heidi. Her face glows in the flame, stoic and steadfast, but broken. The end has finally come. There is no going back now. There will be no book to be written.

Finally, the flames die down. Heidi disposes of the ashes.

She stands in the dark, in tears.)

Maybe I need to have more sympathy. For myself. Or for the world. Or maybe it’s not so simple.

(Gentle music begins playing—acoustic and simple, as the electricity has gone out of course.

Heidi finds a candle and a lighter in the kitchen, and lights it

As the number proceeds, Heidi and the girls move around her home, lighting candles and contemplating the years she has felt like the birds that she has been caring for.)

**11. CAGE SONG**

I’VE BEEN SINGIN A CAGE SONG
FOR YEARS
I KEEP SINGING A CAGE SONG
BUT NOBODY HEARS
PEOPLE PASS
THEY STAND THERE AND SEE
BUT NOBODY LISTENS
LISTEN
TO ME

I’VE BEEN MAKIN THE SONG FIT MY VOICE
TRYING TO MAKE IT SOUND LIKE IT
WAS ALWAYS MY CHOICE
BUT THE SONG
IS BITTER AND BROKEN
IT HURTS ME TO LISTEN
LISTEN
THE MUSIC BURNS LIKE AN EMBER
AND STABS RIGHT THRU LIKE A KNIFE
CHIPPING AWAY AT THE SURFACE
OF SOMEONE’S LIFE
OR WHAT SHOULD’VE BEEN SOMEONE’S LIFE

I BEEN SINGING A CAGE SONG
ALONE
SAME FAMILIAR CAGE SONG
THE WORLD ONCE HAD KNOWN
BUT THEY FORGET
AND DISAPPEAR
SO NO ONE REMEMBERS
REMEMBER
THAT I’M HERE

THE MUSIC BURNS LIKE AN EMBER
AND STABS MY SOUL LIKE A KNIFE
CHIPPING AWAY AT THE SURFACE
OF MY LIFE
THIS WASN’T SUPPOSED TO BE MY LIFE

I’VE BEEN SINGIN A CAGE SONG
FOR YEARS
I KEEP SINGING A CAGE SONG
BUT NOBODY HEARS
PEOPLE PASS
THEY STAND THERE AND SEE
BUT NOBODY LISTENS
SOMEBODY LISTEN
TO ME
JUST ME

I’VE BEEN SINGING A CAGE SONG FOR YEARS

(The stage is lit only by the many candles set out, glowing gently and honestly. There is a
warmth that wasn’t present before. Once explosive and electric, the feeling has shifted to
something quiet and pensive. The girls look on at Heidi, standing center stage, her dress not
looking so glamorous anymore, her eyes not so alive, her posture not so sure of itself.
She too waits for something to say.)

HEIDI

I…

I’m not going to be a victim.

I’m gonna work through this. Just like I always have. Just like Madame Alex said I could.