

ONCE LIVED IN

OLDER WOMAN: Yesterday the house started to sigh.

It had always embraced me,

Accepted my clutter.

Listened to my crying,

It refuses now.

It's no longer a home.

More so a space to wait

YOUNG WOMAN appears.

OLDER WOMAN: The house is worn.

There was a rumble.

CHOIR: The house is worn.

OLDER WOMAN: I feel in my bones

CHOIR: In your bones

OLDER WOMAN: How many feet have touched the floors

WOMAN: You must feed the house

Or it howls like wolves

Scream, creak, crumble.

OLDER WOMAN: Excuse me?

WOMAN: Scream, creak, crumble.

You must grant it

More of your attention.

OLDER WOMAN: Don't tell me what to do

In my own house.

WOMAN: It's mine too.

OLDER WOMAN: Many people claimed so.

Hordes of them gathered

Waited around for days

Folding chairs in hand

Wanting a piece

CHOIR: Please,

Let us in.

We want to see

We want to see, please let us in

OLDER WOMAN: Keep the curtains shut.

And all the doors.

Hide deeper inside

WOMAN: The escape you always take.

Away from them. Familiar like

A deep breath.

CHOIR: Are you there, are you there, are you there

OLDER WOMAN: Why do they still bother

With the house in shambles.

There is nothing here for them.

WOMAN: I think

They want to see

Same as me.

I see these tiles, they were a garden
With roses, perfectly pruned conifers.
What happened?

OLDER WOMAN: I couldn't find the time...

CHOIR: Is anyone there? Is anyone there?

OLDER WOMAN: Keep the curtains shut!

WOMAN: See, the plants between the rubble,
Grow up before your very own eyes.
Were they ever seedlings?
This soil was always remarkably
Resilient.

CHOIR: Let us in, please.

OLDER WOMAN: Come, we have to hide.
Deep inside the house's core

WOMAN: When I lived here
They were children.
We ate warm bread
In the front room.
And a dog, it was there too.
Snoozing against your leg.
I can still feel it,
The warmth at my shin.

CHOIR: Are you there?

OLDER WOMAN: I... I knew them, those children
Why are their sorrowed eyes

Staring at me.

What do they think they see?

Why does my shin feel so cold.

CHOIR: *(spoken)* My brother is just parking the car he's gonna be here in a minute.

CHOIR: *(spoken)* is she comfortable?

CHOIR: *(spoken)* Do we have another pillow?

OLDER WOMAN: *(spoken)* Yes, I believe

there were children...

CHOIR: *(spoken)* The traffic was really heavy tonight

CHOIR: *(spoken)* Maybe she needs some water?

CHOIR: *(spoken)* What did the doctor say?

CHOIR: *(spoken)* I brought a deck of cards

OLDER WOMAN: *(spoken)* My children.. You just want a goodbye!

WOMAN: No! No no nononono!

It can't already be time.

We can rebuild. I can help.

OLDER WOMAN: It's a shell

Of what it used to be.

Shaken frame, rooms empty.

WOMAN: Leave everything? Leave everyone?

OLDER WOMAN: They will still remember

the dog, the garden,

A warm morning with their mum.

WOMAN: No!

We can fix, it

Please please we can't go yet.

OLDER WOMAN: You think you know,

But you're too young to know

WOMAN: I know the garden needs work,

you didn't take care of it

OLDER WOMAN: You think you know,

But you're too young to know

WOMAN: So many things to catch up on

They grew so big. They did so well.

OLDER WOMAN: They will still remember a warm morning with their mum.

WOMAN: Leave everything? Leave everyone?

Please we can't go yet

OLDER WOMAN: It's a shell of what it used to be. Shaken frames rooms empty.

WOMAN: We can fix it, we can't go yet.

I know the garden needs work! You didn't take care of it!

But we still have time

We can rebuild, I can help!

OLDER WOMAN: You think you know,

But you're too young to know

They will still remember the dog, the garden

A warm morning with their mum

OLDER WOMAN: You think you know,

But you're too young to know

THEY JUST WANT A GOODBYE!

(PAUSE... WOMAN. starts crying)

Listen, let the house bury us;

We'll have a nice ceremony

where people wear light colors

weep and are happy it's at peace.