
ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Wendla is revealed in song light, as if at a mirror. She gently explores her newly maturing body, pulls on a near-transparent schoolgirl dress.

WENDLA:

*Mama who bore me.
Mama who gave me
No way to handle things. Who made me so sad.*

*Mama, the weeping.
Mama, the angels.
No sleep in Heaven, or Bethlehem.*

*Some pray that, one day, Christ will come a-callin'
They light a candle, and hope that it glows.
And some just lie there, crying for him to come and find
them.*

But when he comes, they don't know how to go . . .

*Mama who bore me.
Mama who gave me
No way to handle things. Who made me so bad.*